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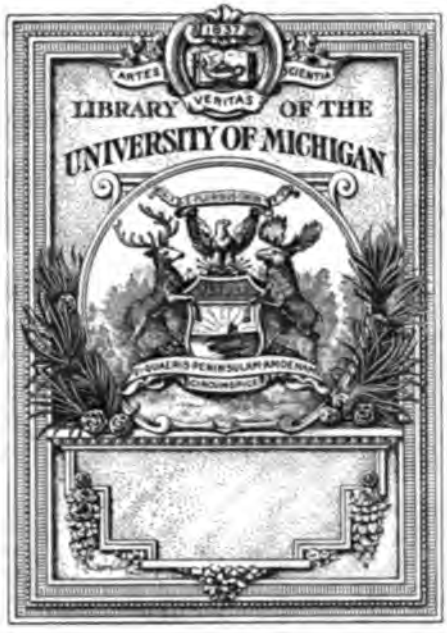
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FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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count the times, in one book, he mentions mutton-pies."

Aside from this mooted point, Dickens does remind one of his own account of Mr. Guppy's portrait. "It was more like than life, it insisted upon him with such obstinacy, and was so determined not to let him off." If the author of Dick Swiveller and Kit, of Captain Cuttle and Mr. Toots had not insisted upon them with such obstinacy! For, even so exaggerated, so wrung for the last drop of fun there is in them, there must be vitality there, when, with every day that passes, we compare, not ourselves, but our friends, with Mrs. Nickleby and Wilkins Micawber, and the Veneerings.

Another novelist of the middle-century group early grasped the fact that men and women do not habitually converse in essayettes, nor are they most feelingly depicted by the protrusion of some one salient trait. Whenever we read from "The Mill on the Floss" an interview between Philip Wakem and his father we feel as if unwittingly we had intruded upon the scene itself. It is so that the man would speak to his boy, and so that the son would answer. The thing is real.

But we have little time to examine the old masters by the light of latter-day rules of art. When Alice told the White Queen that, in countries which were not Looking-glass Land, if one ran, one always arrived somewhere, that austere lady replied: —

"You must be very slow, then. Here we have to run as fast as we can to keep in the same place."

Probably all of us are reminded of the White Queen as we look up into the shower of new books tumbling about our ears. Of our own romances (meaning those of our own time) we recognize surely all that charm, the despair of fellow-workers, in Robert Louis Stevenson, the simplicity of a style artfully artless, exquisite in grace. But isn't it the inhumanity in certain of Mr. Stevenson's books that gave them over, so he declared, to an audience of boys and authors? The boy would care little, if only the story breathed slaughter and destruction; and the artificer in words is tempted to heed more the manner of the doing than the thing done. Granted that there were such monsters as the Master of Ballantrae and the Wreckers, doubtless their speech and conduct are faultless. But are there such monsters? And is not the reason for the vogue of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" hidden not so much in the spectacular form of the allegory as in its breadth of application? While the Soul says, "I myself am Heaven and Hell," there is the foundation of Dr. Jekyll's literary life.

Certainly it was the insight into humanity, no less than the wonder of their environment and the humor of their portrayal, that raised the cry of delight that filled the earth when Soldiers Three marched into it, from the world of fancy.

Of course, we all know Mr. Howells's contention concerning the latest developments in fiction, and some of us are peculiarly interested in the hope that it is not necessarily and entirely warranted. He has already taught us we should recognize a man and a brother in the French peasant, scarcely above the beast, and in the Russian, who is more Tartar barbarian. Why not, we timidly inquire, in other times, no less than in other climes? May not a man be flesh and blood with his sword and buckler as truly as if he wore golf stockings or a tan topcoat? And if an incident is not unnatural, that it is unusual does not mean it is untrue. Silas Lapham was as veritable a fellow-creature in the hour of his sacrifice of fortune to honor as at Mrs. Corey's dinner, where he "waited for Mis' Lapham" in frock-coat and with "hands like hams." Yet men dress inappropriately every day, and on few days are they brought face to face with a choice between duty and all their earthly possessions. But the one no less than the other is "the real Silas Lapham." The ardent Socialist in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" is as convincing as Dan Mavering, although one knows many gay, shallow boys, and few of us are acquainted with young millionaires who surrender everything, even life itself, for their unfortunate brethren. So both schools employ movement. The story must move, if it has life. But there are two sorts of action: that which leaves one jaded and worn, and that which stirs the blood and is as a tonic to the spirit. We lay down Henry James's

"The Awkward Age" tired with the restlessness of its characters. They are all and always rushing about the room and shaking up sofa-pillows. I suppose there is a sofa-pillow shaken up on every page; and there are a great many pages in "The Awkward Age."

Romance records the novel, and Realism, the normal; but it need not record the null. In days when the world rocked with dramatic happenings, days whose history reads like a fantastic dream, the thrilling event was the commonplace, the improbable was brought to pass. If their chronicler does not rely upon his surroundings, and places no manikins, but men and women, in them, that is not false to nature, and so not false to art. For the triumph lies in cheating the senses and making the dead to live.

We may take heart of grace, we, who would fain tell a story truly, and still would fain have a story to tell The greatest Romancer who ever wrote was the greatest Realist. He who wove such rich fancies as to draw upon all future imagination, he it was who, as no other, read the human heart. It is worth while to hitch one's wagon to a star, if that star be Shakespeare. *Ruth Hall.*

CATSKILL, N. Y.

REPORTING FOR THE NEWSPAPERS.*

Mr. Hemstreet has had long practical experience in newspaper work, and is therefore fitted to tell his readers what the work of the reporter really is, and how it may be done to the best advantage. In his first chapter, on the general subject of "Reporting," he points out that writing for the newspapers is a business, nothing more, and that the would-be reporter must learn just what to write, when to write it, how to write it, and, above all, what not to write. Mr. Hemstreet may mislead some people when he says that any fairly well educated person can become a reporter. Taken literally, the statement is true, perhaps, if the word "may" is put in place of "can," but every newspaper man of experience knows that real reporters, like poets, are born and not made, and that there are countless fairly-well educated persons who could never become reporters and be worthy of the name.

Mr. Hemstreet points out that some men can gather news who cannot write it well, that others can write well, but are poor news gatherers, and that it is only when a man can both collect the news and write it properly that he becomes in the highest degree valuable on a newspaper. "A reporter," says Mr. Hemstreet, "should have an eye quick to observe detail, and a knowledge of how to write plain facts in a simple manner. Accuracy and brevity should be cultivated, and the faculty of knowing how, at a moment's notice, to make a great deal out of very little, and a little out of a great deal." Regarding one part of this, it should be said that while the advice is consistent with the practice of New York yellow journalism, it is not consonant with the best principles of high-grade newspaper work. The reporter who can make a little out of a great deal without losing anything of importance is a valuable man on any newspaper, but the man who can make a great deal out of very little is a nuisance and a pest, and the fewer such men there are in newspaper work the better.

Mr. Hemstreet truly says that the reporter must keep in touch with men, women, and things, if he hopes to write sympathetically. If he has been a student of human nature before going into the business, it will be a great aid to him. If not, he must become one.

In his second chapter Mr. Hemstreet tries to answer the unanswerable question, "What is News?" and with only indifferent success. "News," he says, "is something more than

* Reporting for the Newspapers. By Charles Hemstreet. 140 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: A. Wessels Company. 1901.

what has happened, or is about to happen. . . . News is that which will interest humanity at large. . . . In collecting news the reporter takes each fact presented and examines it to see that the human interest is there, whether the matter is local or general, whether it will interest many people, and to what extent it will interest." Mr. Hemstreet goes on to illustrate what he means by "human interest" in news stories, giving as examples items taken from the daily papers. As he points out, the unusual is of great news importance, and frequently only the skilled reporter will realize the fact that there is anything unusual in an occurrence, since it is to be found only in the motives, or the causes, or the situation from which the fact results.

In the chapter headed "The News Collected," Mr. Hemstreet describes briefly the office organization of a metropolitan daily paper, pointing out that every man has his especial work to do, and that the editor knows at every moment exactly what each man is doing. The new reporter, he says, is made to understand at the beginning that all the work is done by assignment, and that his duty is simply to do what he is told, under the direction of the editor who directs the movements of the entire force. Of course it is the duty of every reporter to bring in news whenever it comes to his attention, but in a general way Mr. Hemstreet's statement is correct. He is right, too, when he says that a reporter cannot have too much general information. Sooner or later, he is sure to have use for anything that he may know.

"The Reporter at Work" is the subject of Mr. Hemstreet's next chapter. He says in effect that the reporter must be an animated interrogation point, pushing his investigation always until he is sure that no one coming after him can get any additional information. The use of shorthand in interviewing is not advised, on the theory that the mind concentrated on the shorthand notes is diverted from the points of the story, and that which is of most value is overlooked. Mr. Hemstreet might better have said, perhaps, that while shorthand is a useful servant, it should be used only when it can be really helpful. The expert shorthand writer can write phonography as mechanically as he can write longhand, and with a great saving of time and labor. Shorthand notes, too, can often be made when the person interviewed does not realize that what he says is being written down, thinking that the reporter is only making idle scratches with his pencil. The power to take down a sentence or two verbatim, also, is occasionally of the very greatest value. As a rule, however, Mr. Hemstreet's advice is sound, and the free use of shorthand in ordinary reporting is not advisable. As he says, the reporter should generally take as few notes as possible, jotting down names and addresses, and training the memory to supply the rest. It is often a good rule for a reporter to get his whole story without taking a single note, and then go over it again with the person he is questioning, this time jotting down brief notes of names and important facts. Having "surrounded" the matter, so to speak, he knows what information he needs in the way of detail, and he can get it in proper order and to the best advantage. Most experienced reporters, as Mr. Hemstreet says, discard notebooks. Notebooks are used by reporters, as a rule, only in stories and in plays. The experienced reporter makes as little show of his work as possible and his few notes are generally made on a scrap of paper, or an envelope taken from his pocket.

To illustrate a reporter's methods, Mr. Hemstreet describes the actual work done by a reporter in looking up a certain piece of news, telling where he went, how he conducted his interviews, what notes he took, and what he wrote. The illustration is both interesting and instructive.

In his next chapter, which he heads "A News Story Analyzed," Mr. Hemstreet asserts that newspaper stories are all similar in construction, however much their subjects may differ. "Different from a play, from a literary story, from any other style of writing," he says, "a news story begins with the news; in other words, the culmination of the story is put first. The opening paragraph contains the climax. There is no leading up to a situation step by step until the point of interest is gradually

reached, but, on the contrary, the first words reveal the entire situation, and the rest of the story only leads in a circle to the opening lines." "A general news story analyzed," he adds, "will show these divisions: The Introduction; The Cause; The Effect; Attending Circumstances; and Conclusion. These divisions may be defined as follows: *Introduction* — The main facts of the story in brief; giving an idea of what happened, where it happened, and the people concerned. *Cause* — The incident or happening upon which the story is based. *Effect* — The facts that make up the story told in detail. *Attending Circumstances* — Theories and incidents indirectly connected with the story. *Conclusion* — The finishing touches necessary to bring the story to an end."

As an illustration, Mr. Hemstreet reprints a news story from the *New York World*, and follows it with an analysis. He does not point out the fact that the reporter who wrote the story has skillfully kept the woman in the case an important feature from the beginning to the end, where an ordinary reporter would have dismissed her after a word at the beginning.

Court reporting is touched upon by Mr. Hemstreet in a chapter headed, "Evidence: How Written," in which he quotes an extract from the verbatim report of a New York investigation, and also the reports of the same hearing taken from three New York papers. It may be said that the newspaper reports are all unskillfully done, and do not speak well for the carefulness and accuracy of the reporters. They show well enough, however, how evidence is "boiled down" for ordinary print. They illustrate, also, to some extent, how sermons and public addresses are usually reported.

"Beginning the Story" is the title of Mr. Hemstreet's next chapter. "The reader," he says, "must be both attracted and interested at the start." For that reason commonplace beginnings must be avoided, and it is generally a mistake to begin a story with a complete statement of details. Reporters will do well even to remember that it is commonplace to start a story with "A" or "An." Never under any circumstances should they begin with "Yesterday" or "Last week." If the occurrences happened last week, they must say so, but not in the first line.

In the chapter headed "Writing the Details," Mr. Hemstreet says that brevity is best secured by adhering strictly to facts, telling them in a plain, straightforward way, without any attempt at picturesqueness. "Do not use too many adjectives," he says. "Make the sentences short, crisp, and to the point, using as few 'ands' as possible." "A newspaper story," he goes on, "should be a simple statement of fact, and not an expression of opinion by the writer. Let the reader draw his own conclusions. The duty of the writer is to chronicle the occurrence, giving the views of disinterested people. If the papers desire to express more than this, they will do so editorially."

"The news reporter should compare every line of his that finds its way into print with the copy as he wrote it. He will then see exactly what changes have been made, where he has been ambiguous, where verbose. After a while, he will know just what his editor *does not* want, and that is a great step in advance. Some reporters never learn what to leave out.

"In reporting an interview it is usually undesirable to put down the questions of the reporter. These are best embodied in the answers. Especially do not comment upon the manner in which the reporter has been treated. The petty triumphs, victories, or failures of the reporter are not matters of news, and should be kept out of print."

In giving examples of sentences with useless words and of the improper use of English, Mr. Hemstreet says that it is better to say that a person lives "in" a street, than "on" a street; and also that in the sentence, "He differed with his colleagues," "differed with" should be "differed from." Most professors of rhetoric would not agree with him in these two assertions.

In the chapter on "Conventional Expressions" Mr. Hemstreet quotes from newspapers some time-worn phrases that reporters will do well to avoid. His final chapter gives a dozen directions for "Preparing Copy."

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

While good prose has rhythm, no less than poetry, and cadence at the end of a sentence or a paragraph is especially important, writers should be careful not to write in what is called a sing-song style. Stevenson says: "Prose must be rhythmical, and it may be as much so as you will, but it must not be metrical. It may be anything, but it must not be verse. A single heroic line may very well pass, and not disturb the somewhat larger stride of the prose style; but one following another will próduce an instant impression of poverty, flatness, and disenchantment." Dickens had so great a tendency to write poetic prose that he had to depend on Forster's editing "to break up the metrical tune in which, in spite of himself, he would find himself writing in some moods." Even so, a good deal of sing-song writing remains in his works. Here, for instance, is a passage from "Barnaby Rudge," which is poor prose, since it is tolerably good blank verse: —

He raised his head;
Gazed upward at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness,
As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the sufferings
And evil deeds of men; and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot,
Caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted up
To God, while gazing on that wild light,
As the freest and most favoured man
In all the spacious city; and in his ill-
Remembered prayer, and in the fragment of
The childish hymn, with which he sung
And crooned himself asleep,
There breathed as true a spirit
As ever studied homily expressed,
Or old cathedral arches echoed.

* * *

The importance of punctuation is occasionally impressed upon us in a practical way. The substitution of a semi-colon for a comma in a Massachusetts statute stopped the sale of liquor all through the state under certain conditions during certain hours. The Kansas editor who published an item reading, "Two young men from Leoti went with their girls to Tribune to attend the institute, and as soon as they left, the girls got drunk," realized afterward that he would be better off if he had printed the second comma after "girls," where it belonged. And now Senator Hoar is blamed by his Italian and Portuguese constituents, because he said in an address on immigration: "The Chinese who is in every respect fit for citizenship is excluded, while the Portuguese or Italian who is absolutely unfit is admitted." This got into print with the phrase, "who is absolutely unfit," set off by commas, which made the sentence read as if it declared that all Por-

tuguese and Italians were absolutely unfit for citizenship.

* * *

A correspondent of THE WRITER calls attention to this sentence, published in the *Boston Herald* for December 6, in the department called "The Chatterer": —

His daughter, Donna Elvira, who ran off with the artist Folchi, is suffering from actual destitution, as her amiable papa seized her share of her mother's property when the poor girl took her fate into her own hands, and whom the correspondents say is now dying of consumption, in Paris.

Having this beam in its own eye, the *Herald* still managed to see this mote in the *Waterbury American*, which it quoted recently under the heading, "Well, We See What You Mean": —

There is no President we have ever had who everywhere could find the hospitality which is extended to the man and not the President, who, therefore, could enjoy more or less social privacy and could conceal himself from the exposure to which a President is subjected, as President Roosevelt can.

* * *

This is not so bad, however, as the following sentence from a scientific book published recently in London: —

"Let us now glance at the radical errors of the French school, the chief of whom was Berthollet, the man who was first to make practical application of Scheele's discovery, and, as is usually the case with such men, they propound a theory of their own, so that some at least of the merit, if not all of the original discovery, may descend upon their own mantle."

* * *

The change of "It was Baretti whom he threatened, as he left my room, not I," into "It was Baretti whom he threatened, as he left my room, not me," in the "'Newspaper English' Edited" of the November WRITER, was a plain blunder, not to be excused on any grounds. The editor was misled by the objective following "Baretti," and the experience has warned him again that it is dangerous to do things in a hurry. He is more or less soothed, however, by the fact that only two of the many sharp-eyed readers of THE WRITER have noticed the slip in the "correction."

W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF ONE'S OWN.

There is keen joy in possession of any kind, and book-buying is wholly superior to marketing, or even to the purchase of a case of wine. Some people believe — at least for a while — that a soiled book borrowed from the public library is enjoyed to the full. It is safe to discountenance this impression, and to assert that a book bought with one's own money gives the most complete satisfaction. To have our love, a soiled book must have been marred by a child we know; and it is the child, not the volume, that creates, in this case, our interest. Just to caress a book, to study its imprint, its mechanical beauty, and to know that these delightful characteristics are one's own, is as a perfumed path leading to the pleasant place of the Well-Loved Book.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. *Vincent Van Marter Beede.*

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

Raising flowers is a pleasant pastime for authors, and their experiences make interesting and instructive reading for others engaged in the same delightful pursuit, especially if by experimenting they are enabled to produce new or unusual results.

The *Mayflower*, Floral Park, New York, and *Park's Floral Magazine*, Libonica, Penn., give plants in payment for articles; and if your name is registered as a contributor to the latter, you will receive a chromo or bulbs every Christmas.

Other journals are *Meehan's Monthly*, Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.; *Gardening*, Chicago, Ill.; and the *Fern Bulletin*, Binghamton, N. Y. The latter identifies ferns free of charge. I do not know what their terms are.

Home and Flowers, Springfield, Ohio, has a department of "Letters From Our Friends," wherein it prints the experiences of its subscribers in cultivating flowers. The editor requires that articles shall be not more than two hundred words in length, and they must be the actual experience of the writer. Facts relating to the culture of some particular flower are preferred. Cash prizes of three dollars for the best and two dollars for the second-best article received each month are offered.

Park and Cemetery and Landscape Gardening, Chicago, solicits contributions from persons engaged in landscape gardening, tree planting, village improvements, etc., and also

requests photographs of new or little-known trees, shrubs, effects of cultivation on landscapes, etc. No remuneration is mentioned.

BATH, Me. *Alice May Douglas.*

APROPOS OF STORY-WRITING.

I recollect reading an article by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in which he spoke of a number of plots that he had at various times written down, and that he had never used. He intimated that as it was unlikely he would ever clothe these skeletons of his imagination, they were at the mercy of any one who might choose to write them out. It will be remembered that Hawthorne was given to the same sort of scribbling. Indeed, I confess to a personal resentment toward Mr. Quiller-Couch for having forestalled me in using an idea which I found particularly alluring. It is the final tale in "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts," and due credit is — in the preface — given to the originator of the dramatic situation.

But I fancy Mr. Aldrich knew how improbable of fulfilment was his offer. For the majority of those who write must confess to an experience similar to his.

It is so easy to jot down the impressions of an hour — place — incident. So easy to trace the outline of a sketch — a blurred and indeterminate outline, perhaps — which we mean to elaborate and perfect some day. What a fine story that will make! What an attractive essay! What a charming poem!

But when the notes are cold, as one may say, and we come to look them over, we wonder what we found so tempting in this particular plot, or subject, or suggestion. The inspiration of the moment is gone. Spontaneity is lacking. The charm of prompt appreciation has evaporated. And in the written suggestion one fails to find that delightful thrill —

> "As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
> And flushes all the cheek!"

If it is so difficult to give vitality and embellishment to one's own mental offspring, how much more so to garb in eloquence the mind-child of another! For — to use an artist term — the values of a story must "approximate." One does not immediately secure a satisfactory presentment. Watch a man who can paint doing a portrait in oil. How adroit are the touches! How relative the values! Now it is the line at the corner of the eyelid that makes one say: "That's better!" Then the touch of chrome that elongates the nostril brings out the resemblance more clearly. And that slight lightening of the lower lip — Ah, now it's coming! Now it's here! The picture is perfect!

But — only the creator can complete the conception. For, —

> "Back of the canvas that throbs the soul of the painter is hidden!"

And even he fails if he finds his drawing obliterated, or if time has dulled the edge of his enthusiasm. And so it is that none will clamor for the notes of that captivating man of letters whom Yale lately honored Yale by honoring — Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Individually those who express themselves in print will continue to make notes. And a mighty good thing this is to do. But better is it to write fully the red-hot idea when it is sizzling in your brain — when your pencil will not, for all your endeavor, run as fast as your burning thoughts. Verse, story, or essay is the better for being transferred to paper with all rapidity — and the manuscript then locked up. When one has partially forgotten its existence, and can read it over with the dispassionate and coolly critical judgment one would give to the work of a stranger, the time for revision has come.

For the writer there is only one good and sane rule, and that's a paraphrase: "Write in haste and revise at leisure!"

CHICAGO, Ill. *Kate M. Cleary.*

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Those greenish-gray eyes that often go with a pure blonde complexion, and which wise men do not trust. — *Jane G. Austin, in "Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters."*	Those greenish-gray eyes that often go with a pure blonde complexion, and that wise men do not trust.
Qualities . . . were admirably calculated to sustain any ground which he might win. — *De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe."*	Qualities . . . were admirably adapted to sustain any ground that he might win.

Thus far the attempts of the authorities to locate the Borgia who officiates as the party of the first part, at this destruction of the village canines have been fruitless. — *Boston Herald.*

As yet the police have n't caught the dog poisoners.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Can editorials written for a periodical by an editor on a salary, unsigned, and expressing only the views dictated by the publisher of the paper and not the writer's own, be republished in book form, with the writer's name to make them sell, after he has acquired reputation, though the partisan sentiments therein would seriously damage his present objects in life?

W. L. C.

[The question asked by "W. L. C." illustrates the danger of writing opinions at another man's dictation. At the same time, no publisher with a trace of honor in his composition would publish such opinions with the name of the writer whom he hired to write them, knowing that the writer would object. The writer in such a case stands in the same relation to the publisher as the publisher's stenographer holds, and he is not responsible to the public any more than the stenographer would be for what he writes. In other words, the writer who is willing to put himself in such a position becomes simply the tool of the other man, and it is highly unjust for the publisher to make him responsible for what he has been forced to write. The moral aspect of the case is clear; just what the writer's legal rights are, only a lawyer can decide. — W. H. H.]

I have often had occasion to notice, and have personally experienced, the unvarying deference and courtesy with which publishers and magazine editors treat themselves. One would naturally suppose that an observance by them of the common rules of society and business would benefit themselves, and would pay them in the long run, even if it does cost them, every now and then, a two-cent stamp or a postal card. Let me illustrate. In August last I sent an article to a well-known monthly magazine. The editor wrote me that it had been accepted. I did not hear from him in the way of a remittance, and in November I wrote to him. He replied that my article would appear in the January number. It did not appear in the January number, and I have written him either to remit or to return my manuscript. Up to date I have not heard from him, and have lost nearly five months' time, and cannot conscientiously rewrite and send my manuscript to any other magazine.

Again, some time ago I sent to a magazine that had advertised that it was looking for short stories, etc., a story. I have not heard from the editor, not even an acknowledgment of receipt.

Some months ago I handed in to a well-known publishing house — one of the largest in our country — the manuscript of a work that I had been engaged upon for several years. The first question I was asked, before my manuscript was examined, or the package containing it was untied, was: "How much money do you care to put into it if we publish it?" I said, "None whatever." They said, "Leave it, and we will look it over." I asked for a receipt for my manuscript, which upon my request was given to me. When I reached home I noticed this footnote on my printed receipt: —

"All manuscripts sent to us are held at the risk of the owner. While we use all reasonable endeavors to preserve them in safety, we assume no responsibility whatever in case of loss or damage."

Why should publishers not be responsible for loss or damage? Their business is the publishing of books, for the conducting of which manuscripts are required. They solicit manuscripts, and I believe in equity they are responsible in case of loss, and that any court of law in the country would so decide, notwithstanding any "rules and regulations" of their own making. In about three weeks my manuscript was returned, for the reason that "it did not seem to possess qualities which would make it successful in a commercial way." I was not disappointed, as I think the question of "putting money into it" may, or not, have had some influence in the decision. "Money talks." Since then I have decided to publish at my own expense, and already have sixty-one subscribers (at two dollars a copy) for my work, which gives me $132 to put in it for a starter.

J. H. B.

[The relations between authors and publishers would be more agreeable to authors if the demand for manuscripts equaled the supply. As it is, publishers can easily get all the manuscripts they want, and in many cases, therefore, their dealings with writers are arbitrary. When publishers have to seek manuscripts and authors no longer have to seek

publishers, all letters will be immediately acknowledged, remittances will be made in advance, and royalty offers will be liberal. Until then, present conditions are likely to prevail. None the less, discourtesy and unbusinesslike methods are to be condemned, and, as "J. H. B." suggests, publishers and editors who are always businesslike and courteous are likely to profit by their virtue. — W. H. H.]

If I offer a manuscript to a publication "at usual rates," and receive in payment a check for one-third the amount I am in the habit of receiving from others for work of the same class, must I pocket the check and the experience, or may I refuse to sell at such a low rate? J. M. K.

[A writer who has advanced far enough to know what his manuscript is worth in the literary market is foolish to offer it "at usual rates" unless he knows that the usual rate of the periodical with which he is dealing is up to his ordinary standard. If he offers a manuscript "at usual rates," he must legally accept whatever the editor chooses to pay him, unless he can show that the "usual rate" of the periodical in question is more than the sum offered to him. This, of course, would be practically impossible. As a matter of fact, if an unsatisfactory check were returned to the editor before the publication of the manuscript, with a statement that it was not sufficient, the manuscript would generally be returned to the author, or the matter would be otherwise adjusted. — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Karl Edwin Harriman, author of the story, "The Unfinished Elegy," in the Christmas number of *Lippincott's*, is at present literary editor of the *Detroit Journal*. For the past three years Mr. Harriman has been devoting a part of his time away from newspaper work to the production of fiction. A group of stories by him has been announced to appear in *Harper's Magazine*, and his name is mentioned in the announcement of forthcoming contributors to *Lippincott's*. He has for two years been a frequent contributor to the *Youth's Companion*, and a series of stories by him has been announced by the Henry T. Coates Company, of Philadelphia, to appear in the *Era*. Mr. Harriman's work has further appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Critic*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Ledger Monthly*. At present he is engaged upon a modern novel which a long-established Boston house will issue next fall, and upon a group of short stories, to be published by the same company after their appearance in a leading magazine. In these stories an effort is made to cast a certain light upon the lives of a "class of our alien population, which, until now, has not been treated of in any literary work — least of all in fiction." They are likely to arouse an unusual interest, owing to the subject treated and the frankly realistic nature of the treatment.

Charles Elmer Jenney, the author of the poem entitled "The Storm," which appeared in the December *Lippincott's*, is a young writer just at the beginning of his career. Although now living in California, he is of New England birth, Massachusetts being the home of his childhood and boyhood. All of Mr. Jenney's writings show him to be a great lover of Nature. His poems breathe of the woods and fields, — of the sunshine and storm. His volume of verse, "Scenes of My Childhood," attracted especial attention, aside from its literary merit, as one of the most beautifully illustrated books published during 1901. Mr. Jenney has done a great deal of work in animal stories for the young people's magazines, and competent critics have favorably compared his sympathetic tales of the animals at home with those of Ernest Seton-Thompson; but Mr. Jenney "refuses to be led astray by flattery from his first love, the Muse of Poetry, whom he has elevated on a pedestal of the highest idealism."

Alfred J. Waterhouse, whose poem, "The Land of the Hushaby King," appears in *Success* for January, is well known on the Pacific coast, and both his poems and prose sketches doubtless have been republished more frequently in the newspapers west of the Rockies than those of any other writer of recent years. For several years Mr. Waterhouse was a member of the

editorial staff of the *San Francisco Examiner*, and during that time he did much "feature work" for the paper. Not infrequently his verses floated over the mountains and plains, and were republished in Eastern newspapers, but Mr. Waterhouse finally concluded that the Western field was both limited and isolated, and recently came East. Here he has devoted his attention to magazine work, and has been successful, having had a considerable number of poems and sketches accepted by various periodicals during the five months since his arrival in New York city. He is the author of a book of poems, "Some Homely Little Songs," which has had an excellent sale in the West, and has been adopted as a school-library book in more than half of the counties of California. He also wrote the words of "Ten Juvenile Songs," which, set to music by Homer Tourjée, were published by the John Church Company last fall. Another book of his poems, handsomely illustrated, will be brought out by the New Amsterdam Company, of New York, sometime this year.

THE MECHANICS OF FICTION.

We approach a delicate subject. And if the manner of approach is too serious, it will be very like the 40,000 men of the king of France who marched terribly and with banners to the top of the hill with the meagre achievement of simply getting there. Of all the arts, as one has previously observed, that of novel writing is the least mechanical Perhaps, after all, rightly so: still it is hard to escape some formality, some forms. There must always be chapter divisions, also a beginning and an end, which implies a middle; continuity, which implies movement, which in turn implies a greater speed or less, an accelerated, retarded, or broken action; and before the scoffer is well aware, he is admitting a multitude of set forms. No one who sets a thing in motion but keeps an eye and a hand upon its speed. No one who constructs but keeps watch upon the building, strengthening here, lightening there, here at the foundations cautious and conservative, there at the cornice fantastic and daring. In all human occupations, trades, arts or business, science, morals, or religion, there exists 'way at the bottom a homogeneity and a certain family likeness, so that quite possibly, after all, the discussion of the importance of the mechanics of fiction may be something more than mere speculative sophistry.

A novel addresses itself primarily to a reader, and it has been so indisputably established that the reader's time and effort of attention must be economized that the fact need not be mentioned in this place—it would not economize the reader's time or effort of attention.

Remains, then, the means to be considered, or in other words: How best to tell your story.

It depends naturally upon the nature of the story. The formula which would apply to one would not be appropriate for another. That is very true, but at the same time it is hard to get away from that thing in any novel which let us call the pivotal event. All good novels have one. It is the peg upon which the fabric of the thing hangs, the nucleus around which the shifting drifts and currents must—suddenly—coagulate, the sudden releasing of the brake to permit for one instant the entire machinery to labor, full steam, ahead. Up to that point the action must lead; from it, it must decline.

But—and here one holds at least one mechanical problem—the approach, the leading up to this pivotal event must be infinitely slower than the decline. For the reader's interest in the story centres around it, and once it is disposed of, attention is apt to dwindle very rapidly—and thus back we go again to the economy proposition.

It is the slow approach, however, that tells. The unskilled, impatient of the tedium of meticulous elaboration, will rush at it in a furious gallop of short chapters and hurried episodes, so that he may come the sooner to the purple prose declamation and drama that he is sure he can handle with such tremendous effect.

Not so the masters. Watch them during the first third—say—of their novels. Nothing happens, or at least so you fancy. People come and go, plans are described, localities, neighborhoods; an incident crops up, just for

a second, for which you can see no reason, a note sounds that is puzzlingly inappropriate. The novel continues. There seems to be no progress; again that perplexing note, but a little less perplexing. By now we are well into the story. There are no more new people, but the old ones come back again and again, and yet again; you remember them now after they are off the stage, you are more intimate with the two main characters. Then come a series of pretty incidents in which these two are prominent. The action still lags, but little by little you are getting more and more acquainted with these principal actors. Then, perhaps, comes the first acceleration of movement. The approach begins — ever so little — to rise, and that same note which seemed at first so out of tune sounds again, and this time drops into place in the progression, beautifully harmonious, correlating the whole gamut. By now all the people are "on," by now all the groundwork is prepared. You know the localities so well that you could find your way about among them in the dark; hero and heroine are intimate acquaintances.

Now the action begins to increase in speed. The complication suddenly tightens, all along the line there runs a sudden alert. An episode far back there in the first chapter, an episode with its appropriate group of characters, is brought forward, and coming suddenly to the front collides with the main line of development and sends it off upon an entirely unlooked-for tangent. Another episode of the second chapter — let us suppose — all at once makes common cause with a more recent incident, and the two produce a wholly unlooked-for counter influence, which swerves the main theme in still another direction, and all this time the action is speeding faster and faster, the complication tightening and straining to the breaking point, and then at last a "motif," that has been in preparation ever since the first paragraph of the first chapter of the novel, suddenly comes to a head, and in a twinkling the complication is solved, with all the violence of an explosion, and the catastrophe, the climax, the pivotal event fairly leaps from the pages with a rush of action that leaves you stunned, d with the sheer power of its presentation. And there is a master-work of fiction.

Reading as the uninitiated do, without an eye to the mechanics, without a consciousness of the wires, and wheels, and cogs, and springs of the affair, it seems inexplicable that these great scenes of fiction — short as they are — some of them less than a thousand words in length — should produce so tremendous an effect by such few words, such simple language; and that sorely over-taxed word, "genius," is made to do duty as the explanation. But the genius is rare that in one thousand simple words, taken by themselves, could achieve the effect — for instance — of the fight aboard the Flying Scud in Stevenson's "Wrecker." Taken by itself, the scene is hardly important except from the point of view of style and felicity of expression. It is the context of the story that makes it so tremendous, and because Osborne and Stevenson prepared for that very scene from the novel's initial chapter.

And it seems as if here in a phrase one could resume the whole system of fiction-mechanics — preparation of effect.

The unskilled will invariably attempt to atone for lack of such painstaking preparation for their "Grande Scenes" by hysteria, and by exclamation in presenting the catastrophe. They declaim, they shout, stamp, shake their fists, and flood the page with sonorous adjectives, call upon heaven and upon God. They summon to their aid every broken-down device to rouse the flaccid interest of the reader, and conclusively, irretrievably, and ignominiously fail. It is too late for heroic effort then, and the reader, uninterested in the character, unfamiliar with the locale, unattracted by any charm of "atmosphere," lays down the book unperturbed and forgets it before dinner.

Where is the fault? Is it not in defective machinery? The analogies are multitudinous. The liner with hastily constructed boilers will founder when she comes to essay the storm, and no stoking, however vigorous, no oiling, however eager, if delayed till then, will avail to aid her to ride through successfully. It is not the time to strengthen a wall when the hurricane threatens, prop and stay will not brace it then. Then the thing that tells is the

plodding, slow, patient, brick-by-brick work, that only half shows down there at the foot half-hidden in the grass, obscure, unnoted. No genius is necessary for this sort of work, only great patience and a willingness to plod, for the time being.

No one is expected to strike off the whole novel in one continued fine frenzy of inspiration. As well expect the stone mason to plant his wall in a single day. Nor is it possible to lay down any rule of thumb, any hard and fast schedule in the matter of novel writing. But no work is so ephemeral, so delicate, so — in a word — artistic that it cannot be improved by systematizing.

There is at least one undisputably good manner in which the unskilled may order his work — besides the one of preparation already mentioned. He may consider each chapter as a unit, distinct, separate, having a definite beginning, rise, height, and end, the action continuous, containing no break in time, the locality unchanged throughout — no shifting of the scene to another environment. Each chapter thus treated is a little work in itself, and the great story of the whole novel is told thus, as it were in a series of pictures, the author supplying information as to what has intervened between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next, by suggestion or by actual resumé. As often as not the reader himself can fill up the gap by the context.

This may be over-artificial, and it is conceivable that there are times when it is necessary to throw artificiality to the winds. But it is the method that many of the greatest fiction writers have employed, and even a defective system is — at any rate in fiction — better than none. — *Frank Norris, in the Boston Transcript.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Unusual Scarcity of Short Stories. — There is an unusual scarcity of short stories, and the market, so to speak, is strong. Editors of New York magazines declare that they cannot obtain a sufficient amount of this form of literature for their publications, and one Boston editor has even had to send circulars to all the writers he knows, asking them for the privilege of examining whatever short stories they produce. Among the short stories written nowadays the editors find that the love motif is not so general as they would like. They are not sure whether this is a pose of cynicism, or whether other influences than love are making a more and more material world go round. — *New York Evening Post.*

The Word "Which." — A certain editor is possessed by a curious antipathy to the use of the word "which" when it can be avoided, and he frequently urges his contributors to say "that" instead, when it is possible. The other day one of these contributors took up the cudgels on behalf of the abused word, but at the end of a heated discussion the editor found a new argument and silenced him. "Come, now, would you use it, unless by stress of unavoidable circumstances, if you were writing verses?" The contributor reflected, and, after all, you would not willingly say even "This is the house 'which' Jack built." — *London Morning Post.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT. By Charles Ferguson. 204 pp Cloth, 90 cents. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1901.

Mr. Ferguson's second book is marked by the originality of thought, brilliancy of epigram, and lack of logic and orderly conclusions that were shown in "The Religion of Democracy." It is, in a sense, a broadening and an application of the ideas and the trend of thought laid down in that somewhat striking work. Yet the author still continues to be a voice crying in the wilderness, stirring his hearers and setting them to thinking, even if his message itself is not entirely clear. The tenor of "The Affirmative Intellect" appears to be a denial of all outward law and all outward truth, and an insistence upon the absolute freedom of the human soul — a freedom that involves the creation of truth. Dogma and authority of whatever sort is humanity's outgrown method, he declares, in substance, and then he goes on to say: "So the legitimate lord of the world is the Heart's Desire of Humanity. The world is not to be governed by rapt consideration of what the soul ought to want, but by buoyant and venturesome struggle for the things that it really does want in the red heart and centre of it."

Mr. Ferguson's work is a curious composite in literature. His sentences are brilliant and masterly; his paragraphs are vague; his chap-

ters are indefinite, and his completed book is non-coherent and dissolving. You can't get a firm grip on what the man is trying to say, yet you see signs of it sticking out on every page.

E. Y.

WHO'S THE AUTHOR? By Louis Harmon Peet. 316 pp. Cloth. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1901.

So far as it goes, "Who's the Author?" is a useful little book. Its compiler calls it "a guide to the authorship of novels, stories, speeches, songs, and general writings of American literature"—a description that would indicate a much more comprehensive work. As it is, the book contains about 4,500 references, including titles of books, poems, songs, hymns, magazines, etc., likely to be mentioned frequently in print or conversation, with a little information about each. The scope of the work is indicated by these sample entries:—

"I don't want to play in your yard." Song. H. W. Petrie.
"I love Thy kingdom, Lord." Hymn. About 1800. Timothy Dwight. A version of the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm.
Moonlight Boy, A. Novel. 1886. E. W. Howe.
Marjorie Daw. Short romance, 1873, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. T. B. Aldrich.

A YEAR OF FAMOUS LYRICS. Edited by Frederick Lawrence Knowles 392 pp. Cloth, in box, $1.50. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

Mr. Knowles has earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry by putting together in this dainty volume more than five hundred of the best lyric poems in the English language. The selections he has made will be generally approved, and, regarded simply as an anthology, his beautiful book deserves high commendation. It is, besides, a year-book, a calendar of daily selections, and on many pages are given the birth and death dates of authors represented in the collection. In addition, there are sixteen full page portraits of famous poets, and the book has indexes of titles and first-lines, a general introduction, and seven pages of explanatory notes.

W. H. H.

MARGARET WARRENER. By Alice Brown. 501 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

The scene of "Margaret Warrener" is laid in Boston, the principal characters being a little group of hard-working professional people,—cultivated Bohemians,—whose unconventional doings and clever conversations are reported with a piquancy and a verisimilitude seldom equaled in modern fiction. The heroine is a former actress—a sensitive, reserved creature—who has relinquished the triumphs of a stage career for marriage and domesticity. The story deals primarily with her marvelous and enduring love for a husband who has transferred his fickle fancy to another woman, and the formative influence this love has upon her character. The "other woman" is a successful journalist—Laura Neale, a distant cousin of the husband—who has obtained for him a position at newspaper work, after he has made a failure of art. Ugly, yet magnetic, of extraordinary cleverness and tremendous will-power, intensely vital and practical, Laura Neale is the dominating character of the book. She is wholly selfish and heartless, a schemer of the most deliberate and cold-blooded type, and in her character is shown the hardening effect of journalism on women. The action of the story takes place in a middle-class boarding house, with a brief interval at the country-house of an unsophisticated millionaire, whom the clever Laura has entangled in her net. Margaret Warrener, at first childishly jealous of her husband's infatuation for Laura, gradually finds out through pain and suffering the deeper meanings of love, and rises to its noblest ideals.

The strongest features of the novel are its atmosphere of absolute reality, its clever dialogue, and its vivid characterizations. So many interesting and strongly contrasted types are seldom met with in a single book. The story shows at every point the author's keen insight into human nature, the ripeness of her wisdom, the saneness and justness of her estimates of life; and along with these qualities, she has the gift of expression in a remarkable degree—something of that instinctive feeling for words that Emerson had. All in all, "Margaret Warrener" is a remarkable achievement, and it will add materially to the fame of its author.

A. G. G.

FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND. By Carolyn Wells. 261 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

In Carolyn Wells's latest story for children a little girl falls asleep Christmas afternoon over her book of fairy tales, and is forthwith whisked into Fairyland, where she becomes a fairy herself, meets with the most surprising and delightful adventures imaginable, and hob-nobs with all the dear, familiar personages whose histories she knows by heart, from the Babes in the Wood to the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and the Three-Wise Men of Gotham. Miss Wells's whimsical humor and wealth of imagination have never been more conspicuously displayed than in this story. "Folly in Fairyland" abounds in the ear-beguiling "nonsense" rhymes in the composition of which its author excels. It is prettily bound, and daintily illustrated by Wallace Morgan. It cannot fail to prove most fascinating reading for children.

A. G. G.

LABOR'S MAPLES. By Katherine E. Conway. 329 pp. Cloth. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company. 1901.

"Labor's Maples" is an entertaining story, particularly attractive to those interested in literary work, since the heroine becomes a writer and part of the plot concerns her rela-

tions with the rich and unscrupulous proprietor and the manly young managing editor of a daily newspaper, on which she is employed. There is also a religious thread woven in the story, which is written from the Roman Catholic point of view. W. H. H.

THE LITTLE LADY — HER BOOK. By Albert Bigelow Paine. 315 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

Both the text and the pictures of "The Little Lady" will be a delight to children. Mr. Paine's style is charming, and his book is sure to please the "little ladies and gentlemen everywhere" to whom it is dedicated. The illustrations, by Mabel Humphrey and others, are exquisitely dainty, and they really illustrate — which is something to be grateful for.

GALOP-OFF, THE TALKING PONY. By Tudor Jenks. 243 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: The Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

Galop-off was a Russian pony, with white mane and tail, who had once been owned by a nobleman in St. Petersburg, and the little American girls who afterward acquired him were quite surprised to learn that he could talk. After that they took great delight in hearing him relate the stories of his wonderful experiences, and other young people will take no less delight in reading them, as Mr. Jenks in his entertaining way has put them down.

MINETTE. A story of the First Crusade. By George F. Cram. 397 pp. Cloth. Chicago: John W. Huff & Co. 1901.

"Minette" is an historical romance. Its author apparently believes that a thousand years ago a young man would have said to a young woman leaning against his breast: "Dearly beloved, when I feel your hands in mine, when I look into your eyes, my heart says stay, stay forever; a voice whispers in my soul, stay, you have gathered to your bosom a flower; stay and enjoy its fragrance; the spirit of the storm says stay, you have uncovered a heart; stay and shelter it. And then another voice speaks; dare I say its words give me pain, and yet 'tis true. It says, You have been honored by the cross you wear, and have promised, have sworn, you would bear it in the Crusade. If you are false to a heavenly vow, can you be true to a human love? And are you not already in God's service? Can the messenger tarry when a day may perhaps cost a thousand lives? Love bids me stay; duty commands me to go at once. Love filled my soul with harmony; duty — ah! What is it?" Those who agree with him that this is life-like and natural will no doubt enjoy the book. W. H. H.

CAPS AND CAPERS. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

"Caps and Capers" is a story of boarding-school life, full of wholesome fun, and bright with mirth and jollity. Mrs. Jackson writes charmingly, as readers of "Denise and Ned Toodles" know, and her story of a rather unusual school is based on facts. "I ought to be able to tell it pretty correctly," she says, "having seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears many of the pranks related." W. H. H.

CHATTERBOX — 1901. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. 412 pp. Boards, $1.25. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1901.

More than 400 pages of interesting reading for young people, with pictures on every other page, make the "Chatterbox" each year a welcome visitor. The stories, sketches, and verses are all bright, clean, and wholesome, and for juvenile readers they possess fascinating interest. The 1901 volume is quite up to the standard of its predecessors, and it needs no higher praise.

TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE SOUTHWEST INDIANS. By Fred A. Ober. 248 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1901.

When Tommy Foster, a New England boy, killed an Indian's dog near an Indian village in New Mexico, thinking he was shooting at a coyote, he started a train of adventures which boys generally will follow, in Mr. Ober's story, with the most lively interest. Tommy's experiences are exciting, and they are worth reading about, because they give so many accurate pictures of Indian life, with which Mr. Ober is thoroughly familiar. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. A biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Vol. I., 455 pp.; Vol. II., 482 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

CORRECT COMPOSITION. A treatise on spelling, abbreviations, etc., with observations on punctuation and proof-reading. By Theodore L. DeVinne, A. M. New York: The Century Company. 1901.

JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN. By E. A. Bennett. 98 pp. Cloth. New York: John Lane. 1898.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS. By John Muir. 370 pp. Cloth, $1.75. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1901.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor of they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. — II. The Second Visit. Illustrated. James Grant Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

HUXLEY AS A LITERARY MAN. James E. Routh, Jr. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

SOME SOUTHEY LETTERS. Harold Spencer Scott. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic* (38 c) for January.

THE LETTERS OF J. R. GREEN. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

MR. HOWELLS AS A CRITIC. Brander Matthews. *Forum* (38 c.) for January.

SOME NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

THE ENGLISH REVIEWS. I.—A sketch of their history and principles. Arthur Waugh. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

COPYRIGHT PROCEDURE: SOME MISAPPREHENSIONS. Herbert Putnam. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS. With unpublished portraits. B. W. Matz. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

DICKENS IN MEMORY. Illustrated. George Gissing. *Critic* (28 c) for January.

THE MAKING OF JACOB A. RIIS. J. B. Gilder. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN. George Louis Beer. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

MRS. URSULA N. GESTEFELD. With portrait. *Mind* (23 c.) for January.

OF ALMANACS. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for January.

FREDERICK WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL, SCULPTOR. Richard Ladegas. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

SATIRE'S SMOLDERING EMBERS NEED FRESH FUEL. James L. Ford. *Success* (13 c.) for January.

TRANSFORMING FORESTS INTO NEWSPAPERS. Frank Hix Fayant. *Success* (13 c.) for January.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS SISTER FANNY.—III. Henry Woodcock. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNTER-CURRENT IN RECENT FICTION. W. D. HOWELLS. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

AUBREY DE VERE. Rev. Matthew Russell. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

E. C. STEDMAN. With portrait. *Outlook* Magazine Number (13 c.) for December.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Samuel T. Clover, since leaving the *Chicago Post*, has bought the *Los Angeles Express*, of which he has full control.

Colonel George B. M. Harvey has taken the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, displacing John Kendrick Bangs.

In response to constant inquiries about the "Contributors' Club," the editor of the *Atlantic* explains that the papers in the Club are usually furnished, as the name implies, by regular contributors to the magazine, who desire to "free their minds" under the comfortable pledge of anonymity. But brief communications to the Club from any readers of the *Atlantic* are always welcomed.

A new magazine to be called *Our Boys and Girls* is being planned for publication by the Royal Publishing Company, the first number to be ready by March. The periodical will be patterned along the lines of two once very popular magazines, *Our Young Folks* and *Oliver Optic's*. Well-known writers of juvenile fiction will contribute serials, and there will be a number of departments, both practical and entertaining.

The *Goose Quill* is a sensational little magazine just started in Chicago by John Stapleton Cowley-Brown.

The *Land of Sunshine* (Los Angeles) will be known hereafter as *Out West*, and will be published simultaneously in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The *Home Advocate* (Philadelphia) has changed its form to the magazine size, and is very much improved.

The German poets of the United States are invited to write the text for the prize song to be sung at the sængerfest which will be held in Baltimore in 1903. The poem must not exceed twenty lines, and the successful poet will receive fifty dollars. All the poems must be in the hands of Professor Steinmueller, 327 North Carrollton avenue, Baltimore, Md., by February 15.

The prize of $600 for an original work for chorus and orchestra, offered last year by the New England Conservatory of Music (Boston), not having been awarded by the judges, is again offered for competition.

Beginning with the January number, the *Atlantic Monthly* will contain, in addition to its usual signed and unsigned reviews, a department of comment on "Books New and Old," written each month by H. W. Boynton.

With the January number of the *Critic* begins a notable series of articles on "The Great Reviews," the first installment covering "The English Reviews," the text being by Arthur Waugh.

Arthur Grissom, editor of the *Smart Set*, died in New York December 3, aged thirty-three years.

John Swinton died in Brooklyn December 15, aged seventy years.

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THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONNET.

Roughly speaking, the sonnet consists of fourteen lines of verse, written in iambic pentameter: that is, each line contains five metrical feet of two syllables each, the accent falling regularly on the second syllable of each foot.

Further analysis divides the sonnet into two parts: the octave and the sestet. The octave comprises the first eight lines and the sestet the last six, the octave, in turn, being divided into two quatrains.

In the octave, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyme interchangeably, as do the second, third, sixth, and seventh. The sestet admits of slight variation in the matter of rhyme.

The Italian type of sonnet is by far the finest form. In this, the sestet contains three rhymes, the first and fourth, the second and fifth, and the third and sixth lines rhyming. For instance, the second of two sonnets prefixed to the Purgatorio reads thus: —

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice around thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain height, and in swift overflow,
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.

Thou makest full confession, and a gleam
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe — the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

1221-1221-345-345 is the best method of rhyming, avoiding, as it does, the awkward couplet at the end; but there is still another class which belongs to the strict Italian type — 1221-1221-34-34-34, as well as the last variation, 1221-1221-345435.

Shakespeare used this form: 12-12-34-34-56-56-77, and the Amoretti of Spenser are written in this way: 12-12-23-23-34-34-55. The couplet at the end was used by both Spenser and Shakespeare, but modern writers adhere more closely to the Italian forms.

A perfect sonnet contains one, and only one, idea or mood, which is introduced in the first quatrain, explained in the second, which ends in a distinct full point, and is carried through confirmation to climax in the sestet. The metaphor must be sustained and it must be complete in itself. The second quatrain must not run into the sestet, and contrasted rhymes must not play on the same vowel.

For instance, in the octave, if the first line ends in "came," the ending of the second must not be "day," or any word which depends for its rhyme upon "a." "Dream," "sky," or "blue" would be permissible, but not words ending in or containing the "a" vowel. Son-

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net rhymes are so difficult, however, that very few writers regard that canon which says that the perfect sonnet will have each of its five rhymes play on a different vowel, so that if "a" and "e" are used in the octave, "i," "o," and "u" will appear in the sestet, and so on, in endless combination.

Mrs. Browning, though adhering closely to the Italian forms, was a law unto herself regarding the full point at the end of the octave, usually carrying it to the middle of the first line in the sestet, thus: —

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
  Except for love's sake only. Do not say
  "I love her for her smile — her look — her way
Of speaking gently — for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine certes brought
  A sense of pleasant ease on such a day,"
  For these things in themselves, belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee — and love so wrought
  May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
    Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry;
  A creature might forget to weep who bore
    Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
  But love me for love's sake, that evermore
    Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

She constantly used the 1221-1221-34-34-34 form, yet the care in changing the vowels is noticeable.

Lack of forethought in regard to rhyme is the cause of nine-tenths of the slipshod sonnets that are written. It is exasperating to begin a sonnet and get well on into the second quatrain before discovering that the available rhymes are exhausted. If one intends to deal largely with the sonnet, it will pay to get a blank book and a rhyming dictionary, and classify the rhymes in their vowel order, setting apart for the octave those words which have enough rhymes to give a liberty of choice, and leaving for the sestet those which have only two or three available rhymes.

It is needless to say that the sonnet must read smoothly, without apparent effort, and must contain no awkward pauses in the middle of the lines, and no forced rhymes. A pause may come appropriately at the end of the second line, or at the end of the fourth, but never at the end of the first, and very seldom at the end of the third. It is better to have no pause in the second quatrain, except commas, until the full point is reached at the end of the octave.

In the sestet a pause may properly come at the end of the third line. Elsewhere it delays the climax, which should come in the last line, though a dash may be used occasionally at the end of the fourth line in the sestet with good effect.

Though the sonnet is in a class by itself, and is hardly to be considered lyric verse, nevertheless it should have the lyric spirit behind it. If a sonnet conforms to technical rules and irresistibly suggests that it should be set to music, it is doubtless a good one. The charm of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" is due to the suppressed love and tenderness which throbs behind the lines, and since the form itself imposes restraint, a sonnet which is technically good is often, aside from that, a thing of great sweetness and beauty.

CHICAGO, Ill. *Myrtle Reed.*

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

The true critic is more than a mere literary iconoclast. He not only points out and emphasizes the presence of error, but he also suggests ways and means by and through which literary excellence may be secured. He is not destructive merely, but constructive, creative, as well.

It was Matthew Arnold who quoted approvingly the definition of the critic as given by Amiel. He assures us that the critic "supplies all the world with a basis. He represents the public judgment, that is to say, the public reason, the touchstone, the scales, the crucible, which tests the value of each man and the merit of each work. Infallibility of judgment is perhaps rarer than anything else, so fin a

balance of qualities does it demand — qualities both natural and acquired, qualities of mind and heart. What years of labor, what study and comparison, are needed to bring the critical judgment to maturity! Like Plato's sage, it is only at fifty that the critic is risen to the true height of his literary priesthood, or, to put it less pompously, of his social function. Not till then has he compassed all modes of being, and made every shade of appreciation his own."

And John Burroughs observes in one of his admirable essays that "disinterestedness is to be demanded of the critic, but the creative imagination may have free play within the limits of a strong intellectual bias."

Thus it will be seen that the true critic fails, ignominiously fails, in the adequate discharge of the duties of his high office, if his criticism adds nothing of intrinsic, intellectual value to the subject-matter of which it purports to treat. Such a one is an invader in territory foreign to his instincts and his standards.

If literary criticism so acquits itself as to enlarge the sphere of thought and action, or if it has intensified the possibilities which are found within the limits of such sphere, it will have performed a really important and helpful office. Criticisms of this kind will be, in some large and satisfying sense, most welcome. The clear reason and the steady discernment will always approve such opinions. And the talent of judging wisely and justly is not hurtful, even if the judgment seem a little severe. It has been said of Arnold's criticisms that they mean the scientific passion for pure truth, the passion for seeing the thing exactly as it is carried into all fields. If this view is correct, one must always give to Arnold's literary opinions the most respectful hearing and the most careful examination.

It is undoubtedly true that because so little of the creative instinct has been brought to bear on the interpretation of contemporaneous literature, nearly all so-called literary criticism has been greatly discounted and discredited. This is so, too, because the dignity of the literary life has been very much minimized, and the reign of literary mediocrity has been both complete and far-reaching. Really meritorious literary effort has had small chance to grow, and literary standards have been lowered. Such critics and such criticisms are the bane of the literary career. They build without ideas, and aim to fortify with the language of unjust censure and undeserved praise. In this way, they always discourage, and often destroy, meritorious literary possibility. They seem to forget that "literary fame is not a limited quantity which must lessen in proportion as it is divided up, but, like the sunlight, each man may have it all and not rob his neighbor."

The ideal critic is divested of all mere low, mean, and petty feelings, and is invested with lofty, noble, and honorable sentiments. He absorbs none of the narrowness, and bigotry, and superstition of his surroundings, but, instinctively, seeks the pure and invigorating atmosphere of the higher life. This does not imply that he is or must be a literary hermit, but the reverse. Exclusiveness makes him at once an unfit, because unprepared, person to discharge the responsible duties of the high calling. The critic of contemporaneous literature must be in close, active, and constant touch with the spirit of his age and time. He may be in advance of it in thought and judgment. This is quite possible, and is not harmful in and of itself. But if he denounce his age and its literary products because of the errors which his clearer vision discerns, he will be unable to fulfil the highest behests of his position. It is the creative instinct which will be the ever-welcome and always-to-be-desired spirit in literature. The mere destroyer, the man who "kills," whether with "faint praise" or otherwise, does not belong in the realm of letters. And there is no method of reasoning, however ingenious, which can make him, properly, "belong" there. He is beyond the limits of the duties of the critic, or, rather, away from such duties; and the value of his opinions ought to count for little, practically, as against those of a less able, intellectually, though not less worthy, critic, whose heart-throbs beat in unison with the music of his time.

The creative instinct in literary affairs, as it is applied to the critic, must be and is an ever-welcome condition to every progressive literary worker. And this is preëminently true of

those delvers in literature who rely largely on the judgments of leaders of thought for the recognition which literary merit ought always to command. The critic who thinks clearly, wisely, is one thing; but greater than he is that other literary spirit who builds justly, with eyes directed solely toward literary advancement. The former may indicate error and assist in its destruction; the latter not only does this, but blazes the way through the labyrinth of undisguised error into the clear, pure atmosphere where is found ultimate literary success. *Duane Mowry.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE NOVELIST'S ART AND MODERN FICTION.

Time was when the novelist, like his fellow-brother, the misunderstood playwright, lived under a cloud of opprobrium, that, hanging low and dark, served to kill his independence and ambition, and to annihilate his personality. The romancer was looked down upon, laughed at, and humiliated, until he sought to hide his identity, fearing the scorn and bitterness that would surely follow the announcement that he plied the novelist's art. The novels of an early day show very conclusively this public influence in their poor, half-hearted style and character. It is as true in literature as in the other walks of life, that the best work is the outcome of, and done under, the inspiration of praise and sympathetic regard. Man is a creature of vanity quite as much as the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; he, with them, would appear in fine clothing and win the admiration of his fellows when he can. So when you take away all hope of public appreciation, you at the same time rob him of the only real incentive for good work; he ceases to do his best, does not even make the effort, for, as he sees it, why try, when all such labor and effort go for nothing? And when you add to a total lack of interest a well-defined scorn for such work, you are surely placing every obstacle in his way. It is simple cruelty to ask a man to labor under such frightful disadvantages; it is impossible that, such being the case, he should produce good or elevating work.

But all this is past. In his appreciation of the writer's art man has, as elsewhere, shown advanced progress. The writer is recognized at last as a brother man in the field of labor and in the struggle of life. Novel writing is now placed among the high and worthy arts; the novelist is honored as an artist, and esteemed as such. It is recognized that he has a higher and nobler mission to fulfill than merely to amuse — to carry a message to the heart and mind, even while entertaining the reader, a message that shapes, perhaps unconsciously, the thought, the morals, the action, the life of men. He exerts a powerful and growing influence on public opinion, and, further than this, his influence to elevate or degrade is frankly admitted. His art, no longer held in low esteem, is recognized.

Of course we cannot apply the word artist to all novelists; indeed, only a limited few of our many writers can be regarded in any other sense than as literary hacks. The many are the men of little thought and no personality or originality, who unfortunately manage to get their books before the public, to the great disadvantage of the good writers, who are in truth educators and leaders in thought. But we are here speaking only of the novel that is a power for good or evil. Such novels must inspire us with a desire to realize and appreciate the ideals and conduct of life therein set forth. And in the novel that works for the good, the spirit and ideals of the author must be very high and very true, unless we go on the ground that a fierce desire to attain high ideals will follow the laudation of low ideals,

of the degrading and baser sides of human nature, by a species of revulsion. But if the hero glories in the use of the strong hand, if the author depicts tableaux, often murderous and bloody, sensuous and low, in which the passions of revenge, pride, anger, come in for glorification, if the hero achieves success and happiness by giving full sway to these passions, is the reader likely to rise from the book with a feeling of revulsion for the hero? No; the novel that will work good must set high ideals and follow them out, carefully and accurately. Those who yield to passions must not be set on pedestals as the heroes of the tale.

It is only too true that many modern novels are unquestionably not worth the time consumed in the reading, and many are positively a danger to the community. Books of the latter class should find no place in the library or on the book-stand. Our novels must be true to life, and must ever keep in mind the necessity of accuracy and truthfulness. The author who hopes to outlive his generation must make himself the thorough master of his subject before he undertakes to present it to the public. The crying demand of the hour, and one that we are glad to note has caught the attentive ear of the leading writers, is for truth and naturalism in our fiction. How else can the novel teach its lesson? If it be other, it is mere nonsense and sheer folly. The thinking people of our day, and the great body of those who work and do, have come to realize that a novel to be useful, elevating, or even interesting, must be also a true book and a natural one. The unnatural and the impossible that once ruled supreme in fiction have gone for all time. Of that there can be no doubt. And if you will notice the march of our successful novels during the past half-dozen years, you will find that one and all give us truth, facts, and reality, always, if possible, in attractive garb. Our people, ever generous and frank, have given freely of their praise to such authors, and the coming generation in fiction will be a golden one.

Evidence is already ample to show the would-be-author that success in his work can come only through perfect mastery of his subject and close application to his work. The day of the vivid imagination and the over-fertile brain has gone, driven out by the brilliant, yet plodding, novelist who understands those he addresses in his story quite as well as he understands his own particular tale. The new novelist, he who has come to stay, writes to elevate and uplift, not alone to amuse, writes to interest in something worth the while, gives something to think about and study. No longer are the poor, patient, and oft-abused readers treated as children, without minds of their own; no longer are they forced to take what is given them; for the new era has come, in which the writer and the reader seek to find a basis of mutual interest and pleasure. And this new writer of fiction is wise; for he has found the magic password that gains him entry into the sacred recesses of his reader's mind and heart. He has learned that the commonplace is not necessarily common, he appreciates that the hard work-day life is not thereby made brutal and hard, he sees that there the germ of immortal love and perpetual life is quite as likely to be found as in the halls and palaces of princes; he has discovered that a message of rare and exquisite beauty may be conveyed as well through sorrow as through joy and happiness. In a word, he has come to see that if he would be listened to with attention, and as only a true man would be listened to, he must realize and speak of life and things as they really are.

So it is that the novel of to-day must be an intelligent, open, frank, true, thoughtful, and accurate story of that which it attempts to picture. Life as it is, and not life as it might be, is the life the public wants to read about in novels, and the successful and worthy novelist and the true artist has already come to recognize this.

Our people are not cowards, neither are they children, therefore treat them as men, of manly thought, manly courage, and of manly fear. Seek to elevate them, point out the path of thought and action. This is the duty of the novelist of to-day, and this duty will surely be fulfilled by the novelist of to-morrow, who will unite the nobility of truth with the pure artistic beauty of naturalism.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *Folger Barker.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

That even Bostonians, Jove-like, sometimes nod, is shown by a letter from A. P. Gardner to the *Boston Globe*, in which he declares emphatically: "Neither of these facts are true."

* * *

Novelists who want to introduce a kiss now and then with some qualifying adjective may be helped by this classification of kisses — the result of patient study of well-known English works of fiction: Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh as the morning, breathing fire, divine, glad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, sisterly, brotherly, and paradisaical.

* * *

The *New York Tribune*, having used "dove" as the past tense of "dive," is called to account by a correspondent who demands authority. The *Tribune* answers: The Century, Webster's, the Standard, and the Imperial dictionaries all give "dove" as a past of "dive." It is an older form than "dived." The Imperial dictionary says that it is old English and American, and quotes Longfellow. The other dictionaries quote other reputable authors who use it. Where a verb has both regular and irregular inflections, the irregular (sometimes called the strong, in distinction from the weak, or regular) is usually the older. The tendency of linguistic decay is toward the loss of the old, strong forms and the substitution of the weak, regular forms, and it is well that writers who care for the force and picturesqueness of their discourse should resist rather than encourage this tendency. In many cases Old English usages have survived among speakers and writers in this country and have died out in England, and this seems to be a case in point. The past participle is "dived."

* * *

The annual summary number of the *Publisher's Weekly* (New York), which has just been issued, is particularly valuable, because it contains a reference list of all the new books published in the United States in 1901.

* * *

"Why do women write better novels than men?" asks somebody. They don't. The same answer may be given to the other ques-

tion: "Why do men write better poetry than women?"

* * *

"To tell a good book from a bad one is a troublesome job," says Augustine Birrell, and it is — especially when you try to do it by reading the literary columns in the newspapers.

* * *

Marie Corelli is reported to be half-way through her new novel. Do you wish you were? W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Can it be possible? — *New York Herald.*	Is it possible?
The strength of Stephen's features were in hers.— *Winston Churchill in "The Crisis."*	The strength of Stephen's features was in hers.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Would it be worth while to express editorial opinion in THE WRITER regarding the appropriateness of the term "American" used for the name of our language? I have observed its increased use lately, with or without quotation marks. See, for instance, the *Dial* for January 1, p. 9; and the *Arena* for January, p. 68. The *New York Daily News* for January 3 says in an editorial: "It has often been pointed out that the English language, or the American language, as some think it ought to be called, is spreading over the globe more rapidly than any other tongue."

Is this a tendency, a step in the "American World March," eccentricity, or what? Can such use of the term be defended in whole or part? Is any "patriotic" or philological society back of this? *I. Robinson.*

[The language of the United States is not yet so different from that of England as to need a distinctive name. We speak and write the English language; to call it the American language is an affectation. — W. H. H.]

Will you kindly tell me whether it is better to use single spacing or double spacing in typewriting book and story manuscripts? It is a mooted point at our club. Some claim that the single spacing, being more condensed, is preferable; while others contend that the double space, being more open, is most pleasing to the editorial mind. Is there a rule or custom, or is it merely a matter of choice? W. H.

[It is better, in typewriting a manuscript, to use the double space. Editors want room to make the alterations and corrections that ought not to be necessary, but generally are. — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Margaret Whillans Beardsley, whose story, "The End of a Resolve," is printed in the *Delineator* for February, was born in Wisconsin, where she now lives. Marrying a civil engineer when quite young, she afterward lived a migratory life, with quick flittings from one isolated country district to another, or from the city to the wilderness of wood and laurel tangle in the coaling districts of the Virginia mountains; always making sure of home and home-life through every change. This period of life, rich in experiences and happiness, was brought to a sudden ending after seven years, by the death of Mr. Beardsley. It was since this bereavement, and less than three years ago, that Mrs. Beardsley began writing. Her first story appeared in the *Youth's Companion* late in 1899, and others have followed. Both the *Designer* and the *Delineator* for February have stories by Mrs. Beardsley, and other work already placed with high-grade magazines is yet to appear. Her Scotch-English parentage, marriage with a "Yankee" of unadulterated Puritan blood, and intimate knowledge of Western ranche life, joined to the varied experiences of her married life, account for the diversity of color found in her work.

Walter A. Dyer, whose poem, "The First Snow," appeared in the *New England Magazine* for January, is a comparatively new writer in the magazine field. He was born at Roslindale, Mass., twenty-three years ago, and received his education at Springfield, and at Amherst College. He comes from old Mayflower stock. His grandfather, Rev. Ebenezer Porter Dyer, was a Congregational clergyman well known throughout Eastern Massachusetts,

and his father, E. Porter Dyer, Jr., was for many years editor of the *Springfield Union*. Mr. Dyer graduated from Amherst College in 1900. He was Grove Poet of his class at Commencement, and was on the editorial boards of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* and the *Olio*, the college annual. A recent volume of undergraduate verse, "In College Days," composed of selections from the undergraduate publications of the various American colleges, contains six of his poems. After graduating, Mr. Dyer served for nearly a year on the *Springfield Union*. He had charge of the book review and literary department, and contributed frequent campaign and other newspaper verses to the editorial page. He then served for a short time as assistant editor of the *Criterion*, New York, and at present has charge of a monthly trade journal, the *Wall-Paper News and Interior Decorator*, published in New York. Mr. Dyer has written stories, verse, and other articles for various magazines. One poem of his, "It May Be," published in the *New England Magazine* last April, attracted considerable attention. Stories of his have appeared in *Four O'clock*, and poems in the *New England Magazine*, the *Wheelwoman*, the *Ladies' World*, *Town Topics*, the *Criterion*, the *Bohemian*, and a number of minor publications. Accepted poems are now in the hands of the editors of *Judge*, the *New England Magazine*, the *New Idea*, and other magazines, awaiting publication. Mr. Dyer is a frequent contributor to *Good Housekeeping*, which has published several children's verses of his, besides other articles. A triolet of his which appeared last summer in the *Bohemian* was extensively copied, and appeared in *Current Literature* in "Notable Verse of the Month."

Josephine Gro, whose "Theatrical Fables" are a prominent weekly feature in the *New York Clipper*, is equally successful in musical and literary composition, and her unusual talent is generally recognized. She is also a painter of no little skill. She writes charming verses, sketches, and short stories, and her anecdotes of stage people, which appear regularly in the *Clipper*, are widely reprinted. For nearly four years she lived in California, and while there wrote the words and music of "Hail California!" the state song, which has been placed in the course of study by most of the California boards of education. Her "Mandalay" is an exquisite musical setting of Kipling's well-known poem. Mrs. Gro now lives in New York, where her daughter, Miss Helena Howard Gro, recently made her debut in a dramatic sketch written by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox especially for her young friend.

Grace Livingston Hill, author of the poem, "The Party," in *Good Housekeeping* for January, was born in Wellsville, N. Y., in 1865, and was educated at the Elmira College for Women, Wells College, and the Cincinnati Art School. She was married in 1892 to Rev. T. G. F. Hill, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, who has since died. She is a frequent contributor of short stories to the *Youth's Companion*, *Forward*, and the *Presbyterian Banner*. She is also joint author with her husband of the "Christian Endeavor Hour," parts 1, 2, and 3. At present she is conducting the Christian Endeavor column in the *Philadelphia Press* and the *Washington Times*. Some of her books are: "A Chautauqua Idyl," "Katharine's Yesterday," "In the Way," "A Daily Rate," "Lone Point," and "By Way of the Wilderness." She lives now in Swarthmore, Penn.

Mary Knight Potter, who wrote the story, "Miss Clarissa's Smile Factory," in the *Designer* for February, intended to be a painter, and with that end studied several years under the best teachers in New York and Boston, and for a while in Paris. Occasionally she wrote some little thing, and four or five years ago she began her literary work in earnest, though she hardly likes to acknowledge that the painting has been given up for good. Stories of hers have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, the *Housewife*, the *Independent*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and various other periodicals. Also, the *Household* and *Harper's Magazine* have accepted stories from her which have not yet been printed. Last winter Miss Potter had a series of letters in the *New York Tribune*

called, approximately, "An American Girl's Views of Europe," which included some of her experiences during a year and a half on the Continent. L. C. Page & Co. have published an art book of hers called "Love in Art," and also, last fall, a child's story. Miss Potter lives in Boston.

Fred W. Shibley, who wrote the story, "The Schoolmarm," in the *New England Magazine* for January, is a Canadian by birth, now doing business as a stock broker in Providence, R. I. In answer to an inquiry from the editor of THE WRITER, he says of himself: "I have never appeared before the public except at the foot of a prospectus reciting the merits of stocks and bonds. The stories now appearing in the *New England Magazine* I gathered together in a little book called "A Bundle of Yarns," and gave them away to my friends. The stories were told me in the rough, and I tried to write them down just as they were told. Mr. Garland took a fancy to them, and so I let him publish them. When one goes fishing and hunting in Canada, one is bound to hear good yarns, true to human nature, and personally I wish there were more of these true stories told."

Charlotte W. Thurston, author of the poem, "Wouldst Sorrow Know?" in the *New England Magazine* for January, was born in Cambridge, Mass., but has lived for about thirty-seven years in West Newton. Her grandfather was the lawyer, William Austin of Charlestown, who wrote "Peter Rugg," and other stories. Her mother was Elizabeth Austin Thurston, author of "The Little Wrinkled Old Man," and editor of "Mosaics of Life," "Echoes of Many Voices," etc. Miss Thurston went to Germany to school when seventeen years old, and spent a winter in Berlin and one in Dresden. She has written only verses. They have appeared in the *Century*, *Harper's*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *New England Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, and a number of other periodicals.

Ethel Wheeler, whose short story, "The Curl," appeared in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was born of Irish parentage, and lives in the beautiful county of Surrey, England. She is a writer of essays, of stories, and of poems, and her work is well-known on the other side of the Atlantic. Her critical articles have appeared chiefly in *Literature* and in the *Academy*, but she has contributed also to the more technical papers, having written a series of articles for the *Agricultural Review*, and having treated of "Machinery in Fiction" in *Feilden's Magazine*. One of her most imaginative short stories appeared in Lady Randolph Churchill's guinea quarterly, — the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Miss Wheeler has made a special study of London under its various aspects. Twenty-four articles on "The London of the Novelists" were contributed by her to *London*, and to the *Weekly Sun*. She wrote some thirty-six "London Love Scenes," showing the influence of London on different temperaments; these appeared in the *Weekly Sun*, *Black and White*, the *Speaker*, and other papers; she has also written a series on "The London of the Poets." It is, perhaps, as a writer of verse that Miss Wheeler will do her best work. Many of her poems have appeared in *Literature*, the literary journal published by the *London Times*.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Dickens. — Here is a recently published letter, written by Dickens, from Gads Hill, to a young author who had asked his opinion about a story which had been submitted for criticism: —

Dear Sir — I return you herewith the proofs of the opening of your story.

I think the story evinces a great deal of promise and a great deal of power. If I may venture to take the liberty of offering you two pieces of advice, they are these: —

1. Never to be afraid of being pathetic when any tenderness naturally arises in you out of the situation, and never to regard it as a kind of weakness that needs to be jested away or otherwise atoned for.

2. Not too pettingly and perseveringly to urge to the utmost any humorous little extravagance. I think the dog should not open his

mouth so very wide in barking as to show the whole of his internal mechanism, and the same kind of objection strikes me in reference to the spelling of some of the noises made, both by men and beasts.

Le Queux.—William Le Queux told an interviewer recently that he made it a rule to rise early, but never to work after luncheon. At five A. M., winter and summer, he is in his study, and at eleven puts down his pen for the day. Essentially an easy-going Bohemian, he is, nevertheless, a careful and conscientious worker, paying the most minute attention to detail, and never describing any locality that he has not himself seen.

Moulton. — Louise Chandler Moulton, who has recently returned to her home in Boston, was interviewed by an English writer while abroad, and as a result the following account of Mrs. Moulton's "first appearance in print" appeared in an English periodical: "As a schoolgirl of thirteen she wrote so delightfully that on one occasion her master asked her if the idea, as well as the verse, was really all her own, and on her replying, 'I cannot tell from where I got it. I never knew there was anything like it in the world. Surely it all wrote itself from my mind,' his face brightened as he replied, 'Then I sincerely congratulate you.' At fourteen years of age the editor of a local paper published one of her little poems, and she thus describes this first seeing of herself in print: 'I remember how secretly, and almost as if it were a crime, I sent it in; and when I found the paper one evening, upon calling at the post-office on my way home from school and saw my lines — my very own lines — it seemed to me a much more wonderful and glorious event than has anything since that time.' But it was not until she was eighteen years of age — a ridiculously youthful age for so great an event — that her first book of sketches, stories, and poems, 'This, That, and the Other,' appeared, 18,000 copies being speedily disposed of. Almost immediately after that first book's appearance, Louise Chandler married Mr. William Moulton, the editor and publisher of a Boston paper, to which she has been an occasional contributor." —*Boston Transcript.*

Parker.—"The secret of all romance," says Gilbert Parker, "is character, and so long as character remains, no one ought to say there is no romance in the world." Asked if he wrote the denouement of his books first, Mr. Parker said he never began without having two things clearly in mind — the beginning and the end. He always had the character, and the chief influences that would affect that character, and he always had the working out of that character, the last revelation of it, if he might so term it, so far as he intended to carry it. The rest of the work, the story part, came after.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

Stevenson. — That Robert Louis Stevenson did not regard himself as born to his high calling, but rather considered his achievements due to unceasing labor, seems to follow from the following bit of autobiography, from his "Life" by Graham Balfour: —

"All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket — one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas.

"Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that, too), as that I had vowed that I would learn to write.

"Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality.

"I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination

of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to 'Obermann.'"

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Fine Writing. — The announcement was made yesterday, as it has often been made, and no doubt often will be made, that a certain person had been "made the recipient of a gift." You hear this expression oftener than its correlate, "became the donor of," but one is just as good English as the other. They ought always to go together, so as to give us announcements like: John Smith was made the recipient last evening of a box of cigars, of which John Jones became the donor. How much easier to say John Jones gave to John Smith. Some people seem to think that whatever sounds strained must be correct. "Getting" isn't in it with being "made recipient of"; "floral tributes" take the shine all off from plain "flowers"; "speckled beauties" or "finny denizens of the deep" leave ordinary trout or codfish away out of sight. These are some of the lessons of the art of fine writing, and they are worth considering. — *Hartford Courant.*

The Milwaukee Charity ball was given in the Alhambra theatre. As a poet of the *Sentinel* says, the work of "transforming the temple of Thespis into the temple of Terpsichore" was well done, and "beautiful women in all the brilliant array that fashion has prescribed for her votaries, attended by gentlemen in full evening costume, filled the boxes, adding the charm of happy faces and sparkling eyes to the scene of enchantment." Why are men in evening clothes usually described as gentlemen in "full" evening dress? Is it the custom anywhere for men to wear partial evening dress at a ball? —*New York Sun.*

Writing a Book. — The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time, and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again, and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close — one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work, and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then — for no reason that he can give — there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI. and XXII., the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV. to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted, and tried to write that chapter. Every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house, because it was bad, and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote Chapter XIX., and on the morrow he rewrote Chapter XVIII., and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote Chapter XX., and the book was completed. — *London Morning Post.*

Literary vs. Vulgar English.—A woman that has, what many of her sex have not, a sense of humor, remarked the other day that she wondered whether she ever could muster up courage to say "Alas, no!" in an ordinary conversation. She has been reading that phrase for years in modern novels and hearing it on the stage, but she never has heard any real person use it in conversation, except by way of burlesque, and she feels that she could not spring it before company without laughing.

"Alas, no!" shares with many other phrases, words, rhetorical and grammatical forms the honor of being reserved exclusively for written language and never appearing except in print. There are, in fact, two English languages, one for literary and oratorical use, and the other for the humble and daily services of common speech: or, rather, there are two orders or degrees of English, one, like the choir sisters among religious orders, to perform the gentler

and more intellectual offices of speech and literature; the other, like the lay sisters, to do the lowly chores of conversation. What man would talk to his cook, or even to his wife and friends, in the strain of Dr. Johnson's or Macaulay's writings? Johnson, as we know from Boswell, talked very simply and well, and used his "Johnsonese" only when he addressed the public; and the fragments of his talk, preserved by Boswell, are infinitely more human and more memorable than the resounding periods of the Rambler essays or the solemn moralizing of "Rasselas." Macaulay spake somewhat as he wrote, as one may judge from his answer to the lady who tried to soothe him when he scorched his finger at the age of seven years. "Madam," said the infantile Macaulay, "the agony has abated."

Who would dare, if he were able, to talk in a drawing room or at a dinner table as Edmund Burke wrote, as Ruskin wrote, as Carlyle wrote? Who would venture on small talk in the style of Emerson or Gibbon? What man would talk to a companion as Thackeray talks to his public out of "Vanity Fair" or "The Newcomes"? Is there a woman that tells a story to her maid or the laundress in the narrative style of Stevenson? Do men chat over their glasses even in the vein of Charles Lamb, familiar as that is for written work, using all his rhetorical turns, his pleasant little pedantries, his half facetious archaisms? Do people in the flesh ever order a dinner as Hawthorne would have ordered it in a book? Run over in mind the greatest prose writers in English, Milton, Addison, Steele, Dryden, Browne, Swift, and a score of others, ancient and modern, and it will be clear that the ordinary, everyday speech of the coffee houses and clubs, contemporary with those several writers, was vastly different in construction and diction from the language that they put into books. Even the playwrights, whose dialogue pretends to be the vernacular of the day, offend in this regard. Shakespeare of the tragedies is not Shakespeare giving directions to the players at a rehearsal in the Globe Theatre. Jonson's learned sock was worn only in public.

Every language shows this same difference between the spoken and the written word. Cicero, we may be sure, did not talk to his valet as he talked to the Roman Senate. Even Montaigne, homely as his style is, hardly spake as he wrote; at least, one may hope that he omitted from his conversation the frequent Latin quotations to which he was addicted in print.

Modern literary art goes in for simplicity and approves the easy and familiar style, resembling but by no means identical with ordinary conversation. This tendency can be carried easily to excess and may descend to slang, negligence, and, in time, may lose that "sense of achieved distinctions" in which, says Walter Pater, all progress of mind consists. It is a question whether it would not be the better way to raise conversation to the level of literature than to lower literature to the level of conversation; but woe to the pioneer in such a policy. He will be voted the most pompous, stilted, and affected of bores, and will waste his fine periods on very tired listeners. Let him commence his reform of the common speech by saying "Alas, no!" at a dinner table, and watch results.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Scarcity of Good Short Stories.—The editor of one of the widest circulated ten-cent magazines said yesterday that he had only enough short stories to last for two months and that he found this the hardest kind of material to get. Every mail brings him bundles of short stories, but few of them are worth printing. "I have had to beg some of the capable writers to send me short stories," he said, "and yet the impression prevails that the magazines are all loaded up with stuff enough to last them two years or more. This is not true of any of them, and it is particularly untrue of their supply of short stories."—*New York Sun.*

Blunders of Publishers.—Few men have had a more merciless experience of rejection than Thomas Carlyle; in fact, he had long passed middle age before he ceased to be familiar with that most unwelcome intimation, "Declined with thanks." "Sartor Resartus" wandered as vainly in search of a publisher as ever Noah's dove in quest of dry land. Its career was punctuated by uncompromising "Noes,"

and when at last it found a place in the columns of *Fraser's Magazine* it was paid for at less than the ordinary rates, and the editor was full of qualms as to his wisdom in publishing it at all.

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was turned unceremoniously from a score of doors before its author, whose belief in his work no amount of rejection could shake, decided its fate by publishing it himself — with what results the world knows.

J. H. Shorthouse had a curiously similar experience with "John Inglesant," one of the most brilliant and original works of the last generation. No publisher would even consider it, and in despair its author had a few copies printed at his own cost in Birmingham. Then, but not until then, the publishers tumbled over each other in competition for the privilege of publishing it.

A well known book of a very different type, "Mr. Barnes of New York," was rejected by every publisher in America and England to whom it was offered, and as a forlorn hope Mr. Gunter published it at his own expense. Its popularity was immediate and phenomenal, and no one but the author could say how many thousands of dollars it has brought to his exchequer. In a single year it yielded a revenue of $50,000.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," perhaps the most widely-circulated story ever written, failed altogether to find a publisher brave enough to produce it in book form, and was finally produced serially by an obscure American newspaper. Even then the well-known publishers would not touch it, and it was left to a small firm to publish it, with immense profits to themselves and to the author.

"Lorna Doone," that most beautiful of Devonshire tales, was refused by several publishers, and when at last it made its appearance it was almost universally ignored until the Marquis of Lorne's marriage, through the similarity of names, drew attention to it and made its merits commonly known.

Charlotte Brontë had an experience of "consistent rejection" which would have broken the heart of any less brave woman. Her brown paper packages of manuscript returned to the Haworth parsonage with sickening regularity. In fact, her novel, "The Professor," probably achieved a record in the way of rejection.

Kinglake's remarkable book on Eastern travel, "Eothen," was refused so often and so uncompromisingly that, in very disgust, he took out the manuscript one day and offered it to the first book-seller whose shop he came across. The book-seller saw its merits and published it, and Lockhart's review of the book in the *Quarterly* gave it such advertisement that the demand quickly surpassed the book-seller's power of supply.

Fanny Burney's "Evelina" was so often refused that when a Fleet street publisher offered her $100 for the manuscript she accepted it with thanks. Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was rejected by more than one publisher; and Fielding's "Tom Jones" was utterly ignored until its author had won fame with his dramas. — *Philadelphia Times.*

Royalties to Authors. — Miss Gilder, writing of the royalties paid to authors by publishers, says that while ten per cent. is the ordinary rate, there is hardly a publishing house which under certain circumstances does not pay more. Those who begin at ten soon raise to twelve, fifteen, and twenty, and, in some exceptional cases, to twenty-five per cent. Miss Gilder adds: "It seems to me that a sliding scale of royalty is only fair, for the publishers' expenses are comparatively small after the first few thousand copies of a book are sold. Twenty-five per cent. is, I have no doubt, more than a publisher can pay and make anything for himself, but sometimes, for the sake of getting an author on his list, he is willing just to make expenses. I have, however, heard of several firms that declare by all that is sacred that they will never pay twenty-five per cent. again, no matter who the author may be. Lord Rosebery's man of business exacted twenty-five per cent. for his book on Napoleon. For that reason, although it was an unillustrated book and not a large one, it retailed for three dollars net."— *Indianapolis Journal.*

Fiction Writing as a Business. — Take an unusually lucky instance, literally a novel whose success is extraordinary, a novel which has sold 2,500 copies. I repeat that this is an extraordinary success. Not one book out of

fifteen will do as well. But let us consider it. The author has worked upon it for — at the very least — three months. It is published. Twenty-five hundred copies are sold. Then the sale stops. And by the word stop, one means cessation in the completest sense of the word. There are people — I know plenty of them — who suppose that when a book is spoken of as having stopped selling, a generality is intended, that merely a falling-off of the initial demand has occurred. Error. When a book — a novel — stops selling, it stops with the definiteness of an engine when the fire goes out. It stops with a suddenness that is appalling, and thereafter not a copy, not one single, solitary copy is sold. And do not for an instant suppose that ever afterward the interest may be revived. A dead book can no more be resuscitated than a dead dog.

But to go back. The 2,500 have been sold. The extraordinary, the marvelous has been achieved. What does the author get out of it? A royalty of ten per cent.—two hundred and fifty dollars. Two hundred and fifty dollars for three months' hard work! Roughly, less than twenty dollars a week, a little over $2.50 a day. Two novels a year is about as much as the writer can turn off and yet keep to a marketable standard. Even admitting that both the novels sell 2 500 copies there is only $500 of profit. One may well ask the question: Is fiction writing a money-making profession?

But of course there is another side. For one thing, the author is put to no expense in the composing of his novel. (It is not always necessary to typewrite the manuscript.) So far as initial expense is concerned, a half dollar will buy every conceivable necessary tool the novelist may demand. He needs no office, shop, or studio rent: models are not required. The libraries of the city offer him a quiet working-place if the home is out of the question. Nor, as one has so often urged, is any expensive training necessary before his money-earning capacity is attained.

Then there are other ways in which the fiction writer may earn money — by fiction. The novelist may look down upon the mere writer of short stories, or may even look down upon himself in the same capacity, but as a rule the writer of short stories is the man who has the money. It is much easier to sell the average short story than the average novel, — infinitely easier. And the short story of the usual length will fetch $100. One thousand people — think of it — one thousand people must buy copies of your novel before it will earn so much for you. It takes three months to complete the novel — the novel that earns the two hundred and fifty. But with ingenuity the writer should be able to turn out six short stories in the same time, and, if he has luck in placing them, there is six hundred dollars earned, more than twice the sum made by the novel. So that the novelist may eke out the alarming brevity of his semi-annual statements by writing and selling "short stuff."

Then — so far as the novel is concerned — there is one compensation, one source of revenue which the writer enjoys and which is, as a rule, closed to all others. Once the carpenter sells his piece of work, it is sold for good and all. The painter has but one chance to make money from the sale of his picture. The architect receives payment for his design, and there is the end. But the novelist — and one speaks now of the American — may sell the same work over many times. Of course, if the novel is a failure it is a failure and no more is said. But suppose it is a salable, readable, brisk bit of narrative, with a swift action and rapid movement. Properly managed, this, under favorable conditions, might be its life history: First it is serialized either in the Sunday press or, less probably, in a weekly or monthly. Then it is made up into book form and sent over the course a second time. The original publisher sells sheets to a Toronto or Montreal house and a Canadian edition reaps a like harvest. It is not at all unlikely that a special cheap cloth edition may be bought and launched by some large retailer either of New York or Chicago. Then comes the paper edition, with small royalties it is true, but based upon an enormous number of copies, for the usual paper edition is an affair of tens of thousands. Next the novel crosses the Atlantic, and a small sale in England helps to swell the net returns, which again are added to — possibly — by the "colonial edition," which

the English firm issues. Last of all comes the Tauchnitz edition, and with this (bar the improbable issuing of later special editions) the exploitation ceases. Eight separate times the same commodity has been sold, no one of the sales militating against the success of the other seven, the author getting his fair slice every time.—*Frank Norris in the Boston Transcript.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BROWNING IN VENICE. Illustrated. Katharine de Kay Bronson. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

ARTEMUS WARD AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Charles J. Woodbury. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

OUR OBLIGATIONS TO DIALECT. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

MINISCENCES OF WALT WHITMAN. John Townsend Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE FAME OF VICTOR HUGO. George McLean Harper. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

HUXLEY'S VISIT TO FISKE. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. Illustrated. William Wallace Whitelock. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. William H. Johnson. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

MR. ARTHUR BRONSON. Henry James. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

THE GREAT REVIEWS OF THE WORLD. II.—The French Reviews. Illustrated. Th. Bentzon. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

THE LATE WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Annie Russell Marble. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

IVAN TURGENEF. Charles Whipley. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. C. A. Urann. *Modern Culture* (23 c.) for February.

THE CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO. With portrait. Kenyon West. *Outlook* Magazine Number (13 c.) for February.

WITH A WRITER LIFE IS ALWAYS AT THE BEGINNING. James Lane Allen. *Success* (13 c.) for February.

RALPH WALDO TRINE. With portrait. *Mind* (23 c.) for February.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL ON SUCCESS IN WRITING. James Ravenscroft. *Era* (13 c.) for February.

SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON. James B. Carrington. *Era* (13 c.) for February.

HAWTHORNE'S LONELINESS. Frederic M. Bird. *Era* (13 c.) for February.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

THE STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES—GEORGE ELIOT. Illustrated. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (23 c.) for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIA WHITE (Mrs. James Russell Lowell). Dr. Elliott. *Delineator* (23 c.) for February.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Agnes Weld, the favorite niece of Tennyson, is writing a new memoir of the poet. She was often his companion on his country walks, and he was accustomed to discuss his work with her. Miss Weld lives in Oxford, England.

Bliss Perry, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has, under a new arrangement with the publishers, taken up a good share of the work formerly done by H. E. Scudder, the editorial direction of the plans of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. To Mr. Parker, his assistant, falls a share of the old duties, while Ferris Greenslet, who entered the reviewer's gossip by way of the *Nation*, also takes part.

Arthur W. Vance, formerly editor of the *Home Magazine* of New York, is now managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Herbert Leonard Coggins is the editor of the *Young Folks' Magazine*, the new monthly put forward by the Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia. Features of the magazine will be "stories for girls without any love interest whatever," to quote from the publisher's prospectus, and stories for boys "having a strong and educational historical interest."

Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin, of the department of American history in the University of Michigan, is now managing editor of the *American Historical Review.* The editorial board includes as associate editors representatives of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and Chicago Universities. The *Review* is in its seventh volume, and is a magazine of more than two hundred pages, published quarterly by the Macmillan Company for the American Historical Association. Its aim is to foster the study of American history and of history in America. It is the only historical magazine of national scope published in America. Professor McLaughlin succeeds Professor Jameson, late of Brown University, now of Chicago University, as managing editor.

Dodd, Mead, & Co. (New York) have begun publishing the *Bibliographer*, edited by Paul Leicester Ford, who hopes to make the new magazine an authority in its field, which will be as broad as that of the collector of books, manuscripts, and autographs.

Music and Stage is a new illustrated quarterly published in New York by George A. Melbourne. The contents are varied, including entertaining discussions of current musical and dramatic subjects. The first number is a very attractive one. One of the longer articles is an interview with Daniel Frohman on "The Dramatized Novel," in which that manager expresses the belief that the novel-play has become a fixture in drama, and that there will be no cessation in the production of plays of that class.

The *South Atlantic Quarterly*, edited by John Spencer Bassett, and published at Trinity College, Durham, N. C., is a new periodical intended to be the organ of the literary men present and to be in its section of the South. Its form is tasteful, very much that of the *Conservative* or of the *Sewanee Review*, and its contents are similarly academic.

The *Journal of Health* is a new monthly magazine, conducted by G. H. Michel, M. D., of Cleveland.

The editorial department of the *Woman's Home Companion* will be located at 35 West Twenty-first street, New York City, after February 1. All communications intended for that department should be sent to that address.

Collier's Weekly (New York) has moved into its new building. Its circulation has increased from 50,000 to 300,000 in four years.

The *Christian Century* (Chicago) has changed its name to the *American Weekly*.

Literature has recently been sold by the *London Times* and consolidated with the *Academy*. The *Times* will now publish a weekly literary supplement, something like the *New York Times Saturday Review*.

The *Household Magazine* (New York) is in the hands of a receiver.

The Wilbur B. Ketcham Company, New York, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $34,000; nominal assets, $48,000.

The *New York Times* invites contributions of short stories, narratives of incidents and anecdotes, for the "Man in the Street" department of its Sunday Magazine. The *Times* will pay for all contributions accepted, and in addition to this compensation it offers as a premium for excellence $30 weekly in prizes: $15 for the story judged to be first in quality, $10 for the second, $5 for the third. Before submitting manuscripts, writers should send for a copy of the *Sunday Times* to see what the nature of the "Man in the Street" department is.

The *Patriotic Review* (Boston) under the energetic management of Miss Marion Howard Brazier, is enjoying deserved prosperity. The February number is a double one, lavishly illustrated.

Some practical suggestions to "The Young Man with Nothing but Brains" are given in the February *Forum* by Truman A. De Weese, who points especially to the opportunities for those who can devise original and skillful plans for launching new commodities upon the market.

J. T. Trowbridge contributes to the February *Atlantic* some reminiscences of Walt Whitman, whose acquaintance he had for forty years, and furnishes much that is new and interesting about this remarkable writer, and his works and methods of work.

St. Nicholas for February says: "Apparently the *St. Nicholas* has made a change pleasing to its readers in substituting a 'long short-story' complete in each number for the usual installment of a serial. At all events, the change has been followed by a gratifying increase in the subscription list, and the new policy will certainly be continued for the present."

Morgan Bates died at Traverse City, Mich., January 5, aged fifty-three.

Elbridge S. Brooks died in Somerville, Mass., January 7, aged fifty five.

Horace E. Scudder died in Cambridge, January 11, aged seventy-three.

Aubrey De Vere died in London, January 21, aged eighty-eight.

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JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN.

Journalism for women is very much the same as it is for men, with the limitation that there are places accessible to men where women cannot go. This limitation, however, is important. It shuts out women, as a class, from general newspaper work, and leaves open to them only special positions, some of which men could fill as well, others of which have duties which only women are well suited to perform.

A woman cannot ring a statesman's door-bell at one o'clock in the morning and call him out of bed, with any hope of getting an interview that will be in type before the paper goes to press at 3 A. M. A woman cannot attend a ward caucus in a lively district and scramble up on the table with the other reporters when the unterrified supporters of one candidate fight with the unterrified supporters of another candidate for the possession of the ballot box. A woman cannot mix with thieves, and cut-throats, and assassins in low resorts, as reporters sometimes have to do, in search of news, or wade through a flood of dirty water at a midnight fire. A woman is out of place at horse-races, hangings, prize-fights, and similar social functions. A woman, in short, who is engaged in newspaper work is continually hampered by the limitations of her sex, and for that reason a managing editor would rather have in her place, for general work, a man, who can do most of the things that are possible for her and many that are not. Still, there will always be places on daily newspapers for women, since there are often subjects or occurrences which editors want written up from a woman's point of view.

As for getting a place on a daily newspaper, the author of "Journalism for Women"* — which has not very much of value in it — gives the following advice: "The time-honored, the only proper way of entering upon journalism is to become what is called an outside contributor. The outside contributor sends unsolicited paragraphs and articles to papers on the chance of acceptance. By dint of a thousand refusals she learns to gauge the public, which is the editorial taste, and at length, fortified by many printed specimens of her work, and a list as long as your arm of the various publications for which she writes, she is able to demand a position on the staff of some paper of renown."

The choice of a subject for the woman who wants to become an outside contributor is a

* JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN. A practical guide. By E. A. Bennett, editor of *Woman.* 98 pp. Cloth. London and New York: John Lane. 1898.

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matter of importance. Her common sense should tell her that she should not write about cookery or fashions. If she is to distinguish herself and make herself prominent in the editor's mind among the scores of women who are trying for the place she wants, she must avoid commonplaces and find subjects that will make her work distinct. If there is anything that an editor does *not* want from an outside contributor, it is a description of the latest thing in bonnets or directions for making unexceptionable tea. As for what he *does* want — well, if a woman can see that for herself, her success in journalism is assured. A description of a football game, as it looks in the ordinary woman's sight; a woman's view of the behavior in court of a young woman charged with murder; an article on the conditions of shop-girls' lives, giving information which a woman can get in interviews better than a man; an interview with some leading society woman, always prominently before the public, giving the detailed routine of her daily life, — such subjects as these would at least attract the attention of the managing editor, and a woman can write them up to better advantage than a man. There is no reason, moreover, as the author of "Woman in Journalism" points out, why women should confine themselves to women's subjects. "Many women writers," she says, "seem to think that they are debarred by some defect or limitation of sex from treating topics other than those commonly termed feminine; but there is no reason why a woman should not deal as effectively as a man with general matters." And provided the woman has an equal amount of education, practical knowledge of life, and ordinary common sense, this, of course, is true.

Having once gained a foothold in a newspaper office, a woman, if she is sensible, will conduct herself as nearly as possible as if she were a man. Without sacrificing any of the feminine graces, she can go about her work in plain, straightforward fashion, claiming no privileges because she is a woman, recognizing the fact that she is engaged in practical business, and doing what comes to her hand in a simple, businesslike way. If she does this, she will get the respect of her fellow-workers and the good opinion of her chief — and better reward in daily journalism no woman can expect to have.

BOSTON, Mass. *Arthur Fosdick.*

DESCRIPTIONS OF SOUND AND SILENCE IN THE POETRY OF KEATS.

Nothing struck me more forcibly, as I read Keats for the first time, than his treatment of sound and silence. He is pre-eminently the poet of beauty, and his poetry is full of beauty, but it is to this especial love of his for the beautiful in music, not only the music of instruments and of the voice, but that of the waters and the breeze, that I wish to call attention.

As I passed on from page to page, I marked a considerable number of passages which I deemed particularly happy as to thought or expression or both, and these I will give, or a part of them, beginning with one from Keats's first volume, published in 1817, when he was but twenty-one. He is describing the dawn: —

> The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn
> And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
> On the blue fields of heaven, *and then there crept*
> *A little noiseless noise among the leaves,*
> *Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.*

Farther on in the same poem he speaks of Syrinx and Pan in these words: —

> So did he feel, who pulled the boughs aside
> That we might look into a forest wide,
> To catch a glimpse of Fauns and Dryades
> Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
> And garlands woven of flowers wild and sweet,
> Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
> Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
> Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.

Poor nymph, — poor Pan, — how he did weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation — balmy pain.

In "Specimen of an Induction to a Poem," also one of his earliest poems, he says: —

How shall I
Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about lone gothic arches?

What a remarkable figure is the following, taken from "Sleep and Poetry"! "Her" refers to Imagination: —

Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of Harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?

"Endymion" begins with a gathering of shepherds on the sides of Mt. Latinus to sacrifice to Pan: —

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker over-brimmed
With April's tender younglings: next, well-trimmed,
A crowd of shepherds, with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity, o'erflowing, die
In music through the vales of Thessaly.

These shepherds sing a hymn to Pan, "the satyr king," of which the following is the fourth stanza. It is not intended to be a soft, melodious stanza. Note the different sounds mentioned: —

O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Endymion cannot share in the general joy of the shepherd company, and his sister, Peona, to cheer and comfort him in his sadness, guides him to a beautiful island, where she takes up her lute and sings: —

Hereat, Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest-wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child,
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spanned
The quick, invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.

How exquisitely beautiful is this, from the second book of "Endymion": —

The blue
Of ocean fades upon him; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet
To cheer itself to Delphi.

Keats's descriptions of silence, and the figures used in its expression, are no less original and charming than those referring to music, as the following passage from the second book will show: —

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
His destiny, alert he stood: but when
Obstinate silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle, lowly bowed his face,
Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.

But nineteen lines farther on comes this beautiful comparison: —

This still alarm,
This sleepy music, forced him walk tiptoe:
For it *came more softly than the east could blow*
Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

And the poem continues thus: —

O, did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who loved — and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest:
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallowed all, and made a seared dearth,
By one consuming flame . . .
'Twas even so with this
Dew dropping melody, in the Carian's ear.

In sharp contrast are the next two passages on my list. There is between them all the

difference between silence and a burst of melody: —

> Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipped Fate
> A thousand Powers keep religious state,
> In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne;
> And, *silent as a consecrated urn*,
> Hold spherey sessions for a season due.
>
> *O what a wild and harmonized tune*
> *My spirit struck from all the beautiful!*
> On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
> Myself to immortality.

The magical raising of the dead by Endymion and Glaucus in the hall beneath the sea is part of the third book of "Endymion." These lines describe the scene: —

> Death fell a-weeping in his charnel house,
> The Latinian persevered along, and thus
> All were re-animated. *There arose*
> *A noise of harmony, pulses and throes*
> *Of gladness in the air.* . . . Enchantment
> Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
> *Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,*
> *Budded and swelled, and full-blown, shed full showers*
> *Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine.*

This next stanza, from a hymn to Venus, in the third book of "Endymion," may well be compared with the stanza already given from the hymn to Pan in the first book. This is a far sweeter, gentler strain, as better suited to Venus's ear than the clamor supposed to be acceptable to the wood-god Pan: —

> *Breathe softly, flutes,*
> *Be tender of your strings ye soothing lutes;*
> *Nor be the trumpet loud! O, vain, O, vain;*
> *Not flowers budding in an April rain,*
> *Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow,* —
> *No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,*
> *Can mingle music fit for the soft ear*
> *Of goddess Cytherea!*
> Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
> On our soul's sacrifice.

All are familiar with Portia's words: —

> Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
> Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
> Fading in music.

Keats says: —

> That I may pass in patience still speak:
> Let me have music, dying, and I seek
> No more delight.

And it is interesting to know that Keats did have music, though not that of the voice he most loved to hear, to cheer his last days. The devoted friend who was with him to the last was a good musician, and Keats was much diverted from his sufferings by the music of Severn's piano.

Another of Keats's wonderful descriptions of silence is in "Lamia," very near the close of the poem: —

> The loud revelry
> Grew hush; the stately music no more breathes;
> The myrtle sickened in a thousand wreaths.
> *By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;*
> *A deadly silence step by step increased,*
> *Until it seemed a horrid presence there,*
> And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

But I will only give two more examples of this peculiar felicity of expression, both taken from "Hyperion," his noblest work. The first, which is the opening paragraph of "Hyperion," is a fitting introduction to the magnificent greatness of the poem. Solitude, silence, shade, complete lack of all motion, hopeless sadness, and a chill as of death are all felt by the reader and in no common degree. It would seem that a poet's imagination could go no farther, and that no environment could possibly be pictured that would be more in keeping with the nature and the state of the dethroned god: —

> Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
> Sat gray-haired Saturn, *quiet as a stone,*
> *Still as the silence round about his lair;*
> Forest on forest hung about his head
> Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
> *A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more*
> *By reason of his fallen divinity*
> *Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds*
> *Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.*

The other, which is rather long, but which cannot be shortened without sacrificing more than I am content to part with, is from Clymene's timid speech before the gods, in which she tells them of the music that she has heard: —

> I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
> Where a sweet clime was breathèd from a land
> Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
> Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
> Too full of joy and soft, delicious warmth:
> So that I felt a movement in my heart
> To chide, and to reproach that solitude
> With songs of misery, music of our woes;
> And sat me down, and took a mouthèd shell

And murmured into it, and made melody —
O, melody no more! for while I sang
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave filled it, as my sense was filled
With that new blissful, golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous, hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string;
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music winged, instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once.

These are not by any means all the fine passages relating to sound and to silence to be found in Keats's poetry. They are not even all that I marked, and I noted only those that seemed to me to be the most striking. But I think I have brought forward a sufficient number to show that Keats's poetry is unusually rich in this kind of beauty.

To any one who cares to seek further I would suggest the reading of the sonnet to Byron, and the passage from Hyperion, beginning at the seventy-second line: —

As when upon a tranced summer night.

WENTWORTH, N. H. *Mary M. Currier.*

SHORT-STORY WRITING FOR TRADE PUBLICATIONS.

The short story in a trade journal is a comparative novelty. Trade journals are established and run for the prosaic purpose of keeping their subscribers abreast with the very latest developments, in a technical way, of their particular trade, and anything in the way of fiction has until recently received the cold shoulder.

The breaking down of this prejudice against fiction has been largely due to persistent assaults from without the breastworks by short-story writers hunting new markets for their wares. "Why a monthly dish of technicalities and trade gossip alone?" they argued. "Surely your business man would appreciate an unexpected literary morsel in the pages of his journal, if he was permitted to have it," and straightway they sat them down and wrote a tempting short story and mailed it to the unwilling editor. If their theme was right, if the "incident" in the story was in line with the purpose of the publication, and the story went with snap and vigor to a good climax, the editor wavered and hesitated, and, with a mental protest that he broke his rule for this time only — published the story and sent the writer a check. The barrier against the short story in that particular trade journal was down.

The above is a true outline of the writer's own experience. His first venture was in the form of a 1,500-word story of an automobile runaway, which he sent to a technical "Auto" journal, receiving twenty dollars in return, where he had hoped for five. Encouraged by this windfall, he wrote "horsey" stories and sent them to harness magazines; stories of quick success through advertising, which were sent to advertising journals; field sketches, smacking of rod and gun, to sporting goods journals; and so on down the list.

Many, of course, came back with a polite note of thanks, but if they "rang true," the chances were in favor of a satisfactory return in the shape of the business manager's signature in the lower right-hand corner of a neat slip of paper.

In closing, the writer ventures to express the belief that the most coldly technical of journals will soon be publishing the short story as a matter of course, but it must be short, and closely within the line of purpose of the magazine, to secure recognition.

Edgar D. Price.

IRVINGTON, N. J.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The United States "is," not "are," according to a decision of a congressional committee. Newspaper writers and other historians will please govern themselves accordingly.

* * *

The next time you are in a truly literary assembly, find out, if you can, how many of those present have ever read "Paradise Lost" all through.

* * *

A playwright — whose name THE WRITER will not mention, for fear that he may object to being advertised — has just had a peculiar experience, in which writers generally may be interested. In writing his dramas he works in a peculiar way. He has a small paper doll to represent each character in the play, and a set of miniature scenery, furniture, and other "props" that he spreads out on a table just as the stage is to be set. The paper dolls he brings in and out, and in that way he keeps track of just where they are and when they should make their entrances and exits. It is his habit also to recite the play aloud, as he moves the puppet figures here and there about the table stage.

* * *

It was this habit of working aloud, so to speak, that got him into trouble. The people in his boarding house were greatly mystified at hearing strange conversation coming from his room when they knew he was alone. Their suspicions that there was a crazy man in the house were further confirmed when the chambermaid reported that she had "seen the gentleman playing with paper dolls." With a table to stand on, two boarders peeped over the transom. The playwright was moving his dolls about and ranting. It was enough. The alarmed boarders sought an officer, and the playwright was obliged to make complete explanation to avoid being taken to jail. Writers who find it helpful to use puppets to represent their characters may take warning from this little story.

* * *

Writers should not be encouraged by the announcement that there is a dearth of short stories in the offices of leading magazines to believe that they can sell their manuscripts unless they are particularly good. There is always a dearth of *good* short stories in the offices of leading magazines, and probably the demand for such stories is no greater now than usual. On the other hand, there is always an abundance of poor and indifferent short stories in every editorial office, and there is no better

chance of selling such stories now than there ever was. A good short story is always salable: an indifferent one is seldom worth more than the paper it is written on. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will the editor of THE WRITER please instruct his readers on the following points?—

(1.) The approved rule for word counting of manuscripts. As Reader on a journal where close estimates of type space are essential, my practice has been to omit single letters and figures, also abbreviations in general, and to count compound words as one word. Not long ago I received an order for an article of a thousand words, "not counting those of less than three letters," and was surprised to note the difference in numbering accordingly. This is no unimportant matter where exactness is demanded — in prize offers, for example.

(2.) The length of "a short story" of our time. One not exceeding 1,000 words is easily so understood, but when one of 6,000 is called a short story, too, we beg to inquire where the line is drawn.

(3.) The best manuscript paper, as to quality and size, economy in purchase and postage being considered; and, on the other part, presentableness with arbiters of the fate of manuscripts in newspaper and magazine offices. Specifications in this department of writers' outfit are certain to be of practical, all-around value. L. S. G.

[(1.) In a general way, "a manuscript of 1,000 words" means a manuscript that, when put in type, will fill the space that 1,000 ordinary words would occupy. If a writer has a Johnsonian style, or if he is addicted to the use of words of one syllable, he must make allowances accordingly. Writers generally do not need to estimate so closely as "L. S. G." suggests. An editor, of course, with a definite space to fill, must estimate his matter very closely to determine how much space in type a given manuscript will fill. In such cases it is a common practice to omit single letters and abbreviations in counting, although if they are numerous, a general allowance must be made for them. It is necessary, also, if frequent paragraphs are made, to allow for the blank space required in the last line of each paragraph. Printers can do so much, however, by wide or narrow spacing, or by running over or drawing back lines, that absolutely exact estimates are seldom necessary.

(2.) "A short story" means anything from 1,000 to 20,000 words. Newspapers prefer stories of about 2,000 words. To be most salable a story should have from 2,000 to 5,000 words.

(3.) The manuscript paper advertised by The Writer Publishing Company was made to meet the general needs of writers. — W. H. H.]

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XVII. — EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

While not usually given as high a place in literature as the authors of the so-called novel, historical or otherwise, the writers of successful juvenile books must possess a special and peculiar talent removed from the ordinary. This is proved by the fact that of the many who essay this kind of work very few succeed. I am inclined to think there are more failures in this field than in any other. Really, he who writes to entertain the mind of the child must be capable of pleasing the parent without resorting to those often essential parts of fiction, the complicated plot and an element of love.

Only a few years ago the writers of juvenile books could be counted upon the fingers of one hand, but these included such noted names as "Oliver Optic," the worthy pioneer of this class of literature, Rev. Jacob Abbott, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Louisa M. Alcott, and the inimitable Captain Mayne Reid. Soon others followed, among them Horatio Alger, Jr., "Harry Castlemon," Edward S. Ellis, W. O. Stoddard, E. S. Brooks, "Pansy," and "Sophie May." Then the foremost of these began to pass away, and new writers came into the class, these last aiming not only to amuse, as their predecessors had done, but to instruct their readers in history and in the various lines of work and pastime.

A little more than four years ago, a few months after the death of William T. Adams, whose pseudonym heads the list given above, while in conversation with the senior member of the old and highly respectable publishing house

of Lee & Shepard, who have placed on the market so many excellent books for youthful readers, I was asked who there was among the young writers of juvenile stories to take the place so long filled by the late "Oliver Optic." I replied, without dreaming of being a prophet: "I do not know, unless it is Edward Stratemeyer." Inside of a year the truth of my words was verified. Mr. Stratemeyer, then little known to book readers, suddenly sprang to the front rank of story-tellers, and the place left by the decease of the famous "Oliver Optic" was no longer empty.

Next to the book in which they are interested, most readers like to learn something of its author, his manner of work, his creative motive, how he came to write, his associations, and personal appearance. It is with this object in view that I am writing this brief biographical sketch of him who has one of the largest numbers of admirers among the creators of good, wholesome books for young people.

Edward Stratemeyer was born in Elizabeth, N. J., October 4, 1862, and as a boy was a great reader of the stories of "Oliver Optic," Horatio Alger, Jr., and other juvenile authors, thus laying the foundation for his future work, for no doubt this early and earnest study of the books of such writers did much toward fitting him to take up and wear the mantle they were to lay aside at a time most opportune to his advantage. No writer is really successful who is not himself an indefatigable reader.

Still, Mr. Stratemeyer, while possessing a natural inclination and encouragement to begin work, did not rush hastily into print, but waited for the experience and maturity of manhood. In his twenty-sixth year he wrote his first long story, but not satisfied with it at the time, he laid it aside for a year. Giving it a careful revision then, he sent it to *Golden Days*, where it was accepted with high praise for the young author. He followed this with several other serials, all of which met with a flattering reception. His next venture was with the *Argosy*, then a publication for young readers, to which he contributed regularly until 1893. Offered the position of editor of *Good News*, he accepted, and filled this office for about a year, adding greatly to the popularity and success of the paper by his own writings and by judicious selections from the work of his contributors.

While editing and contributing to *Good News*, his first book, "Richard Dare's Venture," was brought out by the Merriam Company, of New York, to be speedily followed by three other volumes, all meeting with such flattering success that he turned his mind toward book work entirely. His most successful work in this line was "Under Dewey at Manila," which was both timely and meritorious. It was published by Lee & Shepard in September, 1898, as the first volume of the Old Glory Series. The book was an instantaneous success, and the question was no longer asked as to who would fill the place of "Oliver Optic." The earnest admirer and student of Mr. Adams's works had won the glory. "Under Dewey at Manila" was quickly followed by "A Young Volunteer in Cuba," "Fighting in Cuban Waters," and other volumes in the same series, the object of which was to cover in an attractive manner the history of the Spanish-American war and the rebellion in the Philippines.

Reviewers in treating of these books had generally words of praise to offer. Realising the success of Mr. Stratemeyer's other books, Lee & Shepard secured the right to publish his Ship and Shore and Bound to Succeed Series, the last including "Richard Dare's Venture," and other tales of city and country life.

The Old Glory Series proving the greatest success in the line of juveniles since the publication of the Army and Navy Series by "Oliver Optic," it was perfectly natural that the publishers should ask Mr. Stratemeyer, the popular successor of Mr. Adams, to complete the unfinished story left by him, entitled "An Undivided Union," being the last of the Blue and Gray — On Land Series. This must have been a labor of peculiar pleasure, since "Oliver Optic" had been Mr. Stratemeyer's ideal from boyhood. When this book, the product of two minds, appeared, it was received with the hearty praise belonging to both authors. Running through

several editions, it has served to create an additional demand for Stratemeyer books.

Subsequently Mr. Stratemeyer was invited to perform a similar task on the unfinished works left by the late Mr. Alger, for whom our author had a warm personal friendship. These books were completed under one of the several pseudonyms of Mr. Stratemeyer. Among the more recent books entirely the products of his own brain are "To Alaska for Gold," a story of the stampede to the Klondike; "Between Boer and Briton," a tale of war adventure in South Africa; and "On to Pekin," a stirring narrative of the campaign in China. Despite his vivid accounts of recent struggles, Mr. Stratemeyer has not neglected the early history of our republic, and he has written most interestingly of colonial days in New England, among these books being "The Minute Boys of Lexington," and "Minute Boys of Bunker Hill," published by Dana Estes & Co., and "With Washington in the West," published by Lee & Shepard. He has also written a highly successful "Boys' Life of William McKinley." All his books, besides being written in his attractive style, are filled with historical information gathered in a most painstaking manner. They are to be found in the public libraries, and are sold extensively in England.

As Mr. Stratemeyer is still in the prime of life, and an industrious worker, with a good list of books already to his credit, the reading youth can confidently look forward to an amount of work from him which shall equal in quantity as well as quality that of his illustrious predecessors in this field. Mr. Stratemeyer thoroughly deserves his popularity, and he drives his typewriter without becoming careless or indolent as a result of the remarkable success he has attained.

MANCHESTER, N. H. *G. Waldo Browne.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Margaret Holmes Bates, who wrote the poem, "Chloris on the Stairs," in *Modern Culture* for January, is the author of six published novels, and has one under consideration by the Henry T. Coates Company, of Philadelphia. This last deals with the death penalty for crime. Those already published are "The Chamber Over the Gate," "The Price of the Ring," "Shylock's Daughter," "Jasper Fairfax," "Ruth Colby," and "Manitou." Mrs. Bates has done much work for juvenile periodicals and the religious press. She has six school speakers on the market, four published by Russell & Son, of New York, and two by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Mrs. Bates has done regular journalistic work, such as reporting and book reviewing. She also does work on trade papers, and much miscellaneous writing to order.

Clara J. Denton, whose poem, "In Masque," appeared in the February *Designer*, is a Philadelphian, descended, born, and reared. She lived for many years in Grand Rapids, Mich., where she held for several years, with marked success, the position of reference librarian. She is now a resident of Woodstock, Ont. Her work has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Our Little Ones*, *Wide Awake*, the *Outlook* *Harper's Young People*, *Puck*, *Judge*, the *Independent*, the *Churchman*, the *Ladies' World* the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Sunday School Times*. Mrs. Denton has written several books for children, and her latest book, "Topsy on the Top Floor," was published last fall by the George W. Jacobs Company, of Philadelphia.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Henty. — Mr. Henty, the story writer beloved of boys, is a vigorous, burly man of seventy years, who shows only in his bearded face the records of half a dozen campaigns. He went through the Crimea, fought with Garibaldi, marched to Magdala and Coomassie, and was the chronicler of three European wars. He works six hours a day for seven months of the year, and he dictates every word of his books to a stenographer. — *New York Tribune.*

Harris. — "Uncle Remus" works pretty much all over the house, but principally in his son Evelyn's bedchamber. After supper Mr. Harris generally works a couple of hours in his own bedchamber, retiring at a seasonable hour.

All told, he usually writes six or seven hours a day, the time being apportioned quite equally in forenoon, afternoon, and evening. It is only within the last year or two that he has mastered the intricacies of the typewriter, but he now composes on the machine readily, and turns out as neat a piece of copy as a publisher could wish to examine. He never does his manuscript over, and the technical corrections are few indeed. He composes from 1,500 to 2,000 words a day, when he is in writing mood, and it is rarely that he is at a loss for inspiration. — *The Critic.*

Hobbes. — Mrs. Craigie's method of work is to keep three or four books going at once. She conceives a plot, and then thinks and rethinks it out until she is quite certain that as far as her knowledge extends it is true in fact and in theory. After she has once come to this conclusion nothing shakes her belief in it. The operation is, however, a very long one, and few of her books are finally ready for publication to the world under four years from the time when she has first conceived the plot and the characters. — *London Mail.*

Longfellow. — I once wrote to the poet Longfellow, asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge," — "I stood on the bridge at midnight," — a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet, in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me, it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I rang, and was shown into a long hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which was a broad table, antique furniture, and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me, and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems — what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind.

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I well recall the time. It was a bright day and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world; I wrote the poem and put it into my pocket. I wrote it for myself. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it, sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings, and flew over the world. There you may see it, written on a Japanese screen!"

He pointed to a high, richly-ornamented screen that stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote that I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul.

"When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the queen. As I was leaving the palace yard, my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English workingman.

"'Are you Professor Longfellow?' he said.

"I bowed.

"'May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life'?

"I answered that I did.

"'Would you be willing, sir, to take a workingman by the hand?'

"I extended my hand to him; he clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment that gave me so much satisfaction.

"I wrote 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter, that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words, 'Norman's Woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted

me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas.

"The clock in the corner of the room," he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills."

The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say:

"Toujours – jamais!
Jamais – toujours!"

It was these words by a French author that had suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"Forever – never!
Never – forever!"

"Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons, when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music Hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send to you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stairs." One of the family set the words to music.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said, in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills, whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came to me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is just the same."—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

Waterloo.— Stanley Waterloo is as individual in his literary methods as in the work which he produces. He spends his afternoons and evenings in reading and in working out his plots. The latter process is wholly mental, and he seldom makes a written note. Each morning he goes to a stenographic office, in one of the busy skyscrapers, and dictates with great rapidity to an expert operator. His record is 15,000 words in a forenoon. He believes that verbal dictation gives a freedom and spontaneity of composition not to be obtained by the laborious process of longhand, and that careful revision corrects all tendency to looseness of style.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Preventing Typographical Errors.— To prevent errors is one of the hardest duties imposed upon the modern newspaper man. In the ordinary metropolitan paper the local items, home news, are read usually at least four times. First the reporter writes the story from his notes (every item is a "story" in newspaper parlance). Before turning in his copy to the city editor the reporter is required to read it over carefully and to correct all errors. Then the city editor gives the copy a second careful reading. Then the copy goes to the compositor, who, of course, reads it a third time as he puts it into type, which with the original copy goes to the proofreader. He is the man whom every one will blame if errors occur. Theoretically, he must know everything. He marks the errors he discovers and the compositor then resets lines wherein mistakes have been made. Then another man sees that these corrected lines are placed in proper position and that the erroneous lines are thrown out. Frequently this is not done carefully, as many a paper shows. After all this is done the night editor and the "make-up" man, or foreman, usually glance over the type to see that no bad breaks are made. Yet they occur.—*Anaconda Standard.*

The Music of Words.— Max Beerbohm, who is always fond of running counter to accepted opinions, has been discussing the question (which is as old as psychology itself) whether words have in themselves the quality of beauty and unpleasantness. He professes to think even that no word by itself really sounds well or ill.

A sentence, he would say, can be musical or unmusical. but in detachment words are no more preferable one to another in their sound than are single notes of music. What you take to be beauty or ugliness of sound is indeed nothing but beauty or ugliness of meaning.

You are pleased by the sound of such words as gondola, vestments, chancel, ermine, manor-

house. They seem to be fraught with a subtle onomatopoeia, severally suggesting by their sounds the grace of sanctity or solid comfort of the things which they connote.

You murmur them luxuriously, dreamily. Prepare for a shock.

Scrofula, investments, cancer, vermin, warehouse. Horrible words, are they not? But say gondola — scrofula, vestments — investments, and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second.

Of course they are not. If gondola were a disease, and if scrofula were a beautiful boat peculiar to a beautiful city, the effect of each word would be exactly the reverse of what it is.

Surely Mr. Beerbohm has been whimsically disingenuous in overstating his case, and in choosing for his examples words too closely resembling each other in tone color. There are few ears, we fancy, which will not detect a vast difference in mere musical value between such words as "grind" and "lull." Or take the case of proper names where meaning and connotology are less important. Is there not, for instance, between Cyril Deloraine and Jabez Slimpkins a vast difference in pure sound, quite regardless of romantic or prosaic implications? — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Increased Earnings of Authors. — Of the many classes of the community whose earnings have risen in recent times, there is no class of which this is so true as the writers of novels. When the other day I heard the old story again of poor Walter Scott dying from his heroic attempts to wipe off £100,000 of debt, and when I thought of all the hundreds of thousands of pounds that have since been made out of his works, and thought, also of the prices some authors of to-day get, I could not help feeling the tragic irony of his fate. For if Scott had been paid according to present-day rates, there is no reason why he should not have died worth a million — in spite of Abbotsford and Constable's failure, and all his other extravagances and calamities.

George Eliot was another author who wrote just before the golden time. When one thinks of what an immortal class is "The Mill on the Floss," it is almost startling to find that these were the prices she got: £2,000 for 4,000 copies of the thirty-one shilling and sixpenny edition; £150 for 10,000 at twelve shillings; and £60 for 1,000 at six shillings. Imagine a publisher offering Marie Corelli such prices to-day!

The greatest improvement in the position of the English author of to-day is in the possession of the copyright in America. In George Eliot's time she could only get £300 from the Harpers for the rights of "The Mill on the Floss" in America, which was, indeed, quite good, considering that every other publisher in the country had a right to publish the book without paying her a penny.

I never shall forget the sensation I experienced when I was brought down by a pushful and successful young publisher to see the palatial new office that he had built for himself and that had been forced upon him by the ever-increasing demands of his business. It was certainly a wonderful office. Row followed row of beautiful, smooth, perfect printing machines, turning round with lightning-like rapidity, and with something of the wondrous regularity of a work of nature rather than of the hand of man. And you could see that they were machines turning out books every second by the score. But I was somewhat disconcerted to find that the books which were being so swiftly and smoothly turned out were pirated editions of George Eliot and other English classics.

My old friend Justin McCarthy, who is living in a little house in the quiet little town of Westgate, — after a life of incessant hard work and splendid self-devotion, — would be a rich man if only American copyright had existed in his younger days. His celebrated book, "The History of Our Own Times," had an even bigger American success than the enormous one it had in England. In England he got some ten thousand pounds out of the book; in America I think his fee was a couple of hundred pounds. If he had been paid by results, it would have been probably twenty thousand pounds!

Similarly, what would Dickens have commanded in prices if he had lived to this day? Everybody knows that up to the time he took to the lecture platform Dickens could just

make ends meet; and if it had not been for the lecture platform, he would have died comparatively poor. Nowadays there are authors who would just scoff at you if you offered them less than £10,000 for all the rights of one of their books, and often they get much more out of America than out of their English rights. — *T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in the Chicago Tribune.*

Rules for Reviewers. — If I were to attempt to draw up Twelve Good Rules for Reviewers, says Brander Matthews in his just published book, entitled "Pen and Ink," I should begin with: —

I. Form an honest opinion.

II. Express it honestly.

III. Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously.

IV. Don't review a book with which you are out of sympathy. That is to say, put yourself in the author's place, and try to see his work from his point of view, which is sure to be a coigne of advantage.

V. Stick to the text. Review the book before you, and not the book some other author might have written; obiter dicta are as valueless from the critic as from the judge. Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. Say what you have to say, and stop. Don't go on writing about the subject, and merely weaving garlands of flowers of rhetoric.

VI. Beware of the Sham Sample, as Charles Reade called it. Make sure that the specimen bricks you select for quotation do not give a false impression of the façade, and not only of the elevation merely, but of the perspective also, and of the ground-plan.

VII. In reviewing a biography or a history criticise the book before you, and don't write a parallel essay, for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg.

VIII. In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot. In the eyes of the novelist, this is the unpardonable sin. And, as it discounts the pleasure of the reader also, it is almost equally unkind to him.

IX. Don't try to prove every successful author a plagiarist. It may be that many a successful author has been a plagiarist, but no author ever succeeded because of his plagiary.

X. Don't break a butterfly on a wheel. If a book is not worth much, it is not worth reviewing.

XI. Don't review a book as an east wind would review an apple-tree — so it was once said Douglas Jerrold was wont to do. Of what profit to any one is mere bitterness and vexation of spirit?

XII. Remember that the critic's duty is to the reader mainly, and that it is to guide him not only to what is good, but to what is best. Three parts of what is contemporary must be temporary only.

The Opening Sentence. — In nearly every novel, if the matter is looked into, it will be found that most of the chapters begin in the same way, says the *Philadelphia Record.* The author forms unconsciously the habit of starting with a description of the weather or with a dialogue, and unless some one informs him of his failing, he continues it, growing worse and worse each year. A new novel is called "Wild Oats." In all but one of its chapters the first sentence deals either with the weather, the stillness, or the time. Thus:

CHAPTER I.

It was the soft, purple twilight of summer.

CHAPTER II.

The long gallery was as still as though no human creature occupied it.

CHAPTER III.

It was a hot, still morning.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a perfect summer's afternoon.

CHAPTER V.

It was only 7 o'clock.

CHAPTER VI.

It was 5 by the town clock.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a brilliant morning.

Eccentric Men of Genius. — The well-known eccentricity of many writers, composers, and artists has suggested to Dr. Regnault, of France, a very interesting article on the "Mania of Authors," published in the *Revue Universelle.* By "mania" Dr. Regnault does not mean insanity, but an ungovernable desire

to do certain foolish things when accomplishing their work as authors. He writes: —

"For strong men like Victor Hugo, Mistral, Ampère, Catulle Mendès, walking is often sufficient to stimulate the production of ideas, which they can jot on paper while passing near their desks. Weak men like Descartes and Leibnitz, on the contrary, can produce only when they lie down. Cujas wrote lying on his stomach; Rossini found inspiration only in his bed; so did Ambroise Thomas, but not so regularly.

"Châteaubriand, while dictating to his secretary, was in the habit of walking in his bare feet; Schiller and Grétry could not write unless their feet were on ice; Glück had his piano brought into the sun in the open air; Bossuet covered his head with hot cloths. The shirt-frills and ruffles of Buffon have demonstrated to us long since how great is the influence of the costume upon the writer."

To emphasize his idea concerning this influence of costume, Dr. Regnault gives a list of persons addicted to eccentric dress who were well known for their literary achievements: —

"A monk's hood was necessary to Balzac. Théophile Gautier had to wear a red gown and Milton a woolen cloak. Mendès writes only in his shirt-sleeves; Victorien Sardou would not think of handling a pen if he had not previously put his black silk skull-cap on his head; without his scarlet vest, François Coppée could write nothing, not even the *Pater*."

There is also, according to the writer, a close relation between the senses of taste and smell, and the faculty of thought: —

"Lord Derby always filled his mouth with brandy-cherries; Fenimore Cooper used to chew gum-drops; Byron filled his pockets with truffles; Théophile Gautier burned incense; Pierre Loti gets 'intoxicated with perfumes.'"

Other varieties of mania are as follows: Zola needs only light; he writes, even in daytime (in which case his blinds are closed) surrounded with numerous lighted candles. For Cimarosa, Verlaine, and John Stuart Mill nothing but noise would do to stimulate their brains. Those who require absolute silence are, however, more numerous. Carolus Duran never begins to paint until he has played the violin; Morot plays the organ; Darwin always practised on his old fiddle before writing. Finally, the author mentions a composer who can not arouse musical inspiration without walking in his bare feet on broken glass. He often fills his shoes with broken glass and then walks for hours until he is ready to write his compositions. "When they have come to that," gently comments Dr. Blanche, the insanity expert, "it is better not to disagree with them."—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

To Remove Ink from Books. — It may not be generally known, says the *Designer*, that valuable books and prints which have been accidentally stained with ink may, in most cases, be cleaned of their disfigurements by the application of a chloride of lime solution — provided the stains are not of too long standing. Wet a teaspoonful of chloride of lime with just sufficient water to cover it, then take a soft, clean cloth, dampen it with the solution, and pat the spot gently with it for a few minutes, when the ink should gradually disappear. A second application may be tried if the first does not prove successful, but in neither case must the spot be rubbed with the solution, or a hole in the paper will be the result. Some inks are more difficult of obliteration than others, stronger chemicals being required to effect a complete disappearance of the stain; but such chemicals, among which are oxalic acid, tartaric acid, and citric acid, need to be used with such extreme caution that they are not to be recommended to the inexpert user. It is a point not to be lost sight of that what will remove ordinary ink will generally remove

printers' ink also, hence care must be taken to avoid bringing the solution in contact with the letter-press. L.

To Make Desk Drawers Slide Easily.—If your desk drawers stick, rub a cake of soap along the top and bottom on both sides.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. L. R.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

IN SAMOA WITH STEVENSON. Illustrated. Isobel Osbourne Strong. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. With frontispiece portrait and fac-similes. W. Gordon McCabe. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

AN APOSTLE TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS (Bishop Henry Whipple). With portraits. H. P. Nichols. *Century* (38c.) for March.

A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated. Kate Milner Rabb. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY. Joseph Dana Miller. *Arena* (28 c.) for March.

CONFESSIONS OF A PROVINCIAL EDITOR. "Paracelsus." *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

DANTE AS LYRIC POET. William Roscoe Thayer. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

MR SCUDDER AND THE ATLANTIC. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

OPINION AND "PREACHING" IN LITERATURE. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

ECCE IBSEN! With frontispiece portrait. Christian Brinton. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB ("John Paul"). E. C. Stedman. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AT HOME. Illustrated. Charlotte Harwood. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

THE GREAT REVIEWS OF THE WORLD. III.—The German Reviews. Wolf von Schierbrand. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

FRANÇOIS VILLON. Illustrated. A. I. du P. Coleman. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

BOOK COLLECTING. John Burns. *Era* (13 c.) for March.

WARREN A. RODMAN. With portrait. Charles Brodie Patterson. *Mind* (23 c) for March.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Illustrated. George Perry Morris. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE. Professor Felix E. Schelling. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

MAXIME GORKY. Sidney Brooks. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

MUSIC IN FICTION. C. W. James. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Laurie Magnus. Reprinted from *Literature* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

MRS. HOWE AS POET, LECTURER, AND CLUB-WOMAN. Illustrated. George Willis Cooke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES. The Transformation of George Eliot. Illustrated. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (18 c.) for March.

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY. Garrett P. Serviss *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for March.

AMERICAN AUTHORS ABROAD. George W. Smalley. *Munsey's* (13 c.) for March.

THE USE OF EPISODE IN THE TEACHING OF FICTION. Eleanor P. Hammond. *Modern Language Notes* (23 c.) for February.

JOHN FISKE: An American Scholar. Professor Frank Waldo, Ph. D. *Education* (38 c.) for February.

FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS. Alice and Phœbe Cary. Illustrated. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

THE BEST AND THE SECOND BEST IN LITERATURE. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 1.

BIOGRAPHY. H. H. Asquith. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 8.

EDWARD FITZGERALD. Reprinted from the *London Times* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 15.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

George Meredith's autobiography will not be ready until 1903. He is working on it at intervals, and one of its chapters will describe his brief career as a journalist. The proofs will be revised by Mr. Morley, one of Mr. Meredith's oldest friends.

Kate Greenaway left an unfinished autobiography and much other material for a memoir in the way of manuscripts and unpublished drawings. M. H. Spielmann is to write this memoir, his long friendship with the artist giving him particular fitness for the task.

William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has resigned his position as instructor of Spanish at Yale, and will go to Spain with his family to live the remainder of his life.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott completed February 28 the twenty-fifth year of his connection with the *Outlook* (New York). Dr. Abbott will start March 12 on a nine months' trip abroad.

The *Lucky Dog* (Springfield, Ohio) is a new "magazine of uniqueness," published bimonthly by Thrift & Harwood.

Records of the Past is a new magazine published in Washington, D. C. Its mission is to present in attractive style, without sacrificing accuracy, all archæological and historical discoveries.

The *Thistle*, a new monthly magazine, is announced by the Croscup & Sterling Company, Cincinnati. Lee Fairchild, author of "The Tippler's Vow," will edit it. The first number will appear in March.

The *Journal of Geography* (New York) is a new illustrated magazine devoted to the advancement of geographic education. The venture is the result of the consolidation of two successful magazines.—the *Journal of School Geography*, now completing its fifth volume, and the *Bulletin of the American Bureau of Geography*, now completing its second volume. The responsible editors of the *Journal of Geography* are Richard E. Dodge, professor of geography in the Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York; Edward M. Lehnerts, professor of geography in the State normal school, Winona, Minn.; and Dr. J. Paul Goode, instructor in geography in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; the two former having been editors of the two parent magazines.

The *Junior Munsey* has been merged with the *Argosy*.

The F. A. Stokes Company announces that the *Pocket Magazine* has been incorporated with *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*.

Small, Maynard, & Co., publishers, of Boston, have made an assignment. The business will be continued, and it is hoped that the assignment will be only temporary.

Schedules in the assignment of the Wilbur B. Ketcham Company, publishers, New York, show liabilities, $41,910; nominal assets, $28,309, and actual assets, $11,754. The company published the *Preachers' Magazine*, a monthly, from which subscriptions for this year have been received from all over the country, and if the magazine is not continued, the company is liable for a refund of subscriptions amounting to $1,600. The nominal value of the magazine is fixed in the schedule at $2,000; actual value, none.

The *Woman's Home Companion* will pay ten dollars for the most entertaining original short story or anecdote of not more than 500 words in length received before April 1, on any of the following subjects: "Stories About Well-Known Men and Women," "Sayings of the Little Folks," "True Stories About Cats, Dogs, and Horses," "Matters of Curious Interest," "Queer Things That Men and Women Are Doing."

To the March number of *Donahoe's Magazine* Caroline M. Beaumont contributes a spirited protest against the injustice done to "The Catholic in Fiction," citing numerous cases in novels of recent date.

"The *Gazette's* Boy," by H. H. Bennett, in the March *St. Nicholas*, is a story of a newspaper "beat."

The "Confessions of a Provincial Editor" in the March *Atlantic* illuminate the way in which the "free and independent press" of this country is dominated and controlled in all the smaller cities and towns by advertisers and politicians.

The *Woman's Home Companion* has a new feature — a page of humor, pictures, and jokes.

Manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., for the *Strand Magazine* should be forwarded to the editor, 8 Southampton street, London, W. C., England. Manuscripts are submitted at the owner's risk. The editor will not guarantee their safety, although he will endeavor to return them when stamps are inclosed for return postage. Manuscripts should be typewritten, and each manuscript or photograph should be plainly marked with the name and address of the sender.

The paper in the March *Critic* on Dr. Ibsen is a comprehensive biographical and anecdotal study of the great Norwegian dramatist, covering his career and personality from early youth to the present hour. Among the illustrations which enliven the letter-press are numerous portraits and caricatures of the master builder, as well as reproductions of manuscripts and original drawings by Dr. Ibsen.

Rev. Dr. Newman Hall died in London February 18, aged eighty-five.

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PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. HALE.

These tributes to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in honor of his eightieth birthday, April 3, have been written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER: —

Edward Everett Hale has been a zealous Boston boy and man — is as much a part of Boston as Boston Common; he is a loved and loving son of Massachusetts — identified with all her interests, from Berkshire to Cape Cod; and he is an ardent American — his "Man Without a Country" is our patriotic classic. But he is chiefly in these latter days something broader and greater than any or all of these — an international man, a citizen of the world. He will be remembered in the long years to come as preacher, philanthropist, story-teller, journalist, historian, citizen; but will he not perhaps be remembered longest as the prophetic, indefatigable, and inspiring worker in America to-day for the peace and organization of the world? Before me is his noble sermon on "The Twentieth Century," preached at Washington almost twenty years ago, with its commanding plea for a permanent international tribunal. In my ears are ringing his speeches at Mohonk, in the years before the Conference at The Hague, with their strong demand for "A permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal!" I see him going up and down the land three years ago, on the eve of that momentous conference, preaching every day and every night of the week, with an energy and devotion that put younger men to shame, the great gospel of arbitration, peace, and universal order: I turn again the pages of his little "Peace Crusade"; I think of this committee and that summoned together at his call; I think of his spurs for the laggard, his scorn for the pedant and the amateur, his pity for the doubter, his anxiety in the checks and the eclipses, his exultation in each triumph and advance, his high faith in the sure consummation; and, remembering these things, I think that the roll of honor where his name at last may find its brightest and most enduring place is that roll which numbers the great names of Dante, Grotius, Fox, Penn, Kant, St. Pierre, Bentham, Sumner, Victor Hugo, and Jean de Bloch, the roll

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of the bold warriors against war, the princes of peace, the believing men who have worked to organize the world.

Edwin D. Mead.

To E. E. Hale, D. D. The young girl who prophesied to the writer of his "Class Poem," in 1840, all that sixty-one years have made plain, is now an elderly woman, who thanks God that her prophecies have been fulfilled, and that to-day the whole world clasps hands to honor what he has done.

"As the years passed, thy happy fortune's been
If not the greatest, the best loved of men,
For every eye has seen thee on the road
Which leads to Heaven, to Usefulness, and God!
Well fitted thou our human souls to lead
Along the path God's angels surely tread."

Caroline H. Dall.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1902.

"Ten times one are ten," he told us years ago. Who shall reckon for us the sum of a life-service multiplied by that divine ratio up to the eightieth power? Only eternity can show; and eternity itself can only go on multiplying.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

MILTON, April, 1902.

And so Dr. Edward Everett Hale, as his friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, once said of himself, is "eighty years young." I am certain that to one so alert and so variously and persistently active, the phrase "old age" cannot be applied. The customary conceit of thinking a person's years are truly told by the almanac does not fit in all cases. And Dr. Hale's case is one of the exceptions. His wholesome sanity, his fresh approach to things of thought, and to social and spiritual problems especially, his lambent humor, and his helpful hand, show no recession. Let us all hope that the year is still far away when the colophon shall be put upon his life and many-sided life work.

Joel Benton.

"Good wine needs no bush"; and it is certainly true that Dr. Edward Everett Hale needs no tribute. The noble work of his eighty years of life is, in itself, a paean of praise.

As religious teacher, as the friend of the needy and helpless, as the author of unforgettable books, — as the all-round man, — we can only reverence and admire him, and pray that the world may be enriched by his presence for many a year to come.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

BOSTON, March 20, 1902.

In writing a word for Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday, the first thing that occurs to me is the grudge I owe him for the constant rebuke his continued marvelous activity puts upon idle young fellows like me. I well remember the first time I ever saw him, although I am sure he will not in the least recall the first time he saw me. It was in Worcester (where he was then settled over his first parish), forty-nine years ago this coming month of roses. I am certain of the year (1853), and I know it was rose-time, for as I was leaving his door in company with "our mutual friend," Mr. M. D. Phillips, the publisher, Mr. Hale turned aside from the garden walk to pluck a blooming wonder, which he handed me with the remark, "Mr. Trowbridge, are you learned in roses?" Of course I was n't learned in roses, and of course he was. This was the first humiliation he ever put upon me, but I forgave him, for I carried away the color and the perfume, and was willing to leave the science and the care of cultivation to him. For similar reasons, I pardon the manifold reproaches laid upon my ignorance and inaptitude by his amazing activities and acquirements, for I, too, like the rest of the world, have all the while been sharing the results of his later half-century of work in the rose-garden of humanity — I pardon and bless him too!

John Townsend Trowbridge.

ARLINGTON, March 20, 1902.

An "appreciation" of Dr. Hale on half a sheet of note-paper? I would as soon attempt an appraisal of Boston on my thumb-nail! With wings so clipped, my ambition cannot soar beyond a reminiscence of my childhood.

Dr. Hale's father and my grandmother, Rebecca Hale, of Coventry, Conn., daughter of Lieutenant Joseph Hale, were first cousins. From 1845 to 1855, my own father lived in Temple place, very near Dr. Hale's home, in the neighborhood of the old Music Hall, not yet built at that time; and so we children were able to attend the "children's party" which Hon. Nathan Hale gave annually, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, to all the young people of the family who could come. The delights of this annual jubilee were looked forward to by us little folks as the great event of the year. Dr. Hale himself, with his sisters Lucretia and Susan, and his brothers Nathan and Charles, devoted themselves to the entertainment of their little guests, and were all highly "appreciated" by them. But my most vivid recollection is of Dr. Hale himself taking the lead in the game of the "Grand Mufti." He stood in the centre of the children, gathered in a circle about him, who were to imitate his motions exactly when he exclaimed "'*Thus!*' says the Grand Mufti," but were to stand still as statues when he varied the exclamation into "'*So!*' says the Grand Mufti." Any child who forgot himself and went on, after imitating the *thus* several times, to honor the *so* with a like imitation, was greeted with shouts of laughter and had to pay a forfeit. It was a gale of fun which quite eclipsed the famous September Gale of which we had heard tell, and Dr. Hale, as Grand Mufti, was the presiding genius of the hour. The joke of it is that now, at fourscore, Dr. Hale is still at his old tricks as Grand Mufti of the Unitarian denomination, and is still the cynosure of all neighboring eyes. If his present imitators love him half as much as we children did more than half a century ago, the celebration of his eightieth birthday is indeed a crown of honor.

Francis Ellingwood Abbot.

CAMBRIDGE, March 20.

Our hats are all off and always off to Dr. Hale.

Edgar Saltus.

While congratulating Dr. Hale on his eightieth anniversary, it is pleasing to recall that he has the happiness, not often vouchsafed to a living author, of knowing that his unique story, "The Man Without a Country," has been crowned by the world a classic for all time.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE WRITER may be sure that all who love honest, humanitarian work — set off with abundant literary graces and unflinching courage — will join heartily in its birthday paean in honor of Dr. Hale.

Donald G. Mitchell.

EDGEWOOD, March 20, 1902.

My slight personal acquaintance with Dr. Hale makes me hesitate before your request. But at least I can wish him a long and bright evening, recording the debt of my girlhood to his "How Not to Do It" papers, and of my later years to his "Man Without a Country." And as a Catholic, I gratefully recall his brave word for God in the schools, after the assassination of President McKinley.

Katherine E. Conway.

There is indeed much which one would like to say regarding Dr. Hale, but I am sure the deepest feeling that is awakened at this time is a sense of gratitude that at eighty years the benediction of his presence abides with us still.

Oscar Fay Adams.

All that Dr. Hale has written was for the good of humanity and our country.

F. J. Stimson.

March 21, 1902.

No other American writer has even approached Mr. Hale in alertness and fertility of fancy; no one has exceeded him in quick sympathy with life in all its aspects; few have so consistently loved mankind. Perhaps the briefest way of characterizing him is to say that he is one of the most aboundingly and spontaneously human creatures conceivable; and, it may be added, therefore one of the most lovable.

Arlo Bates.

My respectful and hearty congratulations on this anniversary to Dr. Hale, whose broad humanity, sturdy independence, and charm of

character, as shown both in his writings and his daily life, have for a generation been a source of inspiration and pleasure to his countrymen, and of pride to his native city.

Robert Grant.

Edward Everett Hale was one of the names on the "deck" of authors with which I played when a boy far inland on the prairies of Iowa, and when I went to Boston as a student in 1884 I naturally sought him out as a landmark. Needing some one's endorsement in order to have the privilege of taking books from the library, I went inevitably to the author of "Lend a Hand," and I shall never forget the kindly grip of his fingers and the cordial cadence in his big, booming voice. I went often to hear him preach, in those days, for he invariably had a wise word to speak on current affairs. I wish I could be present in order to voice my congratulations to him on attaining his eightieth birthday. He is one of the noblest men I have ever known.

Hamlin Garland.

The Players' Club,
NEW YORK, March 22, 1902.

Had Dr. Hale done no more than write "The Man Without a Country," his name would never have been forgotten; and how little of his life-work that is, all of us gratefully know.

Barrett Wendell.

The title of a familiar poem by Coleridge supplies a phrase which perhaps best sums up the character of Dr. Hale. He is a "good great man." And the adjectives stand in the right order. On the intellectual side, one may speak of Hale's extraordinary versatility, his capacity for accomplishing three men's work, the breadth of his learning, the effectiveness of his homely, idiomatic Saxon style; but after all, what most impresses one is his humility and unselfishness of spirit, his genius for sympathy. If he is the best-loved man of his time, it is because he himself has loved best of any man of his time; we grasp his hand in affection only because he has all his life lent a hand to others. Edward Everett Hale stands in the community as truly as did Phillips Brooks or Henry Drummond for the practical incarnation of His spirit who went about doing good.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

Dr. Hale has illustrated wonderfully well in his long and honorable career that the abounding genius of one man may favor versatility as the genius of most men favors concentration. He has shown that genius, which he undoubtedly possesses in rare degree, consists more for him, at least, in immediate concentration of all the powers of a great nature on the task of the hour — a story, a sermon, a platform speech, or a notable occasion in public life, as the case may be — than in narrowing oneself to one line of endeavor, year after year. Dr. Hale, as such a nature, has lived very near the sources of inspiration from God and man, and has not needed to be economical of himself, since the stream of his being has been perpetually renewed by this contact.

Nicholas P. Gilman.

I am happy to congratulate Dr. Hale on his eightieth birthday.

Agnes Repplier.

Some phrases become so familiar that we sometimes forget how much they mean. And yet it is because they mean so much and fit so perfectly that they have become familiar. Such a phrase is "Grand Old Man." Such a man is Edward Everett Hale.

John D. Long.

SALUTATION!

Hidden the fount by Ponce sought, but aH!
A nearer spring than that of FloridA
Leaps in the heart, — a living BiminI, —
Ev'n that whereof thy soul of Youth can telL!

Edith M. Thomas.

When I think of age, not as ordinarily manifested, but as it should be, might be, and will be manifested, morally, intellectually, and physically, I think of Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

Clara Louise Burnham.

There is one story that should be in every

library, school, and homestead throughout the United States — "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale.

Charles King.

MILWAUKEE, March 21, 1902.

If we were in the early centuries, Dr. Hale would have been a canonized "St. Edward" twenty years syne — not as an idle anchorite, but as the most untiring altruist in Christendom. More years to our patriot and teacher, to the prince of story-writers, to the preacher whose Golden Maxim has become a people's interpretation of the Golden Rule.

Edmund C. Stedman.

March 22, 1902.

Hail to the writer who is almost the sole surviving member of the Old Guard of American Literature! Hail to the author of "The Man Without a Country," surely a little classic, a noble example of the story that is a document of patriotism! Hail to the essayist who has always used his pen as a moral force, remembering that worthy letters stands on two legs, sound art and sound ethics. In brief, hail to Dr. Hale, and may his sunshine never grow less!

Richard Burton.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 24, 1902.

I am glad to join in congratulating Dr. Hale upon this notable anniversary, and hope that others yet to come may advance him far along the way to a completed century.

Henry B. Fuller.

CHICAGO, March 24, 1902.

I hope that I am not too late for your intended notice of the eightieth birthday of Rev. Edward Everett Hale. I should surely wish to contribute to an expression of public esteem, which he well merits. Mr. Hale's record in this community is a proud and happy one. I hope to unite with others of his friends in congratulating him upon so many years of a life of honorable service, and of unusual beneficence, to which learning and literary ability have added their charm and power.

Julia Ward Howe.

I once wrote a story which some people thought was not finished. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was one of these people, and he wrote to me that if I did not finish it, he would do it himself. This threw me into a perturbation. That the author of "The Man without a Country" should add a conclusion to my story was a risk I could not run, and I went to work promptly and wrote "The Dusantes," in order that "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" should not take a second place when I had intended it to be first.

For this apparently selfish act I do not hold myself at fault, for what author is brave enough to allow Dr. Hale to finish his story for him?

There is no human prescription of the age at which an author must retire, but if the law of nature should be submitted to a plebiscite of the American people, the working age of this apostle of wit, rare invention, and sound common sense would be extended for many a decade yet.

Frank R. Stockton.

The man that wrote "The Man Without a Country" and "Ten Times One are Ten" needs no appreciation beyond the fact of his own renown. How many of us, living to be eighty, could hope for the retrospect which is Dr. Hale's?

Owen Wister.

TO DR. HALE.

The graces of Imagination twined
Around the columns of his templed mind:
For him the muse of History gayly danced;
And Humor half her throne to him resigned!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Dr. Hale is great as an author, but he is too great to be a mere author. He is great as a preacher and as an orator; but he is greatest as a citizen. The best citizen is one who does

the most good to men. In this sense he is one of the best citizens alive.

Sam Walter Foss.

To have trodden the paths of righteousness for fourscore years and to have led others therein; to have lived a long life grandly; to have made an impression upon his day and generation such as few men have the power to make; to be loved, honored, and revered by a great nation; to have been the guiding star of many who walk in darkness; to have been the leader, the counseler, and the inspirer of the young, and the friend, the encourager, and the consoler of the old, — such has been the blessed fate of Edward Everett Hale — God bless him!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Familiar is the story of the little girl who being asked why every one loved her, replied with simplicity: "Because I love everybody." There is no living man whom this story would better fit than Edward Everett Hale. It would be difficult to name any man who has better exemplified in his spirit and by his life that faith, hope, and charity which constitute the essence of true religion, or any man who is more beloved by a greater number of friends, many of whom have never seen his face or heard his voice. *Lyman Abbott.*

Dr. Hale in his preface to the latest edition of "The Man Without a Country" says: "The professional historians of the United States are very reticent in their treatment of these themes"; *i. e.*, such episodes as that of the real Philip Nolan, the expedition of General Miranda, etc. Of course they are, first, because the themes are romantic, and the professional historian abhors romance, because it requires more imagination than plain lying; second, because the average professional publisher does not know what it means; and, third, because the serious reader is apt to shy and bray at anything historical which lacks the prime essential of dignified DULLNESS. Hence the "Man Without a Country" is unique in American literature. It is also the best bit of history *and* fiction ever written in this country. It is true, as Homer is true — not to dusty details, but to life; and hence, it ought to live as long as the Odyssey. Or, to measure by contemporary standards, if the ordinary "historical romance" has a publication existence of, say, eighteen months, in spite of its being bad history and worse romance, then "The Man Without a Country" ought to live about fifteen thousand years, with a fair demand about Christmas and Fourth of July in A. D. 16,902. May its author live, if not so long, at least as long as he likes! This world will never tire of him.

James Jeffrey Roche.

I do not lack in appreciation of the literary character of Dr. Hale, nor am I indifferent to his exhaustless versatility and his unflagging industry. But the characteristic which wins for him universal love and honor is the abiding devotion to the human race which he always manifests, in whatever circumstance it may be placed. His oneness with humanity, his clear vision of what are its highest and best interests, and his untiring helpfulness in promoting these, have won him the hearts of the people. *Mary A. Livermore.*

MELROSE, Mass.

The works of Dr. Edward Everett Hale are thoroughly imbued with a broad and generous spirit of humanity. In this regard Dr. Hale leads all other living writers.

Noah Brooks.

What American boy or man who has read that masterpiece of patriotic eloquence, "The Man Without a Country," could possibly forget it! *James Whitcomb Riley.*

TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Fairer to-day thy wreath immortal blooms,
O reverent scholar, great of thought and pen;
With light beyond the laurels, that illumes
The hearts and homes of men!

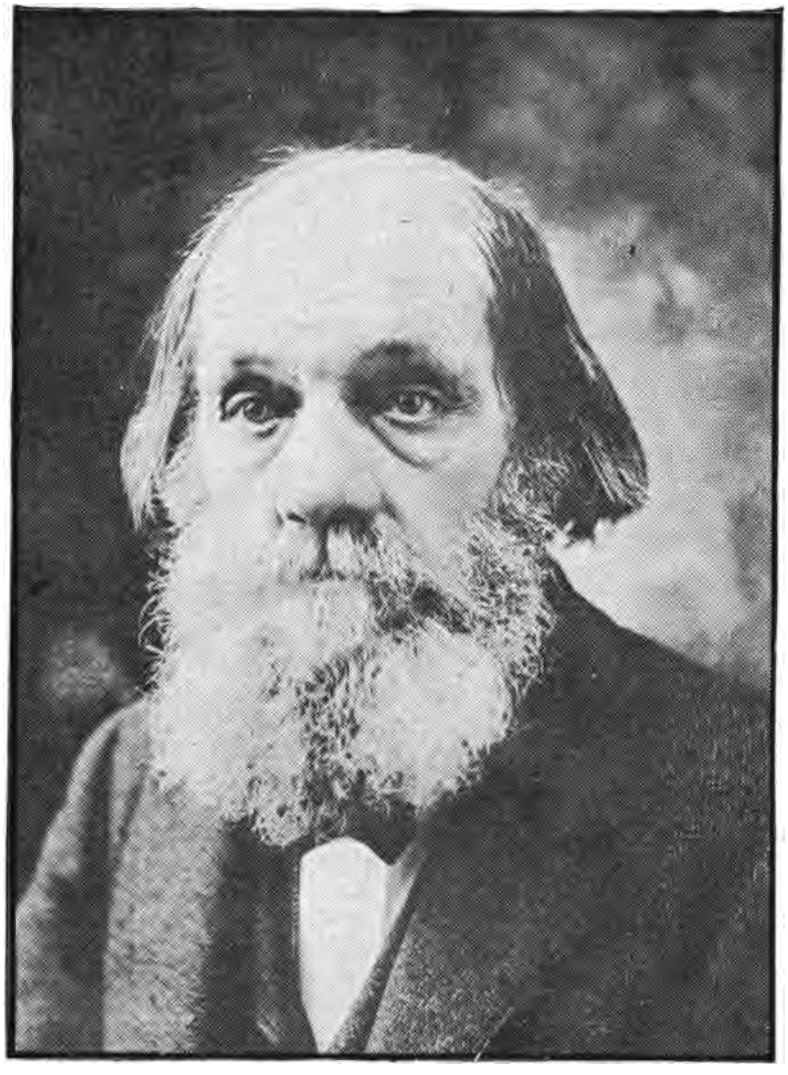
Frank L. Stanton.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 25, 1902.

The successive generations that have known Edward Everett Hale owe him more than they can ever pay him, or tell him, for the cheer and good hope he has spread abroad among mankind. *Richard Watson Gilder.*

Ever since Americans have had a country there has always been a Hale to the front, upholding the social welfare, speaking for the public good. But never before has there been

a Hale so eminent as the many-sided Edward Everett Hale of to-day — minister, editor, author, civic saint.



DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Prince of the spirit, our beloved Hale has ever stood in that noblest peerage of any land, the peerage of the spiritual aristocracy, those who are greatest among men because they choose to be the servants of all. America is honored in this faithful son.

May it be long years before that promotion of the blest that shall take from us this friend of humanity, this man whose sweet thrift in well-doing "has put God in his debt."

Edwin Markham.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., March 29, 1902.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

For years Dr. Edward Everett Hale has had the reputation of being the busiest man in Boston. Not only is this true, but all his activity, in many varying lines, has been for the good and the uplifting of his fellow men. Dr. Hale has done an enormous amount of work in his lifetime, and that hard work does not kill is fortunately shown by the fact that he is still with us, in good health, and daily working harder than most men of less than half his years. The admiration that we all feel for him is well-voiced by his fellow writers in the paragraphs of appreciation from the leading authors of the country that are printed in this number of THE WRITER. THE WRITER joins with them in their compliments to him, and trusts that twenty years hence it may have an opportunity to celebrate the hundredth birthday of this kindly, earnest, helpful, man, — still busy then, no doubt, — who, besides doing so many other unusual things, wrote many years ago what is admitted by common consent to be the best short story in the English language.

* * *

Some of the advice given to writers lacks common sense. For instance, somebody said once, in effect: "It is a good idea to cut out all the passages in your manuscript that you like the best," and this advice has been repeated, parrot-like, ever since. How nonsensical it is! A writer with good judgment is as capable of appreciating a good thing as well as his readers, and if he thoroughly likes something he has written, the chances are that it is good. Immature and untrained writers, of course, may mistake fine writing for Literature, and it was for such beginners, probably, that the advice was originally meant; but even a beginner may know when he has written a good thing, and if his best judgment commends it, he would be a fool to cut it out. The joke that makes the humorist laugh aloud as he writes it is pretty sure to make other people laugh. The passage that really thrills the story-writer as he sets it down will thrill his readers, too. Cut out all the things in your manuscript that you like best? Nonsense! Cultivate your judgment, so that you will know what things are really best, and then when you have written a good thing, stick to it, so long as you feel that it is really good.

* * *

A woman came to the editor of THE WRITER recently, to ask why she could not sell her manuscripts. She brought with her a dozen papers containing articles, long and short, that she had written. "The editors compliment these things," she said, "and they are always

willing to print them, but they will not pay me for them. Now, tell me what the trouble is. I have a friend who tells me that anything that is worth printing is worth paying for. Don't you think that that is so?"

* * *

It took only a cursory examination of the printed articles to show why the woman who wrote them could not get money for them. They were nearly all essays on theoretical subjects, with ideas well-expressed at considerable length — well-written in the main, but with nothing about them to distinguish them from the hundreds of similar manuscripts that are offered to editors every day by people who are fully recompensed if they see their thoughts in print. Editors will not pay for ordinary writing when they can get more than they can use of such matter free. They may print such contributions, if they are offered gratuitously, — partly to please the author and possibly sell a few papers to him and to his friends, and partly because there is a superstition among editors that it is better to print original matter, though it may be poor, than quoted matter that is good — but as to paying for them, no! Why should they? They are indifferent, as a rule, as to whether they publish the manuscript or not. They may be willing to give up their space to it, possibly, but the demand of even a dollar for it would turn the scale against it. A manuscript may very well be worth printing, and not worth paying for at all. Typesetting costs money, and space in a newspaper or magazine has value. The editor may think it worth while to contribute typesetting and space for the sake of printing the article, but be positive that it would not pay him to do more. If you think he is trying to get something for nothing in such a case, threaten to take the manuscript away. One hundred times out of one hundred he will watch you leave his office door without a single sigh.

* * *

An article may be worth printing and not be worth paying for, and editors will not pay for manuscripts that do not have some distinctive value. There is no demand among paying publications for sermons, or didactic essays, or ordinary poems, or commonplace letters of travel, or any manuscripts such as are offered to editors daily by people who are wholly satisfied with getting into print. If your neighbors were giving away potatoes, you could not sell your potatoes, no matter how good they were. No editor will pay you for a manuscript that is no better than a dozen others that are urged upon him free.

* * *

The woman who asked the editor of THE WRITER for advice had with her an unpublished manuscript which she said had been rejected everywhere. It was a story of two canaries and their interesting tricks. She had written about 3,000 words. In the first three pages there was not a sentence that would not have applied as well to every canary in the land as to the birds she wanted to describe. Result — no editor to whom she might submit the manuscript would be likely to go any further, to find out whether there was anything individual in the latter part of the manuscript or not. As a matter of fact, concealed somewhere about the middle of the article an editor would have found material for 200 or 300 words that almost any editor would be glad to use. That was all there was in the whole manuscript that was worth printing. The rest was worse than useless, since it kept what was valuable in the paper out of sight. When you have a gem of a painting, say, six inches square, it is a blunder to put it in a frame big enough to cover the whole side of a room.

* * *

The advice the editor gave to the woman who had come to him was this: "Read through your canary article and mark out every sentence that could apply as well to any other bird as to the ones you are describing. Then read over the little you have left, and mark out everything that you do not feel sure would especially interest the reader. Don't leave a detail in simply because it makes the story a complete record of the facts. Readers don't care about complete records. They want only the facts that are particularly interesting, and it is the writer's business to pick them out. "Having by this process of elimination got at what you are going to write, recast it in the

fewest words possible, and put your most interesting statement first. A writer has got to put his biggest apples at the top of the barrel, whether it is moral for a farmer to do that sort of thing or not. If you don't interest your reader at the beginning, the chances are you will lose him altogether, and the question: 'Will this interest the reader?' is the first and last test of what editors have styled Availability."

* * *

If all manuscripts were put through some such process as that suggested, most manuscripts offered to editors would be considerably shorter, and a greater number of them would be sold. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The author of the note on "The Blunders of Authors," quoted in the December WRITER, himself has blundered, as extracts from "Robinson Crusoe" will show. Defoe, to be sure, makes his hero say: —

"I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took to the water. . . . I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuits, and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose."

A little further on, however, he makes it plain that Robinson did not entirely undress. The narrative goes on: —

"While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore, upon the sand swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings."

It is reasonable to suppose that there were pockets in these breeches, and therefore Defoe was guilty of no blunder. C. W.

BOSTON, Mass.

Not one person in ten thousand of those who will read Helen Keller's own story of her life, when it begins in an early issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will have the least conception of the amount of hard work required to write the story. First of all, Miss Keller puts down her ideas "in Braille," as the blind express it; that is to say, in the system of "points" raised on paper by means of a stylus and slate devised to aid the blind; these "points" being read afterward by passing the sensitive fingers over them. When all of this Braille work has been completed, Miss Keller goes to her typewriter and uses these notes as a guide to the rewriting of the story.

As soon as a page of matter is typewritten, it is, so to speak, lost to Miss Keller, who has to depend upon her teacher, Miss Sullivan, to repeat it to her by spelling out each sentence by means of the hands. It is a tedious task, especially as some of the pages have to be read again and again, with changes here and there, before Miss Keller is satisfied. Then, when the proofs are sent to her, all this slow process of spelling word after word has to be gone through once more, so that each word that Helen Keller writes goes through her fingers at least five times.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Lucy M. Thruston, author of "Mistress Brent," a story of Lord Baltimore's colony in 1638, has been at work on another book, which will be brought out by her publishers, Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, this year. Mrs. Thruston is a Baltimore woman. She was graduated from the Baltimore schools, and taught history for two or three years. Since her marriage her leisure has been devoted to the study of history and literature, and she is known locally as an authority on those two topics. About five years ago her interest was awakened in Maryland colonial history, and after a prolonged and thorough study, she used the material for the historical romance entitled "Mistress Brent," which was actually written in the mountains of Virginia. Those competent to judge say that the story is a faithful picture of Maryland's early history.

Francis W. Van Praag, whose serial, "The Circlet of Flame," is now running in *Munsey's*, is the author of only one other story besides, a novel, "Clayton Hallowell," published a year ago. The first story, he says, was the result of much reading and a taste for scribbling; the

latter, of a desire to write a story such as the author would have liked at twelve or fourteen — "a tale that has to do with much gore and no women." "The Circlet of Flame" was originally accepted for the *Junior Munsey*, transferred before publication to the *Munsey*, and is now "guaranteed," the author says, "to thrill at every second paragraph." "If it is n't literature," he adds, "it at least is great fun to write."

Herman Whitaker, whose story, "The Black Factor," appeared in *Munsey's* for March, says, in response to a request for information from the editor of THE WRITER: "I am by birth English, and come of good yeoman stock. For six hundred years my forbears tilled a farm near the little Yorkshire village of Denby Dale, handing it down in a direct line, and until my father's time there is no record of any one of them having strayed the length of a cow's tail from the ancestral kail yard. My father, however, cut loose from the soil, and acquired a competency by manufacturing the famous Yorkshire woolens; and the seeds of unrest which were planted in his blood brought forth a flourishing harvest of wild oats in me. At sixteen, having shot up to the inches of a man, I ran away from home and enlisted in the British army. With the colors I served three years, but a rather touchy temper made the discipline unbearable, and at the end of that time I purchased my discharge. After that I sailed for Canada, and spent two years in the Ontario backwoods. Then I drifted to Manitoba and the Northwest, and put in eight years at cattle ranching, bronco-busting, and in lumber and railroad camps. A hard life it was, too, — but a happy one. I did eat, at times of the husks with the swineherds; but the fatted calf grew to be a cow, brought forth after her kind, and departed the way of all grass, without tempting me back to the ancestral hall. Up there, among the forts of the Hudson Bay Company, I acquired knowledge of a life which, after drifting along through Assiniboia, Alberta, British Columbia, and California, I am now trying to fix on paper. As regards my work, I may say that all my life I have felt that some day I must have a 'go' at literature, but being essentially a man of action, my thirty-third year came before I essayed the art. It is now just about a year and a half since I published my first article, sociological in character, in the *Arena*, and since then I have placed four essays and nineteen stories with other magazines. Among those that have published my work are *Munsey's*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Ainslee's*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Argosy*, the *International Review*, and the *Arena;* and I have also disposed of manuscripts to the McClure Syndicate, and the Western Press Syndicate."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Balzac. — Jules Sandeau relates that one time, while living in Paris, Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one, and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning, even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food, which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather, and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word *End* on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison. — *The Argonaut.*

Bronte. — The Brontë Society of England is now making efforts to buy the old home of the Brontë sisters, known as Haworth parsonage. Their intention is to convert it into a memorial to the remarkably gifted women who have made it famous. There poor trouble-ridden Charlotte Brontë wrote "Jane Eyre," and sent it to the publishers with the following note (see Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," Haworth edition of the Brontë works): —

August 24 [1847].

I now send you per rail a manuscript entitled "Jane Eyre," a novel in three volumes, by Currer Bell. * * * It is better

in future to address Mr. Currer Bell, under cover to Miss Brontë, Haworth, Bradford, Yorkshire, as there is a risk of letters otherwise directed not reaching me at present. To save trouble, I enclose an envelope.

The manuscript aroused the utmost enthusiasm of the publishers' Readers, one of whom sat up half the night to finish it. Meanwhile, Charlotte had kept the news from her father, but after the success of the novel the following conversation took place between them (see Mrs. Gaskell): —

"'Papa, I've been writing a book.'

"'Have you, my dear?'

"'Yes; and I want you to read it.'

"'I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"'But it is not in manuscript; it is printed.

"'My dear! you've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss; for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name.'

"But when he came in to tea, and had read the novel, he said: 'Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?'"

Dickens. — An interesting letter written by Charles Dickens is shortly to be sold at auction in London among other manuscripts. It is an answer to one of the numerous would-be novelists who wrote to him for advice. "I have reason," Dickens writes, "to be very earnest in advising you to abandon all thoughts of literature as a pursuit, and in expressing to you my firm conviction that if you do not, you will devote yourself to a life of misery, heartache, disappointment, and regret. Whether the substance of your book be true or fictitious is nothing to the purpose. If you cannot grace truth in the narration, and have not the faculty of telling it in writing, you should leave it untold, or leave it to the chance of being told by some one else. If it were a reason for writing that what is written is true, surely there is nothing to prevent the whole civilized world from becoming authors, inasmuch as every man, woman, and child has some truthful experience, and might, on such a plea, rush into print with it." — *New York Evening Sun.*

Kipling. — There is now on exhibition in a Fifth-avenue bookstore the original manuscript of Kipling's "The Light that Failed." As it appears to the casual observer, there is little chirographical evidence at least of the mental torment authors are popularly supposed to undergo in their efforts to bring forth a volume. The "copy" is written in an even hand, of the long, swinging style affected by newspaper men, and in the entire manuscript there are scarcely a hundred lines that have been rewritten, and not one paragraph the text of which has been wholly changed. To the compositors who set it up there must have been one grievous lament — their inability to "cuss the man who wrote it." In the editing of the copy — obviously done by the author — there is one noticeable feature, and that is the wholesale striking out of adjectives. It would seem that Mr. Kipling had gone through the manuscript with no other thought than to "kill" them. In a very few instances have other words been substituted for those cut out. — *New York Evening Post.*

Some time ago it was noticed by an admirer of Rudyard Kipling that his famous poem, "On the Road to Mandalay," went very well to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." On pointing this out to the author, Mr. Kipling replied: "Oh, yes, I frequently take a well-known song, hum it over for a few minutes, and then write words to fit the tune." — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Shorthouse. — The sickness of Mr. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," has brought to light the true story of his first and greatest success. Here it is: "According to Charles Linnell, of Cornish Brothers, publishers, Birmingham, the manuscript was seen by no one but the author, Mrs. Shorthouse, and the lady who copied it for the press. That copy was made in 1877, and in 1880 one hundred copies were privately printed, and mainly circulated among the author's personal friends. The Birmingham daily papers of that date, the *Gazette* and *Daily Post*, received copies and wrote reviews of it. The remaining copies were sold by Messrs. Cornish at one guinea each. One copy was sent to Smith, Elder, & Co., and their Reader, the late James Payn, advised its rejection, and rejected it was. Mr. Payn never

saw the origina manuscript. He had the printed volume to read, and the volume was returned to Cornish Brothers, and is now in the possession of Charles Linnell. One of the privately circulated copies had been sent to Rev. A. J. Smith, one of Dr. Shorthouse's most intimate friends. He lent his copy to Arthur Johnson, of All Souls, Oxon, who, after he had read it, sent it to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who took it with her to Knapdale, in Scotland, the residence of the late Alexander Macmillan, the eminent publisher, who, on having read the book, wrote to the author that he considered it a work of 'real genius,' and that he would be glad to publish it, which he did, in an edition of 750 copies, in 1881. That was the first published edition, and since then over 80,000 copies have been sold." — *Boston Journal.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Growth of Western Literature. — A spring announcement bulletin, issued by one of the largest and most progressive publishing houses in the United States, shows that nearly all the fiction to be published by this firm for the next three months will be by Western authors. In addition, most of the scientific and educational works will be written by Western authorities.

A few years ago such an announcement would have been something unheard of, yet it is regarded as nothing out of the ordinary to-day. The writers of the West seem to have taken possession of a large portion of the field, until there is no longer any such thing as a geographical literary "centre." These writers do not necessarily turn their attention to Western themes. They simply manifest more virility and more of the enthusiasms that make modern fiction "go."

The quality of the work turned out by the Western school of writers has been criticised, and with justice in most cases. Taken as a whole, it is crude and lacking in finish, but there is no gainsaying its strength and its promise. The literature of the West is undoubtedly the literature of the future in America, if its growing influence can be correctly estimated from the announcement lists. — *Denver Republican.*

The Books of Last Year. — What was the average character of the books published last year? Of the 8,141 books issued in America, how many deserve to live? The lists show that 1901 was not remarkable for the number of its important original works. Biography was the strongest class of the year, and even the number of important biographies was not large. The truth seems to be that, although there are more readers than ever before, those readers are wasting a good part of their time on the most ephemeral of literature. The remarkable thing about the history of fiction in 1901 was not the number of great novels that appeared, but the hundreds of thousands of copies of certain books sold. The pleasantest feature of the situation is the fact that the cheap British novel appears to be yielding its place to the native novel, which, if no better than the other, is, at least, American. — *Buffalo Express.*

Names in Novels. — The increasing difficulty of getting a good name for a novel that somebody has not already appropriated is notorious. But the names of the characters in romances are not always chosen without ill effects. Everybody remembers the suicide of a lady on whose mind had preyed the similarity between her own name and that of a stage heroine. In one of Mr. Mallock's novels the name of a lady was that of a well-known Greek family in London, that did not enjoy the coincidence.

E. F. Benson, in one of a series of stories entitled "Some Social Criminals," appearing in a weekly paper, had the bad luck to call his leading lady by the good name of Mrs. Arthur Lewis. No doubt many a Mrs. Arthur Lewis lives, and there should be safety for the novelist in such numbers, but the lady best known by that name in London society felt the accidental slur cast upon it in the pure fiction; and the paper in question has apologized for causing "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis of West Cromwell Road, and their relatives and friends, extreme pain and annoyance." If this sort of sensitiveness becomes epidemic, and is caught by whole families assertive of a kind of copy

right in names, novelists are likely to have a rather troublous time. — *London Chronicle.*

Writers of Advanced Age. — The names of some of the literary veterans who have passed the age of threescore and ten are set down by the *Boston Transcript* in tabular form as follows: —

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace	8 Jan.,	1823
Goldwin Smith	23 Aug.,	1823
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	22 Dec.,	1823
George Macdonald		1824
Lord Kelvin	26 June,	1824
Charles Godfrey Leland	15 Aug.,	1824
Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney	15 Sept.,	1824
Dr. F. J. Furnivall	4 Feb.,	1825
William Allen Butler	20 Feb.,	1825
Richard Henry Stoddard	2 July,	1825
Lew Wallace	10 April,	1827
John Townsend Trowbridge	18 Sept.,	1827
Charles Eliot Norton	16 Nov.,	1827
George Meredith		1828
Gerald Massey	29 May,	1828
Sir Mountstuart Duff	21 Feb.,	1829
Carl Schurz	2 Mar.,	1829
Professor S. R. Gardiner	4 Mar.,	1829
William Michael Rossetti	25 Dec.,	1829
Joseph Knight		1829
Rev. T. T. Munger	5 Mar.,	1830
Sir Clements Markham	20 July,	1830
Dr. Joseph Parker	9 April,	1830
Justin McCarthy	22 Nov.,	1830
George Manville Fenn	3 Jan.,	1831
Rev. Frederick W. Farrar	7 Aug.,	1831
Frederick Harrison	18 Oct.,	1831
Frank B. Sanborn	15 Dec.,	1831
Henry Labouchère		1831

The Reporter at Work. — A few years ago a man walked into the office of Russell Sage, and, getting access to him, demanded a sum of money. When Mr. Sage refused, the man threw a bomb. It injured several persons, severely damaged the building, and blew the man to pieces. There was apparently nothing left by which he could be identified.

The police searched the ruins in vain for clues. All they could do was to photograph the almost unrecognizable head and send copies of the picture to the various police stations and to the police of other cities. But the "new journalism" proceeded to "create" news about the disaster. It sent for its own photographers and had careful pictures made of the head and of every other scrap of the belongings of the bomb-thrower that could possibly be identified by anybody. These photographs it published; and as soon as its correspondents in various cities, towns, and villages sent in telegrams to the effect that persons there thought they recognized the pictures, it sent out reporters to run down to the uttermost every clue, publishing in full the results of these investigations. The "new journalism" has learned that the first point is to keep alive public interest, to prevent the matter it has in hand from slipping from the public memory.

But this was not all. It sent to the scene of the explosion reporters who were not only writers, but skilled detectives. Those reporters had for years been at work under the system of the "new journalism," prosecuting all kinds of difficult investigation. One of the men thus detailed was Isaac White, who is in an eminently practical way the embodiment of that Monsieur Dupin whom Edgar Allan Poe invented, and whom Dr. Conan Doyle has exploited under the name of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. White went to the scene of the explosion with two purposes in mind — first, to record the news of what had happened and of what the police were doing; second and chiefly, to "create" news — that is, to inaugurate and pursue a wholly independent investigation.

As he was looking about the wreckage he saw a button sewed to a piece of torn and burnt cloth. He picked it up, and went to the heap of scraps of clothing which the police had gathered. White compared his find with these scraps, and found that it was a piece of the trousers. He examined the button and saw that it bore the name of a Boston clothier.

White took the first train for Boston. He reached there too late to do anything that night. But when that clothing firm opened its store the next morning the "new journalism," in the person of Mr. White, entered. "Yes — that is our button and our cloth," said one of the firm. "And every piece of cloth we sell is recorded, by sample, in a book, with the name of the purchaser — he might wish to order more of the same." He went to the book and found the sample. White took down the name and address opposite it. The man lived in a suburb of Boston. Long before noon the reporter was at the address, and found that

the bomb-thrower was a long-eccentric and latterly insane son of a man who lived there. And thanks to White, while the other newspapers had only the routine news the next morning, his newspaper had the news which his skill had practically created — the real, the important news of the whole affair. — *David Graham Phillips, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

How to Prepare a Manuscript. — In preparing manuscripts use plain white paper and good black ink. Don't use paper that is flimsy or transparent or so spongy that the ink is likely to blur, or sheets that are of different sizes or that have been torn out of a notebook and left with the rough edges untrimmed. The two sizes of sheets that are most generally used are commercial note and letter paper. If you have to send out hand-written copy, never write it in pale ink or in lead pencil, or in backhand, which, as a rule, is extremely difficult to make out. Cultivate a round, clear, good-sized, almost vertical hand, and form the habit of leaving a wide space between the lines. Write, of course, on only one side of the paper, and if you find, near the end, that you are going to run a few lines over what you thought would be the last sheet, don't squeeze the final lines together at the bottom of the page, or write them on the back of it in order to save another sheet. In both handwritten and typewritten copy leave a margin of at least an inch at both sides of the sheet, as well as at the top and bottom.

Editors are just as likely to be affected by appearances as other people are. They try to be impartial. But they are only human. Strive as they may to live up to the conception that some of you have of them as superior beings who are above the influences that sway ordinary mortals, they cannot always avoid being pleasantly impressed by an attractive-looking manuscript. Its literary merit may in reality be no greater than that of the poorly prepared manuscript lying alongside of it. But its more presentable appearance may bring out its good qualities so much more effectively as to make it seem to the editor to be decidedly the better piece of writing, and thus lead to its acceptance in preference to the other.— *Franklin B. Wiley, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WHY WE READ SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Mary Moss. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

A FRIEND OF THE FIELDS. (John Burroughs.) Edwin Markham. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

LITERARY VALUES. John Burroughs. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

JANE AUSTEN. Ferris Greenslet. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

ALLEGRA (Byron's daughter). Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

BROWNING'S TREATMENT OF NATURE. Stopford Brooke. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE GREAT REVIEWS OF THE WORLD. IV. — The Russian Reviews. Illustrated. Victor S. Yarros. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

CHARLES S. LUMMIS: AUTHOR AND MAN. Illustrated. Constance Goddard du Bois. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE NEW HUMOR. Illustrated. Burges Johnson. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE ROMANTIC ESSAY. Jeanette Barbour Perry. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

REAL PERSONS AND PLACES IN FICTION—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated. John Habberton. *Era* (13 c.) for April.

PETER NEWELL: ARTIST AND FRIEND. With portrait. Jeanette Young. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for April.

KATE FIELD. With portraits. Dr. S. R. Elliott. *Delineator* (18 c.) for April.

ENGLISH GRAPHIC HUMORISTS. Their funniest pictures chosen by themselves. Illustrated. Frederick Dolman. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. Professor Charles Eliot Norton. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for March.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The reminiscences of Aubrey De Vere will soon be published by John Lane.

Donald G. Mitchell, who is still living at his home in New Haven, will become an octogenarian this month.

It is said that M. Blouet ("Max O'Rell") writes his books in French and that his wife, who is an English woman, translates them.

The address of the *Home Magazine* (New York) is now 30 East Twenty-first street.

The Life of John Ruskin, by his secretary, W. G. Collingwood, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., is not a reprint of the earlier two-volume biography, but, according to the author, has been entirely rewritten on somewhat different lines. "I have been able," says Mr. Collingwood, "to add much biographical detail from various sources. With Mr. Ruskin's leave, I have given a number of letters hitherto unpublished, and the story, unfinished before, is now brought to a close."

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and her sister Edith have both become engaged: Miss Ellen to Alfred L. Felkin, M. A., of the Royal Naval College, Eltham, and Miss Edith to Rev. W. R. Hamilton, vicar of St. George's Church, Wolverhampton.

Boston has a new illustrated monthly magazine called *Wisdom*, the price of which is two cents a copy or twelve cents a year. John Forster Benyon is the editor.

The *Shrine* is to be the title of a new quarterly which will be published at Stratford-on-Avon by Elliott Stock, and devoted to Shakespeariana and Shakespeare study in general. Its first number is to appear April 23.

The *Thistle* will be published by the Croscup & Sterling Company, New York. Lee Fairchild will be the editor.

H. Logan Golsan, who has long had newspaper connections in Philadelphia, has bought *Leisure Hours*, a Philadelphia periodical published for many years by Charles A. Dixon, now deceased. With this magazine Mr. Golsan will combine a new paper, called the *Inner Set*, devoted to society and outdoor sports. The publication will have attractive lithographic features, and will bear the double name of *Leisure Hours and the Inner Set.*

The monthly magazine *Impressions*, published by Elder & Shepard, of San Francisco, has been changed to a quarterly under the name of *Impressions Quarterly.*

Country Life in America (New York) offers a number of cash prizes for photographs to help illustrate a series of articles on the making of a country home, which begins in the April number of the magazine.

The American Historical Association announces that the Justin Winsor prize of $100 for the encouragement of historical research will be awarded for the year 1902 to the best unpublished monograph in the field of American history that shall be submitted on or before October 1, 1902. The monograph must be based upon independent and original investigation in American history, and it may deal with any aspect of that history. The monograph must be presented in a scientific manner, and must contain the necessary apparatus of critical bibliography, references to all authorities, and footnotes. It must be at least 30,000 words long. The successful monograph will be published by the American Historical Association. Professor Charles M. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr, is the chairman of the committee which has the competition in charge.

Burges Johnson's paper on "The New Humor" in the April *Critic* passes in review such present-day humorists as Herford, Burgess, Dunne, Ade, and Kountz, Miss Wells, Miss Daskam, and Mrs. Atwood R. Martin, sketches and portraits of whom enliven the letter-press.

Steps have been taken in Philadelphia toward the organization of a local authors' club, with Dr. S. Weir Mitchell as the first president.

An interesting article in the March number of the *National Magazine* tells the story of its growth from a beginning as a local magazine named the *Bostonian*, with two or three desks in a small office, to its present standing as a national monthly, with a $300,000 plant in a six-story building at 41 West First street, Boston, and a circulation exceeding 100,000 monthly. The article, sixteen pages in length, is illustrated with portraits of the *National's* officers, managers, and editors, and pictures of its building and its machinery.

Perhaps the best joke that has been brought out by the Victor Hugo centenary, according to the *Boston Herald*, is the fact that he was paid 300,000 francs for "Les Miserables" by a French publisher, who offered him that amount of money for it. Hugo accepted the offer and took the publisher's agreement and check. The publisher didn't have a cent.

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A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF IT.

The Layman threw down his magazine, with an effect of ill temper.

"Why is it better than selling sanded sugar, or watered stock?" he complained.

"What is the matter now?" the Scribbler asked, fearfully. For one would selfishly rather the wrath of the Layman were directed toward another than one's self.

"Some one sells a story to one of our high-class magazines, allowing the inference that it is a true picture of conditions in a Michigan lumber camp. It does n't fool me; I happen to have worked a season or two in those lumber camps! But you, for instance, — what protection have you? Since you have read it, you go about with a delusion that the peeling of bark goes on in November."

"And it does n't?"

"*Peeling bark in November!*" repeated the Layman, in a voice in which amazement, scorn, and pity "strove for the mastery," as the scribbler of a generation ago would have put it.

"And then, when they want a Thanksgiving dinner, some one goes out in a matter-of-fact way, and in half an hour shoots 'two fine wild turkeys.'"

"Are you sure that could n't be done?"

"Perhaps; if ducks don't swim in Michigan, and if wild turkeys have lately changed their habitat."

It is only the small-minded who allow any little jealous triumph to dull their class feeling. The Scribbler hastened to excuse her fellow-craftsman.

"You know — for you helped me get up that race-track dialogue — how hard it is to be accurate with local color. One can't be born everywhere, or even live everywhere."

"I know this: You were honest with your race-track stuff, and did n't let it go till it had been passed on by an expert. No one is obliged by law to write of things he does n't understand, is he? So, if he sees fit to take the risk, let him exercise due care. That was a good book of Stanley Waterloo's I picked up last week; but when the hero looks down through a hole in the ice to see a happy family of bass, pickerel, and trout swimming about together, — no one inside the other, — he sees what never was, nor is, nor ever shall be.

"Yes, and there was Julian Hawthorne's Garth, filling his pockets in October with 'lusty crimson Baldwins and firm-fleshed russets' for immediate consumption. 'Firm-fleshed,' sure enough, in October; but teeth

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like a buzz-saw he must have had as he 'strides down a path, eating a cool apple as he went.' "

The Scribbler bowed with meekness born of a guilty conscience. In the pot-boiler lying on her desk ready for mailing was a doubtful detail which she had passed with a careless "Not one person in a hundred would know the difference."

" 'Local color!' " the Layman growled on. "Don't let me find you laying local color on with a trowel, that's all!"

"Probably you are right. Here is a new book on Abyssinia you had better look at before it goes back to the library."

The Layman looked at her with suspicion, but detecting no proof of sarcastic intent, obediently absorbed himself in the book; a working-hour silence was resumed, — the Scribbler turned to her desk and blue-penciled the pot-boiler before going on with chapter seven of The Great American Novel.

CHELMSFORD, Mass. *Mary Murkland Haley.*

SOME ESSENTIAL QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NOVELIST.

Nobody will dispute the statement that the man or woman who wishes to become a successful novelist should have, above all other qualifications, the gift of imagination. However exceptional his gifts in other directions, however broad his education and experience of life, if the aspiring novelist have not imagination he may as well let novel-writing alone. Imagination is a far more important factor in the novelist's mental equipment than the faculty of observation, the importance of which has been so greatly overrated. The most acutely observant people in the world are not necessarily fitted to write novels, while the blind and deaf idealist may weave an engrossing tale. As a matter of fact, deeply imaginative people are seldom so observant as persons of practical and prosaic natures.

Descriptions of things as they are have never been satisfactory for the purposes of fiction. Let the practical, observant man set down his carefully garnered facts, his exact record of things that he has seen, and what a bare, bleak chronicle it is! But let the man who may have observed comparatively little of the material world about him; whose life, perhaps, has been restricted, narrow, introspective, and who has lived almost entirely within the closed — yet ever-widening — circle of his imagination, set down his impressions. Which would you rather read?

The observant and the travelled man may be, and frequently is, the dullest story-teller in Christendom. Your entertaining yarn-spinner, who holds you spellbound with his accounts of the wonderful things he has seen on his travels, does not commit the palpable absurdity of sticking absolutely to facts; and you like him all the better for being the colossal liar that he is. He may not be intentionally untruthful; but either consciously, or unconsciously, he is viewing everything through the rosy haze of an irrepressible imagination. And is it not significant that it is almost always the creations of the imagination that put our pulses in a glow and cause our hearts to beat, while the literal translation of facts leaves us cold and unresponsive?

There is another, and very different qualification, which is imperatively demanded in the novelist — the gift of moral clear-sightedness. If we consider with how powerful a grip the fiction-reading habit has fastened itself upon all classes of people, and how tremendous and widespread may be the moral effects of a single novel, we cannot hesitate to place it on the same plane of importance with imagination. The preacher, the orator, the philosopher, the historian, eloquent, wise, or witty though he may be, cannot in any degree approach the novelist in his power to sway large masses of people. Novelists themselves can hardly be

aware of the scope of their influence, else, it would seem, many of them would take their art less lightly than they do. One seldom hears of a novelist committing a murder, yet how many a novelist has been responsible for the moral death of thousands of souls!

It would be amusing, were it not pathetic, to observe the attitude of some ignorant and thoughtless people toward a book. To them the author is a vague, impalpable being, devoid of personality, whose name they would hardly think of spelling out on the title page. But the book is a living reality, pregnant with meaning, weighty with an awful significance. It is printed! It is a book! No matter what kind — it is a book! And the book performs its mission — whatever that may be — provided its author knows his business. Go up still higher in the intellectual scale, where the reading habit is governed by a more intelligent discrimination, — and higher still. The result is substantially the same, always provided the author knows the correct formulas for playing upon the emotions. For human nature is fundamentally the same, whether high or low.

The author is, in truth, the creator of a mimic world for his readers, in which he is the supreme arbiter. He is the dealer out of destiny, the dispenser of rewards and punishments to the children of his imagination, and on the degree of justice and probity with which he performs this office will depend, to a great extent, the future ideas of many of his readers regarding conduct and morality. And so, though a man be never so gifted and entertaining a story teller, if his notions of ethics be in the least erratic, if he suffer the least bit from moral obtuseness, he is not fit to write and publish a novel.

What are the chief qualities that have made Shakespeare the power that he is in life and literature? What are they, especially, that have made him prince of poets and dramatists — the mighty moulder of men's thought? Are they not the fecundity and sublimity of his imagination, and his almost supernatural moral clear-sightedness?

BOSTON, MASS. *Agnes G. Golden.*

A LITERARY HARLEQUIN.

What she had started out to do was to paint the things as she saw them and better the world; but what we start out to do and what we do are not always one and the same thing.

Sometimes it almost seems that they never are.

Descended from a hundred vicars, accustomed to hasten to the relief of the poor of their respective parishes, along with an inherited tendency toward religion she inherited a sort of sympathy with the poor.

She found them slanting of forehead, bowed by labor, knotty of hand, wrinkled of brow, and lashed by the scourge of poverty as by whips.

She found sentiment, feeling, and delicacy of thought throttled out of them by the fear of want, by the ghastly necessity of grappling for bread, by the terror of starvation.

She found them verging upon brutality, descending by degrees from strugglers to combatants, fighting against fate, becoming at length, through the slow but sure process of grinding, cut-throats, burglars, and thieves.

She wrote about it.

Her manuscript was returned.

Aside from the regulation "We are sorry, but this manuscript, though excellent, has not quite compelled us to decide in its favor; we beg you to believe, however, that the rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply, etc., etc., etc.," they wrote on a separate slip of paper: —

"Give us something cheerful."

She looked about at her fellow-women. She saw them enthralled by the slavery of marriage, which has the peculiarly one-sided faculty of binding women alone.

She saw the men gleefully shake off its chains and step forth with all the agility of the wonder in the sideshow who, his hands securely manacled, allows himself to be shut into a trunk and the clamps fastened down. Then — presto! — the trunk reopened, out he leaps, unfettered and smiling as a babbling brook on a summer's day.

She saw the women, on the other hand, bound about by the golden limit of the front gate and the flowers blooming there, by the web and woof of little fingers, by the halting lisp of loving infant tongues.

She saw some happy in their chains because of the belief in the binding yoke of their companions.

She saw others, full well aware of the slackness of that yoke, wearing their own nevertheless, linked by the stern cords of duty, by the sacred sweetness of home ties.

She wrote about it, and the editors, who were mostly men, answered on another slip of paper like the first: —

"Your style is good, but for the love of heaven can't you give us something cheerful?"

She turned her attention to the babies without names.

Entering a foundling hospital where the little white cowled sisters of the poor clanked great brass chains after her that the foot of man might not follow her through, she went on up and up to where the babies were — eighty-five in snowy cribs set side by side in two long rows. Some lay still and slept. Some sat and crowed. Some sobbed softly, big tears welling over lids, as if they knew.

Eighty-five babies doubly orphans, fatherless, motherless.

"And what becomes of them?" she asked, "after they leave here?"

"They are put in a home," answered the little sisters, "where they are taught a trade. Then at the age of ten or twelve they are self-supporting."

"At the age of ten or twelve!"

At the age when children with names played in the dawn of rosy futures those nameless children would begin laboriously the work of life.

Homeless, placeless, they would start out on difficult paths toward futures doubly darkened by the flush of shame.

"Are these the mothers who sit at the heads of the cots, tending them?" she questioned.

"No," they replied, "they are the hired nurses."

Hired nurses!

Then their infant eyes opened on strange, cold eyes. Their infant cries fell on strange ears, apathetic ears, dull, insensible.

The thought of it hurt her heart; and so she wrote about it.

Then the editors wrote quickly back: "Except that stamps were enclosed this stuff would go into the waste basket, where it belongs. The day has gone by when questions such as these may be discussed before the naked eye of the gaping public other than in the flaunting sheets of yellow journalism. Write something gay, something spontaneous, something joyful. What we want is not the dregs of life, but its cream."

She walked up and down her room, thinking!

All about her lay her rejected manuscripts. The sight of them brought an ache; for it is when you have put forth your best effort, it is when you have sent all your soul into your work, and it comes back, that the heart goes out of you.

Pushing them aside, she stopped at the drawer of her chiffonier and took out her gloves. They were worn at the finger tips and whitened at the seams. Opening the door of her wardrobe, she brought out her skirts. They were frayed at the edges. They drooped. They sagged. Being last year's skirts, they were woefully lacking in the smart up-to dateness characteristic of the latest style.

Her hats dismayed her. So did her shoes.

Aside from which her landlady showed symptoms of waylaying her at the foot of the stairs upon the event of her comings-in and her goings-out.

Not having been born with that inflexibility of will power necessary for the unflinching facing of poverty, she shuddered.

Frightened at the thought of herding with the destitute in the tenements of the poor, she sat herself down and obediently commenced to write the things she was bidden to write.

She wrote a tale of the favored class, lapped in luxury. She filled it with flowers, and palms, and daffodil draperies, and silken gowns. She tuned it to the laughter of girls accompanied by the sonorous voice of the moneyed man.

No laborer clashed the muddiness of hob-nailed boots through the primrose path of that story. No gaunt eyes stared hungrily in at the windows of the house in which the plot was laid. No cry of pain echoed. Sunshine hid the clouds there, and joy exiled pain.

Gilding the story with the dross of gold, she sent it in.

A cheque ensued.

Encouraged she turned her back upon life's grim realities and fell to dreaming dreams.

She related her dreams.

She painted bright pen pictures of sheer felicity, in which, after such slight difficulty as is attendant upon the weaving of any romance, the course of true love ran exceeding smooth.

No serpent entered that paradise.

It was free alike from the curse of snake or gin.

Adding judicious touches of moonlight, fireflies, and stars for the filling of it up, the thing was done.

The cheques rolled in.

She wrote a story of children rocked in gilded cradles, on pillows of down; of children followed by processions of white-capped nurses, pampered, petted, indulged — children adored — children beloved.

The stories scored successes, whereupon something very nearly akin to wealth enveloped her. It took shape in those fine feathers by which fine birds are known.

Her mended gloves were cast aside. New gloves replaced them. She no longer sat above frayed edges of skirts, mending. New skirts hung on their hooks. She bought new hats, fans, gloves, and shoes.

It also came to pass that upon her exits and her entrances, the landlady, bowing, stepped deferentially aside, making way.

Rejuvenated, proud of mien to haughtiness, she had apparently lost in the bettering of her own condition her desire to better the world; but as is often the case, appearances deceived.

Though the working out of it was baffled, the desire still lived.

If, the trail of inheritance over her yet, she found herself watching wide-eyed the tattered regiment of the poor, her heart pulsating with the wish to tell its story and thus perhaps alleviate its suffering, she drew herself up and said: —

"How can I? Who will publish it, if I do? What they want is not the dregs of life, but its cream. What they want is not to weep, but to laugh. Then I must live."

If she saw her whom she knew to be a sister, and the longing came to listen to her story and telling it hold back some other from her fate, hardening her heart, she crushed the inclination.

"It is poverty," she declared, "that degrades. It is poverty that herds the mobs, engendering immorality. I myself have barely escaped that poverty. I must protect myself from it."

And so she trailed her silken skirts on by.

But it was the little nameless babies who haunted her most. She could feel the helpless hands of them clinging to her skirts. She could hear them sobbing. Trained for the labor of life, with none of its joys to sweeten, she could see them starting out over thorny paths, already manacled.

They clouded her days. They stood at her bedside in the wee small hours, waking her.

Sitting up in the dark she talked to them.

"What can I do?" she asked them. "I, alone and hindered? I can take one or two of you and give help; but try as I may, I cannot give you the missing mother love. And as for the cause that led to your helplessness, the loving weakness of woman, the perfidy of man, I am as helpless in removing it as you. I must sing the song they have set me to sing. I must dance to the music.

"I am a literary harlequin. My hands are tied."

Zoe Anderson Norris.

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THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The Library of Congress has printed two bulletins devoted to copyright matters that are of interest to writers. Bulletin No. 1 gives in full the copyright law of the United States in force July 1, 1901. Bulletin No. 2 gives complete directions for the registration of copyrights under the laws of the United States. A copy of either bulletin will be sent free by the Librarian of Congress to any one who asks for them.

* * *

Is the literary life too strenuous for women? Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) has recently gone abroad for recreation, a victim of nervous prostration or something like it. Miss Mary Johnston has just emerged from a period of rest in a hospital in Baltimore. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (Mrs. Townsend) is in a sanitarium at Fishkill, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood is also in a hospital.

* * *

Literature would be all the better if the work of the literary critic were done oftener on the manuscript rather than on the printed book — provided, of course, the advice of the expert critic were followed by the author. It is not too much to say that in every manuscript there are faults that an expert manuscript Reader would point out, so that the author might correct them before putting the book into everlasting print. The history of "David Harum" affords an illustration. As the book was originally written, David himself did not appear in the first quarter of the story. Ripley Hitchcock, one of the Readers for the Appletons, suggested to Mr. Westcott that the "hoss" trade be put in the front, and he concurred in the suggestion. This single change made all the difference between success and failure for the manuscript. Something similar happened in the case of "Eben Holden." The original manuscript was very different from the published book, and the changes made were suggested by a manuscript Reader. The old adage that two heads are better than one applies with especial force to literary work. An author is so close to his book that he cannot always see defects in it that would be perfectly obvious to a literary critic or to any one trained in reading manuscripts. The critic might not be able to write the story, or even to make the changes that he sees are advisable, but he can point out to the author what changes are necessary, and if his judgment is good the author will probably concur in it. It is much better that a book should be criticised before it is in print than afterward, when it is too late for changes to be made.

Expert criticism of a manuscript before it is offered to a publisher, moreover, may often make all the difference between rejection and acceptance.

* * *

It is worth while to reprint a comment by John Morley on Emerson's famous "rules for reading," viz: "Never read any book that is not a year old; never read any but famed books; never read any but what you like." "It is a mistake," says Mr. Morley, "to think that every book that has a great name in the history of books or of thought is worth reading. Some of the most famous books are least worth reading. Their fame was due to their doing something that needed in their day to be done."

* * *

The announcement of the first meeting of the Brainworkers' Association, in New York, May 11, at which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is expected to recite the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and also speak on "The Ethical Office of the Drama," makes the rather cold-blooded assertion: "As Mrs. Howe is approaching her eighty-third birthday this will probably be her last appearance before a New York audience."

* * *

Writing of Edward G. Riggs, the oldest reporter on the *New York Sun*, Julian Ralph says: "He writes well because he reads a chapter in the Bible every day and makes its English the groundwork of his own. Then, too, he reads and re-reads Dickens so as to add a fringe of humor to his style and to throw over it a picturesque lacework of fancy." There's a suggestion for other newspaper writers here. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

"No writer is really successful who is not himself an indefatigable reader," says G. W. Browne in THE WRITER for March.

From an article on "Pierre Loti in China," in the *New York Weekly Post* for March 26, I quote: —

"Pierre Loti [said] when he was received into the Academy that he never reads anything. . . . He is evidently afraid to read, to merge his own personality in other personalities; he is original, he feels it, and preserves his originality as a woman tries to preserve her beauty."

But perhaps Pierre Loti is not really successful. R.

BOSTON, Mass.

The word "sentimental," a good word, a word with matter of mirth and irony in it, is believed to have been coined by Laurence Sterne. Herbert Paul says that it was first used by Sterne in 1740 in a letter to Miss Lumley, whom he married a year afterward.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has solved, or thinks he has, the origin of "A Prospect of Society," recently edited by Mr. Dobell, who claims it was the original draft for Goldsmith's "The Traveller." After careful analysis he discovered that the first 42 lines of the Prospect corresponded with lines 353 400 of "The Traveller," that the next 42 corresponded with lines 311-352. The comparison was followed to the end, with the deduction that the Prospect is merely a draft of "The Traveller" printed backward in fairly regular sections. It is Quiller-Couch's theory that as Goldsmith finished the pages of "The Traveller," he laid them face downward in regular order and forgot to sort them afterward. A stolid printer, with no mind to do more than exactly follow his copy, completed the disorder and perpetuated it in a form discovered after many years. In other words, he claims the Prospect is only a typographical botch.

A TALK ABOUT MANUSCRIPT.

During the year 1900 the *Congregationalist* received and recorded in its manuscript book not less than 1,292 contributions, of which all but sixty-two were returned to their authors. This fact alone makes manifest the excess of supply over demand, as well as the nature of the editorial problem. It may conduce to a better understanding between this office and would-be contributors to the paper, and may also be of general interest, if some idea is given of the character of the material submit-

ted, our methods of handling it, and the principles on which decisions are made

After a manuscript has been duly recorded, it is assigned to a Reader, usually a member of the editorial staff. When it relates to a technical subject, the advice of an expert is sometimes sought. We are frequently asked if every manuscript submitted receives a fair consideration, and, after fourteen years' experience of the methods of this office, I can unhesitatingly answer, "Yes." It is true that after a time a Reader acquires a certain "sixth sense" by which he can quickly discern whether a manuscript is available or not. Fortunate it is that he does, otherwise he would be completely swamped, for manuscript reading is only one part of the editor's vocation. And when he sits down, as he frequently does, with a pile of twenty-five manuscripts, he speedily finds that it is possible to dispose of some of them with brief attention; but if there is the slightest indication that the manuscript may be available, it has a careful reading.

Contributions naturally divide themselves into three classes: (1) the good, or the ones we must have; (2) the bad, or the ones we won't have; (3) the middle grade, in regard to which a first reading is not decisive. Our uniform practice in the last case is to lay the articles or poems aside for a second reading, or to submit them to some other member of the staff. Not infrequently half a dozen minds pass judgment, and the final conclusion represents the assembled wisdom of the staff. It is not an unusual thing for a manuscript to go the rounds of all the editors, only to undergo at last an adverse verdict. Within a short time there have been two specific cases of such careful attention to two sets of manuscripts from whose authors we were eager to obtain work. The amount of time given to them by various members of the staff aggregated many hours, and, to our disappointment, the unanimous opinion at the close of the debate was that all the articles in both series should be returned.

It is frequently intimated that a "big name" is always the determinating factor with reference to a manuscript. That is one of the numerous false notions regarding journalism that prevail in circles where no real knowledge of the facts obtains. We are constantly returning articles and poems submitted by doctors of divinity, professors of colleges, authors of no small reputation. It is true that an editor is glad to add an Ian Maclaren or a Henry Van Dyke to his staff of writers, but it does not follow because an author has an international reputation that an editor will snatch at anything whatever that bears his name. Again and again material emanating from writers of high rank has been put one side, not because it was defective intrinsically, but because it did not suit immediate uses, and even if it could be had gratuitously, we should not have surrendered our pages to it. On the other hand, an editor is constantly on the lookout for new writers, and the hope that he may the next moment discover an incipient Mary Wilkins or J. M. Barrie cheers him as he wades through reams of dreary manuscript. For he never knows just where he will find the coveted prize, and this paper once and again has had the pleasure of making discoveries which have not only gladdened the editors, but have introduced to the world men and women, who, through their pens, have rendered it good service.

It is equally a mistake to think that a personal "pull" on the editor counts in his decision regarding a manuscript. We are every week returning articles to friends, not to mention kindred. If an editor once allows himself to be governed by personal bias, the outcome would be a sorry one for the readers of his paper, and I am inclined to think in the long run his own suffering would be as keen as it is now when he returns an article to the man who sat next him in college halls.

As for the accepted manuscript, the next ordeal is the blue pencil. We use this instrument in our office with considerable freedom and vigor. Sometimes it is a greater temptation to return a middle-grade manuscript to the author than to take the trouble to put it into proper form for use; but if it is in the main acceptable, we do not begrudge the time needed, perhaps in condensation, perhaps in rearrangement of paragraphs, perhaps in thinking out a more effective title. Indeed, hours of time are taken every week simply in prepar-

ing for the printer accepted manuscripts. We have a great many writers, to be sure, whose work comes in almost perfect form; but there are other able, not to say brilliant, wielders of the pen whose literary form can occasionally be improved. Not that we account ourselves smarter writers than they, but we have certain canons of taste and accredited journalistic molds to which we believe it is our business to make the whole paper conform. Now and then we are approached by a would-be contributor who wants every word to go in just as he or she has written it, and we have reached the conclusion that it does not pay even to examine that man's (or woman's) work. We have almost always, however, found writers not only ready to avail themselves of the editor's suggestion, but grateful for the greater effectiveness of the final revision.

How about last year's 1,300 rejected manuscripts? The criticisms that would probably apply to the larger part are their length and their untimeliness. More and more the relation of an article to something in the public mind is being emphasized; for instance, an article on "Jonathan Edwards's Theology" came in the other day. If it had been offered last June, when there was a notable Edwards celebration at Northampton, it might have been accepted. If any one has a word to say, within brief compass, touching a matter of large significance, something with which people have to do more or less of the time, there is likely to be a market for his work, provided he can write simply and forcibly. Here, to select at random, are two great themes about which churches are thinking to-day — federation, and the approach to the child mind. A fresh treatment of either of these themes is likely to prove acceptable.

We are asked frequently if the *Congregationalist* pays for articles. It was one of the first religious papers so to do, and now, as formerly, its contributors are remunerated according to the character of the material. The scale of compensation must fluctuate, for when we want a thing very much, we pay for what it costs to get it. Other material of interest and value to our readers belongs to a class of which an abundance is to be had, and consequently the payment is small. Still another matter, in the nature of open letters to the editor and the public, we print under "Our Readers' Forum" and pay nothing for. The right to decide in what class an unsolicited contribution falls is always ours, unless the author, when submitting the manuscript, specifies that it is offered for money.

What has been written may, perhaps, indicate the large and increasing number of would-be contributors to this paper, and perhaps create a little more sympathy with the editors in their not easy task of discriminating between the good and the better and the better and the best. We would not discourage the sending of manuscript, only it should be understood that there never was a time when so much excellent material has to be put one side for reasons known only to the editor, and which, do his best, he cannot always explain. He may have just had an article on the same subject, or may have recently ordered one. Moreover, a newspaper has a certain number of pages, and it cannot condense whole libraries into one hundred columns. But, to indicate our friendliness to would-be contributors, whether they already occupy a post of honor in the world, or are simply sharpening their pencils in some quiet New England vale, I append a few suggestions regarding what the *Congregationalist* wants and is always seeking: —

Devotional articles 500 to 800 words long.

Sketches, bits of pastoral experience, glimpses of real life in all strata of society, warm with human feeling, 300 to 1,500 words long.

Stories with a moral and spiritual note and background, not goody-goody, 1,200 to 2,500 words long. Short juvenile stories.

Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, Fourth of July, and other occasional sketches and stories out of the hackneyed order, 600 to 1,500 words long. What is wanted is fresh treatment of old themes.

Accounts of new methods and movements along Christian and philanthropic lines, 300 to 800 words.

Paragraphs of 150 words, "In Briefs" of from 10 to 100 words. (This is one of the

most promising fields for a young writer. A good paragraph is a joy forever to the editor).

Articles of travel and adventure, suited to our *Christian World* numbers, that will admit of illustrations, 1,500 to 2,500 words.

Original studies of religious and social conditions, similar to the study of five Boston churches in our issue of April 13, 1901.

New sketches of men and women prominent in the public eye, with hitherto unpublished material relating to them.

Opinions on various subjects of interest to our readers. We do not require the views expressed to be in harmony with our editorial views, but it is our policy to make "Our Readers' Forum" representative of all shades of opinion.—*Rev. H. A. Bridgman, in the Congregationalist.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

W. F. Bradshaw, Jr., author of the story, "Why the Pea Ridge Railroad Was Not Built," in *Pearson's Magazine* for March, graduated from Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tenn., with the degree of B. S., in 1899. Immediately after graduation, he was employed for several months in making a geological study of the phosphate deposits of Middle Tennessee for the N. C. & L. Railway, which work carried him into the country where the scene of his story is laid. After completing the survey, Mr. Bradshaw studied law in Columbia College, New York, and since leaving there, he has been practicing at Paducah, Ky. He was born in Paducah in 1878.

Charles H. Coe, whose article, "Miss Alice Roosevelt and the White House," appeared in the *Ledger Monthly* for April, began writing for the press about fifteen years ago. Having only a common school education, it was not an easy matter, by any means, for him to prepare an article for the public eye. But with unlimited patience and perseverance he finally succeeded, and to-day all of his productions are accepted sooner or later. His early efforts were mainly confined to natural history subjects—animals and plants—but his writings at present are of a more miscellaneous character. Mr. Coe is an ardent lover of nature and out-door life, which accounts for his literary tendency in that direction. One of his most widely-quoted articles was entitled "Hunting Without a Gun." The article in the *Ledger Monthly* is (with the exception of the photograph of Miss Roosevelt) illustrated by his own photographs. He has had articles in *Popular Science News*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Scientific American*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *New York Observer*, the *American Field*, *Forest and Stream*, several of the Sunday papers, and various other publications. Mr. Coe has also published two books, "Red Patriots: the Story of the Seminoles," and "Life of Captain Mayne Reid," the latter appearing in London, Eng.

Samuel Valentine Cole, whose sonnet, "Fame," appeared in the *Critic* for April, is a graduate of Bowdoin College and of Andover Theological Seminary. After his graduation he spent about a year in Europe, in travel and study. He was pastor of the Broadway (Congregational) Church in Taunton for eight years, but resigned nearly five years ago in order to assume the presidency of Wheaton Seminary, an endowed institution for the education of young women, where he still is. His literary work, done in such intervals of leisure as one finds in the midst of a very busy life, includes many book reviews, poems, essays, etc. He has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Critic*, the *Literary World*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals. A little more than a year ago, Mr Cole published, through the Putnams, a volume entitled "In Scipio's Gardens and Other Poems." He gave the poem at the annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society in Cleveland in 1894, and he is to give the poem at the centennial celebration of Bowdoin College at the coming commencement in June—Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed giving the oration.

Laura M. Dake, who wrote the story "An Unreal Reality," in the *Arena* for March, comes of good old Virginia stock. She leads a quiet yet a busy life in a California village, her duties

in the schoolroom and at home leaving her only the hours of the evening that she can call her own. She is the author of "In the Crucible," recently published by the Arena Publishing Co., a semi-historical romance, dealing with the occult along lines of scientific research. Miss Dake has occupied her "lonesome" hours this winter with a novel, just completed, "The Rock of the Sirens," a tale of Old Egypt.

"Josephine Dixon" is the pen-name of a young married woman of Washington, D. C., whose sketch, "The Saving of Mrs. Mervine," appeared in the March number of *Ainslee's Magazine*. Miss Dixon was born in Pennsylvania, but went, as a child, to Colorado and Montana, spending the summers in the roughest of the young mining-camps and the winters in boarding-schools in Kentucky and Canada. At the age of thirteen she began her literary work, receiving the sum of two dollars for a child's story sent to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. At seventeen she became associate editor of the *Williamsport* (Penn.) *Republican*, and after three years left that paper to take a position with the *Washington Post*, contributing all the while to the *New York Herald*, the *Philadelphia Times*, and Chicago dailies. Her contributions to the magazines have covered a wide range of subjects, the product of her varied life in the West and of extensive travel in Europe. Miss Dixon is now in Cuba, where she has spent the winter. The results of her studies of social and political questions there will appear in the magazines from time to time during the year.

W. J. Ghent, the author of the notable paper, "The Next Step: A Benevolent Feudalism," in the *Independent* for April 3, was born in 1866, at Frankfort, Ind. He received his schooling at Columbus, Kan., and Frankfort, Ind., and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to the printer's trade. He has worked in various places as printer, proofreader, and editor. From October, 1897, to October, 1898, he edited the *American Fabian* (the organ of Fabian socialism in America). Mr. Ghent aided Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, in his campaigns when he was running for mayor, and for governor, in 1899. He has engaged in literary work only within the last two years, most of his product — book reviews and editorials — going to the *Independent*. An article by Mr. Ghent, entitled "The American Workman's Golden Age," which was published in the *Forum* in August, 1901, attracted considerable attention. The paper, "Benevolent Feudalism," is to be elaborated into a book, which will be announced for publication during the summer.

Charles Buxton Going, whose lyric, "Spring and Death," made an illustrated page in the March *Harper's Bazar*, was born in Westchester in 1863, of Irish and English parentage, was graduated from Columbia University in 1882, and after fourteen years' active professional work, took up the managing editorship of the *Engineering Magazine*, which he now holds. Apart from his editorials, reviews, and articles on industrial economics, Mr. Going's writing has been chiefly lyrical, appearing in the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, *Life*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other magazines and newspapers. His first volume of verse, "Summer Fallow," (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892,) was warmly commended by Dr. O. W. Holmes, Professor H. H. Boyesen, and T. B. Aldrich. A number of his lyrics have been set to music by Horatio Parker, W. F. Sudds, H. Clough-Leighton, Eliza M. Woods, and others. In collaboration with Mrs. Marie Overton Corbin, Mr. Going appears as part author of "Urchins of the Sea," and "Urchins at the Pole," (Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1900 and 1901,) two illustrated books for children which the *Review of Reviews* ranks among "the cleverest of the books for little people," and of which Julian Hawthorne says, "Nothing more charming has appeared since Kingsley's 'Water Babies.'" In these, however, Mr. Going claims only a subordinate authorship, the clever conceit and most of the material being Mrs. Corbin's, and only the literary dress Mr. Going's. The same collaborators are at work on the book and lyrics of a musical comedy. Mr. Going has lately begun to appear as a writer of short

stories, and has in contemplation a second volume of verse.

John Trotwood Moore, whose poem, "The Camp of the Sunset," appeared in the *Era* for April, is the author of the successful novel, "A Summer Hymnal." The story is taken from life in the quaint old town of Columbia, Tenn., the home of President Polk, General Pillow, and other celebrities. The town is the very centre of the "Basin of Tennessee," the blue grass region of that state. Its scenery and that of the surrounding country are to-day just as the book describes it, and old soldiers will recognize the famous Mt. Pleasant pike down which Hood's army marched from Atlanta into Tennessee to end in the dreadful battles of Franklin and Nashville. Mr. Moore lives a quiet, domestic life in his beautiful home, "Westover," on the edge of Columbia—facing the United States Arsenal. He is a lover of nature, being especially a close student of birds, trees, horses, and cows. Henry T. Coates & Co. are now preparing a revised edition of his "Songs and Stories from Tennessee." This volume contains the story, "Old Mistis," which first brought Mr. Moore before the public.

Eleanor Hodgman Porter, whose story "The Conquering of Caroline," in the *New England Magazine* for March, attracted considerable attention, is a comparatively new writer in the magazine field. She was born in Littleton, N. H., December 19, 1868, and, as a child, is reported to have held her small playmates spellbound while she reeled off story after story with easy confidence. A little later, she—to use her own words—"passed through the poetical fever and presented an ode to all friends and relatives whenever they were born, were married, or died." Yet, in the face of this, a sweet voice and a passionate love for music seemed to indicate that her life work lay in another direction, and some years of musical study in Boston followed, during, and after which, she sang frequently in concert and choir throughout New England. But the old love of story-telling revived, and not very long ago she began to devote herself seriously to the study and pursuit of literature. Her work has already appeared in ten or a dozen different magazines, her particular line being that of short-story writing, though two or three literary articles from her pen have been published and some of her poems have been set to music. A story of hers in the February *Arena* received very favorable comment, and a shorter one in the *Pilgrim* for the same month has been more or less copied. In 1892, Eleanor Hodgman married J. Lyman Porter. She is now living in Boston, where her husband is engaged in business.

Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose poem, "The Budding Child," was published in *Good Housekeeping* for April, is Canadian by birth, and has been called the leading woman poet of her native country. She has published one volume of poems, "The House of the Trees," and another will appear shortly. Hers is a quiet, nature-loving life, passed for the most part among the woods and streams of western Ontario, within easy driving distance of Niagara, though she has lived some years in Buffalo, N. Y., and St. Paul, Minn., and has spent three winters in Florida. Her work has appeared frequently in *Munsey's* and the *Youth's Companion*. Though she occasionally writes short stories, she finds her verse a more salable product, and has obtained from this source alone more than a hundred dollars for a single month.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Besant. — I find that, on the average, a novel has taken me about eight or ten months from the commencement to the end. If you turn this statement into a little sum of arithmetic, you will find that it means about a thousand words a day. Do not, however, imagine that I write a thousand words a day. Not at all. My method always has been the same. The central motif of the story is first settled and decided upon. It should be a plain, clear and intelligible motif — one which all the world can understand. Round this theme has to be grouped a collection of characters whose actions, conversations, and motives form a clear and consistent story while they supply views of life, pictures of life, and illustrations of life. It is obvious that to find these characters is

the great difficulty; it is obvious that one may easily fall into mistakes and decide upon characters without much interest to the reader. Now the writer does not understand this until too late. I could name one of my stories where the central theme was very good and should have been striking, but the tale was marred by the lack of interest in the principal character. — *Sir Walter Besant's Autobiography.*

Black. — Sir Wemyss Reid's biography of his friend, William Black, the novelist, gives many facts of interest with regard to the relationship between Mr. Black's novels and his own personal experience. It is not generally known how close a connection existed between these. Strange as it may appear, the novelist never described an imaginary scene. He was a keen student and observer of sea and sky, of mountain and torrent, of fen and moor, of tree and flower, and the local color in his books, which lends them so engrossing a charm, was transferred from nature to the printed page with a care that has never been exceeded by the most careful of landscape painters.

Pemberton. — Max Pemberton, whose romantic novels have gained considerable repute during the past few years, is said to have a distinct literary habit of his own. After writing out his story by hand, using many abbreviations and contractions, he reads his manuscript to a typewriter operator, who transcribes it with a liberal amount of space between the lines and generous margins. He then goes through the work, altering, revising, and adding, the final result being an entirely new typewritten manuscript. Even then he is not content, for he is sure to make substantial alterations in the proof. Mr. Pemberton as a rule writes two stories, each about 80,000 words in length, every year. — *Boston Transcript.*

Sienkiewicz. — An intimate friend of Henryk Sienkiewicz reveals some of the secrets of the celebrated Polish writer's study. Sienkiewicz writes very fast, sometimes in downright haste. His long historical romances, "The Polanecki Family" and "Quo Vadis" first appeared in the Warsaw daily papers. The editor had to be content to get the manuscript in instalments of a couple of pages each. Sienkiewicz never wrote more at a time than the paper published in one day. Generally the printer's devil waited at the door, so that Sienkiewicz never read over what he had written, or thought of correcting or improving any part of it. No editor has ever received the whole manuscript of a novel or short story from him at once. Novel writing makes him very nervous. He cannot remain in one place when this state of mind seizes him, and he takes his manuscript, and no other luggage worth speaking of, and goes from Russian Poland to Austria, and from Austria to the south of France, to Italy, and back again, wandering about until his novel is completed. One of his editors has kept all the envelopes in which he received the single parts of the manuscript of a novel, and the stamps on them show that he was incessantly wandering while he wrote his story. Sienkiewicz has a house in Warsaw and another in Cracow. — *London Daily News.*

Tarkington. — Of all the curious methods of construction followed by authors perhaps that of Booth Tarkington is the most curious. He has a considerable facility at drawing and painting, and he draws his stories before he writes them. It is not that he merely maps out his scenes — many authors do that as an aid and safeguard against confusion. Mr. Tarkington makes a complete and detached picture of every scene, whether it is the circus procession or the rout of the Six Corners under the rifle fire of the Gentleman from Indiana, or the duel on the high road, or the revelation of the young prince in his true character in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Thus the first draft of this writer's work is simply a series of drawings, which he keeps in his own library. — *New York Tribune.*

Wharton. — Mrs. Edith Wharton is the wife of a New York banker, and is one of the leaders in a select society circle. She makes her first draft of a story rapidly, but rewrites and alters with the most painstaking care. The artistic finish of her final product is the result of the most assiduous polishing. A striking example of this was shown in the case of her new novel. "The Valley of Decision" was completed and actually in the hands of her publishers early

last fall, but she withdrew it from them so that she might work over the entire story anew. It was several months before the publishers again saw the manuscript. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Literary Honesty. — M. Hugues LeRoux is a very cultivated Frenchman, whose lectures to the students of numerous American colleges and universities are instructive, as well as pleasing. But he should not have told the students of the University of Chicago that he was the author of "La Belle Nivernaise," which is one of the best known of the short stories that have been attributed to Alphonse Daudet.

Of course, M. LeRoux must be believed. Daudet is dead. Our curiosity to know what he would say if he could talk on the subject will never be gratified. What LeRoux said is that when he himself was a young, poor, and struggling author, and Daudet was rich and famous, the latter found himself too busy to fulfill a contract which he had made to furnish a magazine story, and bought a manuscript from LeRoux, and used it as his (Daudet's) own. The real author, according to the statement made to the students, held his tongue and let the world suppose the story was written by the man who thus palmed it off as his own.

Of course, M. Hugues LeRoux claims it was all right. But part of the trouble now is for Americans to make up their minds whether these delightful lectures, to which they are listening really have been composed by him who delivers them, or were purchased in France, to bring over here for delivery to the people of a country where whatever bears a foreign label, in literature or art, commands double the price that could be got for it at home. — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

How to Write Stories. — In the editor's study of *Harper's Magazine* for May, Mr. Alden again has something to say of stories and story writing. Here is some of his good advice: —

"In any great story the creative work is not only done first, but it is done 'without observation' — it is a part of that emotional and mental culture of which we have spoken, and which, in the soul of an artist, becomes a storage that, like the lightning-burdened cloud, must have precipitate release. This image is too violent, perhaps, to indicate the expression of the artist's mood, which, whatever its tension, has a more stable temperament and more gradual release than have the elemental forces of nature; but the operation is, like that of these forces, spontaneous and inevitable.

"There is no mental storage save of power; the writer's culture is a growth of his power, the exercise of which is as natural as the flowing of the fountain which becomes the stream. It is a part of his life, with the creative quality of life, tireless in action as are respiration and pulsation; there is no burden, since in this, as in the physical world, weight is but another name for an attraction. The burden of the artist's work is in the inertia of his material, which through industry and discipline is translated into force, an unveiled force in the material itself, and, through reaction, a structural strength in the artist himself, manifest in his firm workmanship, until finally difficulty becomes facility."

BOOK REVIEWS.

GRAYSTONE. By William Jasper Nicolls. 338 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1902.

Many people no doubt will find Mr. Nicolls's novel entertaining. It certainly has variety of incident and a sustained interest throughout. Mr. Nicolls, however, has put his materials together clumsily, and he is lacking in a sense of proportion and in humor. If he had not dilated on his heroine's physical charms at such frequent and effusive intervals, moreover, the book would have been much improved. She is a ravishing beauty, and in describing her loveliness and her costumes Mr. Nicolls lays himself open to criticism. For instance, in one passage he shows us "Ruth, with her dreamy, softly-rounded chin nestling deep in her shapely brown hand." Again he says: "And thus, Lieutenant Arthur Waring found her, a rosy tint on each brown cheek, her expressive mouth, showing faultlessly white teeth and a lurking gravity, her wavy, dark-brown hair in graceful curves about her glorious head, and her eyes — laughing, teasing, wide-open, astonished eyes — looking

straight into his." At another time, "she loosened her dark hair, which fell below her knees in enveloping, glorious sinuosity." Mr. Nicolls tells us that in the society of the hero "she imbibed pure draughts of wisdom and common sense. He could quote from the writings of almost any author of repute, and no subject was too complex for him to explain." Yet, on one occasion, after a misunderstanding with his lady love, he groaned: "I was a fool to risk a companionship which in time might have ripened into something more desirous." The book would have been much improved by careful editing. A. G. G.

THE SURPRISES OF AN EMPTY HOTEL. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. 292 pp. Cloth. New York: The Home Publishing Co. 1902.

Admirers of Archibald Clavering Gunter will not be disappointed in his latest romance. The scene is laid at Narragansett Pier, and the story involves enough excitement, mystery, and love-making to arouse the interest of the most jaded reader. The book contains illustrations, including several excellent half-tone reproductions of photographs taken at Narragansett Pier. A. G. G.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA—1902. 550 pp. Paper, 25 cents. By mail, 35 cents. New York: Press Publishing Co. 1902.

Simply invaluable to writers are the annual issues of the New York World Almanac. The new volume has more than 500 pages of agate type, and contains a wealth of up-to-date information, facts and statistics, which can be found nowhere else. The writer who has a copy of the book on his desk will use it oftener than any other work of reference. And it is marvelously cheap. W. H. H.

ON SELF-CULTURE. Intellectual, Physical, and Moral. By John Stuart Blackie. Printed in shorthand. 67 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Co. 1902

Blackie's essay on "Self-Culture," printed here in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography, makes an admirable reading book for students of shorthand, to whom it is recommended. W. H. H.

BUSINESS LETTERS. I. — Miscellaneous Correspondence. 51 pp. Stiff paper. 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Co. 1902.

This little book contains seventy-one letters written in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography, and also printed, for a key, in ordinary type. It will be a useful practice book for Benn Pitman writers. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

GRAPHOLOGY. By Mary H. Booth. 32 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Detroit: Bookkeeper Publishing Co. 1902.

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL ATTRACTION. By Eugene Del Mar. 79 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Denver: The Smith-Brooks Printing Co. 1901.

THE LETTERS OF MILDRED'S MOTHER TO MILDRED. By E. D. Price. 153 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A NOTEWORTHY LETTER OF WHITTIER'S. William Lyon Phelps. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

MR SWINBURNE. With portrait from life, by J. W. Alexander. Edmund Gosse. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

THE SUMMER LIFE OF THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("Carmen Sylva"). Illustrated. Zoe de Batchano. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

JOHN FISKE: AN APPRECIATION. Thomas Sergeant Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. James Ford Rhodes. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY. Othon G. Guerlac. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

LITERARY HEAVY-WEIGHTS OR LIGHT LITERATURE. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for May.

BROWNING'S TREATMENT OF NATURE.—II. Stopford Brooke. *Critic* (28 c) for May.

HAS AMERICA OUTGROWN MATTHEW ARNOLD. J. P. Mowbray. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES: SHELLEY. Illustrated. Clara E. Laughlin. *Delineator* (18 c.) for May.

WORDSWORTH. Arthur Symons. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

SHAKESPEARE AS PROSE WRITER. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

VICTOR HUGO. Havelock Ellis. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

VICTOR HUGO. Havelock Ellis. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 22.

SHAKESPEARE AS PROSE WRITER. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 22.

MRS. GALLUP'S BACON. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 22.

WORDSWORTH. Arthur Symons. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 29.

EDWIN MARKHAM: A PROPHET-POET OF THE FRATERNAL STATE. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND THE BEES. Axel Emil Gibson. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

THE EARLY HAUNTS OF MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Charles F. Wimberly. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

THE CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO. Paul Bourget. Reprinted from the *London Times* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 5.

SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 5.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF J. R. GREEN. Louise Creighton. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 12.

ON RELIGIOUS NOVELS. Jane H. Findlater. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 19.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who in private life is Mrs. Stephen Townsend, is a patient in the Riverview Sanitarium at Fishkill, N. Y. Her illness is not serious, but painful.

Mrs. Helen H. Gardener was married in Washington, April 9, to Lieutenant Colonel Selden Allen Day, U. S. A. Colonel and Mrs. Day left later for Fort Williams, Me., where Colonel Day is stationed.

The will of the poet, Aubrey de Vere, just published in London, names four literary executors—Wilfrid Ward, Wilfrid Meynell, Mrs. Towle, and Miss Agnes Lambert. He left $250 to the first one of these who should undertake to edit certain correspondence, and Mr. Ward will do that.

"Mark Twain" has bought a country house at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Last year there were 4,955 books published in England, as against 5,760 in 1900.

Harper's Weekly has inaugurated the experiment of publishing fiction without the author's signature, and several writers whose stories were accepted prior to the adoption of the rule are wroth in consequence. Even serials are treated in this fashion.

The first meeting of the "Brainworkers' Association" will be held in New York May 11. According to the announcement, "The Brainworkers' Association is an organization whose object is the development of the best that thought can produce — in art, letters, the drama, religion, and every activity of life. Its aim is co-operation and its activities will be carried out through a fund which will be available when necessary to supplement genius. No branch of brainwork will be neglected. The officers are Edwin Markham, president, and Col. W. D'H. Washington, great-grandnephew of the first President, secretary."

The four children of F. Marion Crawford have obtained permission from the New York supreme court to place the name Marion after their Christian names, hyphenated with their surname. Therefore, they are all Marion-Crawfords now.

The late Cardinal Manning, justly called a modern master of language, was accustomed, it is said, to read Miss Austin's "Mansfield Park" once a year for the sake of the English.

The idea of pensions for authors has never taken a foothold in this country, but in England the practice is continued in the royal literary fund, from which during the year ending March 1, 35 grants were given, amounting to $13,000. The fund has a regular income, however, of only about $8,000.

Richard Burton has become the literary adviser of the Lothrop Company, Boston.

A new magazine called *The South: Old and New* will make its first appearance from Atlanta early in May.

The *Oracle* is a new magazine published in Richmond, Va.

Ideals is a new magazine about the size of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, published at Albion, Neb.

Sail and Sweep (Detroit) is a new monthly devoted to aquatic pastimes.

The *Magazine of American History*, which Mrs. Martha J. Lamb published for many years, has been revived under its old title, but in a much smaller form. The new magazine is issued at one dollar a year, from the office of the American Tract Society, New York.

Pearson's (New York), for April, has portraits of Albert Bigelow Paine, Henry Van Dyke, William Allen White, Helen Churchill Candee, Gouverneur Morris, and Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English died at Newark, N. J., April 1, aged eighty-two.

Junius Henri Browne died in New York April 2, aged seventy years.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage died in Washington April 12, aged seventy years.

Frank R. Stockton died in Washington April 20, aged sixty-eight.

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EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XXVI.—BY THE EDITOR OF *The Pilgrim*.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity proffered by the editor of THE WRITER to add one to the series of editorial talks which have been appearing in this magazine. Nevertheless, I am not entirely sure that this series might not better give place to one of talks by contributors to editors — not the kind of talks that we are constantly favored with, concerning our sins, our delay in publishing choice contributions, our wantonness in cutting down an article which could not be made to fit our columns in any other way, or our lack of intelligent discrimination which results in the declination of so many priceless gems of literature. Everybody knows that all the magazines rejected "Sartor Resartus" before it finally got into print, and the professional contributor has been talking about that quite long enough. We editors are getting touchy about it, and all the more so because of the knowledge in our heart of hearts that none of us would accept "Sartor" to-day if it were offered to us. But a talk from contributors, taking the form of suggestions of good magazine ideas, attractive special articles, or some way of breaking the heavy bond of convention that seems to have settled down upon magazines and their writers, would be listened to, I believe, with interest and respect.

The request of the editor of THE WRITER for a talk to contributors, on the other hand, impresses me a little as do the calls of those writers who come periodically into my office — as no doubt they do into the offices of other editors — and, sitting themselves down, cheerfully say: "Now, just let me know what kind of matter you need — just suggest a subject for the article, and I will be glad to furnish it."

In brief, the demand is that we editors should furnish ideas, and we know, ourselves, (although we are rather chary of saying it) that ideas are exactly what we most need to buy.

As a contributor to magazines and other periodicals, I have learned that it is always easier to sell an idea than an article. To watch the course of current events, study the characteristics of the magazines, pick your editor shrewdly, and then ask him if he does not want an article on some topic about which people are talking and are likely to talk long enough for the article to be timely when it appears — six weeks or two months later — is the very surest way to get a hearing in the

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magazine, and to make the editor your devoted adherent.

But, to come to the concrete needs of the *Pilgrim*, or, at least, such of them as I find the most difficulty in satisfying, I should say that the hardest thing to get is the illustrated feature article, of from 2,500 to 4,000 words, which shall either be upon some new matter of general immediate interest, or if it be upon some historical, literary, art, social, or even commonplace subject, is treated with such vivacity and literary skill as to make it readable. Brand new subjects are not always easy to find. The magazines which can afford to send contributors to the ends of the earth to write up some strange and exotic phenomenon of nature or society are few and far between; and I am not sure that such articles attract nearly so great a clientele as the cleverly, strikingly, originally written article about some man or some matter near at hand. For instance, there is nothing that has been done more thoroughly than the American literary shrine at Concord; and yet, a few months ago, a young Boston writer sent to the *Pilgrim* an article on this subject that has brought to us more commendatory words than, perhaps, anything else that we have printed within a year.

Literary skill can make almost any subject interesting. The *Pilgrim*, like other magazines, is eager to find contributors who possess this art.

Next to the illustrated descriptive articles, the matter that I have found hardest to secure is the very short story — about that form of fiction which our contemporary, Mr. Munsey, calls a "storiette." The story of 2,000 words, and up to the serial which will run through twelve numbers, is a comparatively plentiful offering to almost every magazine; but the short one, of less than 2,000 words, which actually has a bit of a plot, a deal of good character sketching and some literary touches, is rare indeed. And a *cheerful* one is almost unattainable.

One of the ways in which I hope to make the *Pilgrim* different from other magazines is by the treatment of economics, social and political questions, from a point of view quite different from that assumed by the older publications. Among the people — the seventy-eight millions of American citizens, there are sharp differences of opinion on questions of this sort, and their division is so nearly equal that, every four years, we find the country very much in doubt, up to a month or two before election day, whether the party which stands for existing conditions, or the one which seeks to change them, is likely to win. Yet, it has seemed to me, and I think it must to every observer, that the magazines and the weekly papers of this country are practically a unit in support of whatever is, be it political, social or economical, — right or wrong.

It is true that few of the magazines have a political policy, or, at least, one indicated by editorial expression or comment; but it is usually their practice, if they are going to have an article on some matter of political discussion, to get it written by a man who will express the views of the party in power, or of the classes that dominate the nation. I remember, some years ago, when I was an editorial writer on a newspaper which had a reputation for being radical, that I thought, even in *its* columns, certain lines of political thought were ignored, and I suggested to the owner that he start a column to be called "The Other Side," for which the paper could not be editorially responsible, but in which the people who did not think in the way of the conservatives on all important political questions might have their say. The proposition was promptly suppressed as revolutionary, but I still think it would be a good thing for a daily newspaper, and it is my purpose in the *Pilgrim* to give people an opportunity to tell and to read the other side, provided they can tell it interestingly.

The primary purpose of the *Pilgrim* is to entertain, and it is not difficult to secure entertaining literary matter, our chief needs in that line being those I have mentioned. Its instructive features, which, by the way, to be profitable, ought to be so handled as to be entertaining as well, are roughly to be separated into two classes: the domestic and those treating of public questions. It is not difficult to find satisfactory matter for the first class, although we welcome suggestions and manuscript pertaining to it. For the second, it is

harder to find suitable articles. It is difficult to find writers whose views are unconventional and at the same time sane, who feel what they write, and who still keep their tempers — who do not hold that everything as it exists to-day is precisely right, and that to urge a change is treason and anarchism; but who, in urging changes, will recognize that, on the whole, the course of society is upward and onward, and that, in the lifetime of our children, perhaps, many of the institutions which it is revolutionary to attack will be regarded as quite as unjust and intolerable as that chattel slavery, which, only fifty years ago, was an established constitutional institution of the United States, protected by the Federal supreme court, defended by the great financial interests, the churches, and the colleges, and attacked chiefly by a few people who wrote for the so-called "abolitionist" press.

Concerning payment: The *Pilgrim* has not any "average rate," though I am often asked what it is. We have paid ten cents a word and we have paid half a cent a word. Perhaps a cent a word comes as near the average as one can guess, but it is my practice to consider quality more than quantity in fixing the price. As to poetry, I confess with some trepidation that the *Pilgrim* does not offer a very good market, and that we buy but little except from poets of established name.

That confession, I fear, may open the way for a contributor's talk of the sort I deprecated in my opening paragraph.

Willis J. Abbot.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.

WHAT "MERE LITERATURE" IS.

It was while I was right in the beginning of my exalted enthusiasm for all things literary that I first came across in a magazine the term "mere literature." Now, in my eyes a man who could write delightfully was emperor of the universe. Homer, Plato, Virgil, Horace, Emerson, and all the host of those mighty ones who played with words as Jove handles the thunderbolts, sending them here and there, caressing them, launching them hotly, endowing them with smiles, tears, rage, and all the passions and truths of humanity at will, loomed in my mind's eye in such heroic proportions that Alexander, Pyrrhus, Caesar, Napoleon were nothing but vulgar brawlers in comparison with them. Comparison! Comparison was no more possible between these two classes of fighters than between Phillips Brooks fighting for the Lord and a fistic champion mauling a man for the gate receipts. The fates of the Chattertons of history were black and bottomless reservoirs into which I poured floods of loving sympathy and profound regret, mingled with pitying scorn for the blind and sordid contemporaries who had allowed them to suffer so. Had I been offered a choice between the lot of a Poe and that of a king, I should have smiled in derision. Poe was one of the chosen; a kingship was circusring ostentation and vulgarity. When I read that Hawthorne, with his royal six dollars a week, had exclaimed in sorrow, on learning that his college chum Pierce had allowed himself to be named for the presidency of the United States, "Oh, Frank, how could you do it!" I perfectly understood him. It was just the sentiment I should have expected in one who stood so high in my immortal band of heroes as he stood, and my heart glowed with pride and joy in his nobility and strength.

Now, as it was indubitably literature that these revered ones had written; as it was, indeed, literature that made them the revered heroes that they were, the term *mere* literature. Well, *mere*! "Where would the Bible have been but for mere literature?" I thought, in my scorn and indignation. "Was not Sanchoniathon mere literature? What was Thucy-

dides? Were Xenophon, Aeschylus, Plutarch, Carlyle, Wordsworth anything if not mere literature?" Laugh at this who will, but these were my idols, and they were all mere literature. To disparage literature was to attempt to belittle them, and although I think I had learned by that time that nobody can truly dishonor anybody or anything but himself; that if one cannot see the beauties of a beautiful thing it is he who suffers, not those who are aware of those beauties; and that beauty is not affected by that blindness, still my frame of mind was more like that of the Greek who, though feeling that his unjust enemy would certainly be punished sooner or later, trembled lest he should not be there to see it, than it was like that of the more advanced stage, which realizes the loveliness of turning the other cheek.

But since those youthful days I have changed my ideas regarding mere literature. Between mere literature and literature there appears to me to be a difference, a difference that is vital and vast. While the first may be a beautiful writing, it is nothing more; but the other is a beautiful writing and something else, a something else which I formerly confounded with the writing, not seeing that it had a separate and greater existence, or that it *might* have a separate and greater existence of its own. And this something else bears to the writing a relation analagous to that of beauty to the beautiful thing, of virtue to the apparently virtuous act, of, in short, soul to form. A man may be filled with beauty and with the love of it, and yet never paint a beautiful picture, may be unable to paint any kind of a picture at all, while one whose notions of beauty in general are inferior to his may paint very well. So the virtuous man may be unable to act a given virtuous part — as, if he is poor, to give to the needy — which the unvirtuous, who happens to be rich, may do easily. And which is the greater — to be virtuous, or to seem, not being so; to feel beauty, or to paint, not feeling it?

It had been a black and monstrous mystery to me that so many writers, painters, sculptors, composers, statesmen, and orators, lofty geniuses dwelling in the most refined and beautiful atmospheres, apparently, who from their works seemed to be overflowing with soul-beauty, were yet capable of actions which one would think possible only to the lowest. At first I tried to find a satisfactory way out by doubting or flatly denying the facts. Everybody knows that to raise one's head above the dead level of mediocrity in any direction is to become a glittering target for both above and below, both before and behind, as well as for the enemies of one's own house, and it was easier for me to believe, for instance, that St. Pierre had been slandered than that the author of the immortal "Paul and Virginia" could be guilty of the charges against him; and so with so many others. But the evidence grew convincing, and as it became certain that one might produce what the world calls great works, might be beautiful in person, live in the rarest regions of society, art, literature, and science, and still be what that same world names narrow-minded, or immoral, even criminal, the reason why began to appear to me, as reasons have a way of doing when they are really necessary, and in its white light vanished all my indignation regarding mere literature. For that product then first began to dawn on me as something very much less than real literature — it was the picture without the appreciation of true beauty in the artist, or the observer; the act devoid of the informing virtue; the letter minus the spirit; a beautiful writing lacking the something else. I saw that to create mere literature a certain knack is required, a facility of expression in ink, that it is an art, an art which may be acquired, and quite distinct from all-round greatness of soul, like the ability to build good houses, write a beautiful hand, or dance gracefully.

When Charles Sprague wrote: "Not many generations ago, where you now sit circled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared," he gave us a good example of fine writing only, of mere literature. Emerson in the following furnishes the writing and the something else, furnishes literature: "God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives that the mind is ripened.

Then we behold them, and the time that we saw them not is like a dream."

It is plain enough that mere literature is a beautiful casket with no jewels within, a pretty rose made of colored paper, a lovely body inanimate, a lot of fine phrases and periods and nothing said. It is a toy, a relaxation, a pleasure. The smallest soul can produce it if only the knack is present, the greatest cannot if the knack is lacking. Given the soul and the knack, the spirit and the letter, the something else and the writing, immortal truth and the art of putting it, then Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Emerson,—in short, literature!

But this is not all. While it is evident that, on the one hand, many lofty sentiments may be engagingly expressed in writing by one who has the knack and not the soul, by one who does not feel or believe or understand all he writes,—witness Pope in the "Essay on Man," —on the other hand it is quite as plain that not only may the great soul fail now and then to clothe itself adequately in words,—we are told that even Homer sometimes nods,—but that the small soul may be great in a given direction, and the great small. Here seem to be reasons enough why we should not feel astonished to read almost any kind of sentiment written by almost any kind of man. Further, some of the greatest souls may be disinclined or unable to express themselves in literary form at all, their inward beauty flowing outward in other channels. "Much of the wisdom of the world is not wisdom, and the most illuminated class of men are, no doubt, superior to literary fame, and are not writers," Emerson thought. Although I see no reason why they should not express themselves in this as well as any other way, if the ability is there, caring for the something else and not for fame, wishing to exercise the power within them and not weakly to bid for the applause of men, still, it is clear from all this that "mere literature" is not literature, that it is a thing apart from any greatness in the producer, except in the direction of literary art. One may have the highest ideas about some things and the lowest about others, for high and low are only relative, and depend even more largely than is readily acknowledged upon custom, education, environment, time standards; so that what seems high and good to one person or age seems low and evil to another. Machiavelli was a good man by all standards, in his motives and habits, yet he thought it necessary in his age and with his people to hold that the end justifies the means; for in no other way, according to his lights, could good morals and a stable government be preserved. Some good people think war good, and a high calling, in view of the end, while others declare it unconditionally low and evil. One lady of an epicurean French court held that all so-called moral people were hypocrites, and worse than the immoral, that they were in reality only those of the immoral who had not yet been found out. And this lady who, from such sentiments as this, would hardly be supposed to possess a great soul, wrote the loftiest truths very entertainingly.

In the light of the principle here disclosed, it would seem that no lover of pure letters need take offence at the term "mere literature," any more than the painter need deprecate "mere art," the lawyer "mere law," or the merchant "mere business"; for "mere literature," though it is a beautiful thing, is not real literature. When one expresses an immortal truth engagingly in writing, that is literature; but to succeed in producing only the engaging writing, without the immortal truth, is a different matter. That is mere literature.

Therefore, and lastly, if, as is sometimes charged against them, scientists employ the term "mere literature" in quite another sense from that given here; if they let fly the allusion as a kind of arrow of reproach, or slight, at the expression of an immortal, ideal truth, as distinguished from a concrete fact—well, then, who sweats, the sun or Heracles? The day comes when such a scientist sees that he has been attacking, vainly, the very source of his own existence as a thinking being, the very source to prove which is the only reason for the existence of any of his so highly valued facts, the source without which he would be nothing; and that it is he himself who in the mean time has been producing very good samples of the real Simon Pure mere literature in the stating of his facts. Thus wisdom works her revenges, and scorn returns home.

BOSTON, MASS. *Herbert Winthrop Ilsley.*

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A suitable topic for a literary article of current interest just now would be "The Vogue of Clinton Scollard." A magazine published now without Mr. Scollard's name in the table of contents is distinctly out of fashion. Just how Mr. Scollard can write so much pleasing rhyme, and, more remarkable still, just how he gets editors of all classes to accept it, nobody has yet discovered, and the subject certainly is worthy of close investigation. One well-known New England poet used to make it his rule to write at least three poems every day. Many of them, of course, were not up to the standard of his ideal, but he did his best with each, neglecting no pains to make it as good as possible, and he used to find at the end of the year that he had produced an astonishingly large number of good manuscripts. Maybe Mr. Scollard in years past has pursued this plan, and, going a step further, has persistently offered his manuscripts to editors. In that case there would naturally be an accumulation of Scollard poems in editorial offices, and the present universal publication of them would naturally be accounted for. At all events Mr. Scollard now is a man much envied by brother poets, and if plentiful publication increases fame, the frequency of the appearance of his name in the contents tables and the consequent prosperity of his bank account are both likely to increase.

* * *

Philip Hale, in the *Boston Journal*, shows clearly why a singular verb is used with a collective noun. Somebody asked him if the sentence, "The audience are requested," is right. In reply he says: "There is an audience. There are audiences. An audience is requested. Audiences are requested."

* * *

Whenever Dr. Holmes received a complimentary copy of a book from its self-satisfied author, he used to make haste to write his acknowledgment of the receipt of the volume, thanking the author for sending it and saying: "I anticipate the very greatest pleasure in reading it." That saved him from the necessity of expressing his opinion of it later on. Disraeli was not so diplomatic. He once wrote to an author whose book he had received: "I thank you for the book you sent me, and will lose no time in reading it."

* * *

Some evidence that literary ability is inherited is given by the June *St. Nicholas*, which has contributions from Ethel Parton, daughter

of James Parton; Rosalind Richards, daughter of Laura E. Richards; Clarence Edwin Booth Grossman, grandson of Edwin Booth; and Ellen Biddle Shipman, daughter of Louis Evan Shipman.

* * *

Who is the greatest American poet? Thomas Wentworth Higginson in a recent address at Swarthmore put Whittier and Longfellow above the rest, but not everybody will agree with him. Somebody says that the names which almost unconsciously come to one who is about to name representative American poets are Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes and Poe, all, by the way, born in New England. The names of Aldrich—also a New Englander—Whitman, Gilder, Hayne, and Lanier might well be added to the list. But which of all these, or what other, is the poet of first rank?

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Mackerel Very Plenty. — *Boston Transcript headline.*	Mackerel Very Numerous.
A will was brought to be photographed, because it stated something about carrying out secret instructions. There was none. — *New York Sun.*	A will was brought to be photographed, because it stated something about carrying out secret instructions. There were none.
They set about persuading him to make a short stop here. — *New York World.*	They set about persuading him to make a short stay here.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NOVEL.

Evolutionists explain the past by means of laws operative in the present, deducing from survivals what general conditions once were; and, in a like manner, we may infer, broadly, of course, the future of society, and correlatively, its art. The developed future is always predicted in the struggling embryos of the present. In the world of to-day are the swelling acorns of future forecasts.

Fiction already commands the present in the form of the novel of manners. It outranks verse and the drama as a medium of expression. It is so flexible, and admits of so many points of view, and comprehends so much of the allied arts, that it has come to be the most authoritative form of expression in the chief cities of Europe. At its best, it is an almost unequaled means of enlightenment, and, in my judgment, it will continue to exercise this great power. It will remain to occupy a high seat in the synagogue, with the drama on its right and with poetry on its left.

No other medium of expression, save the drama, is so sensitive to change of taste as the novel. Change is sure, — what will it be? I like to employ, at this point, a sentence from Whitman, who said: "All that the past was not, the future will be." If the past was bond, the future will be free. If the past was aristocratic, the future will be for the people. If the past ignored and trampled upon the rights of women and children, the future will respect and cherish them, and fiction will embody these changes. If the present is plutocratic, filled with conscienceless greed and lust of power, the future will be contented and humble, and of good-fellowship. If the past was filled with the history of a few titled personalities riding high on the shoulders of toiling, nameless thousands, then the future must be the day of high average personality and the powerful working of comrades, equals before nature and in the eyes of the lawgiver, and fiction will celebrate this life together with its sister, poesy.

One of the central elements of unchanging power in every great literature is sincerity,—and this simple basic principle leads to contemporaneousness. The great writers of the past did not consciously write "for all time" or even for the future. They wrote of those things which interested them most. They believed in what they were doing, and did it as well as possible,—and, broadly speaking, their work is of their time.

The fiction of the future, in my judgment, will be mainly contemporaneous study of life as it adapts itself to a changing environment. If it is admirable, it will be sincere, and if it is sincere, it will be contemporaneous.

"All original art," says Mark Twain, "is self-regulative. It does not imitate, does not follow models. It stands before life and reflects life, and is accountable to life and conscience only." The best fiction of the new century, like that of the old, must be original,—

must not be founded on models. If the fiction of the past was largely occupied with themes of lust and greed of war, the novelist of the future will vastly modify them, or eschew them altogether.

The fiction of the past twenty years has come to deal even more intimately with men and women, and we may safely conclude that this will continue. The individual will count for more, the type for less. As Véron puts it, "We care no longer for gods and heroes; we care for men." This is especially to be seen in biography. We are demanding to know the man, Lincoln, the true Grant, the real Washington. Even in the romantic novel, the hero is required to have a peculiarity or two, to differentiate him from others.

I think I am safe in saying that the fiction of the future will show more humor and sympathy while losing nothing of genuine power. It will delineate the thousand-fold minute adjustments of our complex civilization to its ever-changing environment. It will be simpler in method than the novel of the nineteenth century, and subtler, with less passion and a finer art. It will put its teaching and its criticism into general effects, rather than into epigrams.

It will exemplify rather than preach. This will change the form. Perhaps it will approach the drama in that its characters will come out from the background in very high relief. Even the so-called historical novel will reflect, not the past, but the life and tastes of the writer and his readers.

Thus it appears that the fiction of the twentieth century is forecast in the fiction of the present. — *Hamlin Garland, in Success.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Elsa Barker, whose poem, "A Maiden," was printed in the May *Century*, has attracted considerable attention during the last year by the publication in the *Smart Set* and other magazines of numerous fragments from a quatrain-sequence called "The Book of Love." These quatrains express the real feeling of a woman in all the stages of a passionate love, beginning in ecstasy and going through doubt, jealousy, and despair to final renunciation and peace. Mrs. Barker has also contributed many other poems and stories to various magazines: the *Bookman*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, the *Criterion*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Town Topics*, the *Independent*, etc. She has several poems now awaiting publication in the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the *Era*, *Munsey's*, and the *Smart Set*, some of which are to have full-page illustrations. Last year she was engaged for several months on a volume of Mythology, Legends, and Folk-Tales, known as Volume III. of the Success Library. This book, which was planned and edited by her, and written partly by her and partly under her direction, attempts to give, in the limited space of six hundred pages, a representative collection of the folk-tales, fables, mythologies, and epic legends of the principal nations of the world. In the department of Mythology, for instance, ten distinct myth systems are explained and illustrated, beginning with the Hindoo and ending with the American Indian. Mrs. Barker at one time was a special writer for nearly all of the New York papers and the McClure syndicate; but two years ago she abandoned journalism for more serious work. She is now engaged on a poetic drama, the subject and title of which have not yet been announced. It is her intention to devote her life to lyric and dramatic poetry.

Zona Gale, whose poem, "The Love Chase," appears in the *Smart Set* for June, is a native of Wisconsin, and was graduated from Wisconsin University in 1895, taking her master's degree in literature and philosophy two years later. In the mean time she did newspaper work in Milwaukee, on the staff of the *Evening Wisconsin* and the *Journal*. A year and a half ago she came to New York, and went on the staff of the *World*. Four months ago she left regular newspaper work to devote herself to other writing, though she has done articles since then for the *Herald* and the *Sun*. At college she was class poet. Since coming to New York, she has had verses and articles accepted by the *Bookman*, the *Smart Set*, *Munsey's*, the *Century*, and *Success*. At pre-

sent she holds the position of secretary to Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"Marion Gregory," whose story, "The Hand of Providence," was published in the *Delineator* for May, is the pen name of Luellen Cass Teters. She is well-known to the general reading public as a contributor to *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Smart Set*, *Town Topics*, *Ainslee's*, *Gardner's Magazine*, the *Chaperone*, *Dixie*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and various other publications. Although an Easterner by birth, Miss Teters is one of the young charter members of the Denver Press Club, which organization embraces leading writers of the West. As a very young girl, she wrote for the old familiar *Peterson's Magazine*, *Godey's*, and *Demorest's*. At present her work is for the current magazines, and she is also engrossed with that desideratum of all literary aspirants, a novel, by no means the first that has been requested of her, but the first of her extended productions to which she prefers to put her name. Miss Teters comes of a fighting, "persistent" stock. She is the great-grand-niece of Lewis Cass,—general, statesman, and minister to France for successive administrations,—and the daughter of Colonel Wilbert Barton Teters, whose brilliant war record, when he fought against his cousin, General Robert E. Lee, is a part of the history of Ohio.

Kate W. Hamilton, whose Oklahoma story, "M'lindy," appeared in the *Century* for May, has for years contributed sketches, stories, and editorial work to papers and magazines too numerous to mention. Much of her work has been done for children and young people, and has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Forward*, *St. Nicholas*, etc. Probably the work most widely known is a little story, "Thanksgiving Ann," which has been published and republished as a leaflet, both in this country and abroad, and distributed by the hundreds of thousands for missionary purposes. Miss Hamilton has had a number of books published by the Presbyterian Board, the Pilgrim Press, and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Among her latest books are "The Kinkaid Venture," "The Hand with the Keys," and "The Parson's Proxy." Miss Hamilton comes of old New England stock — Scotch-Irish originally. She was born near Schenectady, N. Y., but has lived most of her life in the West, and the greater part of her work has been done there.

"Frederick Walworth," who wrote the story, "The Baptism of the Buzzards," in *Everybody's Magazine* for May, is a lawyer practising in the city of Chicago, and a graduate of Princeton, class of '97. His literary work so far has been confined to short stories, but he intends soon to try his hand at a longer piece of fiction.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Crawford.—Most of Marion Crawford's serious work is done in New York City, where he maintains a regular residence. Mr. Crawford is more striking than any even of his most fascinating characters, and his New York living-place is worthy of his unique individuality. It is at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, at the southwest corner of Thirteenth Street. With the exception of that portion taken by the novelist, the building is occupied entirely for business purposes, being let in lofts or floors. Mr. Crawford took a long lease of the rear part of the fourth floor, and remodeled it to suit his tastes. He has a passion for large rooms, born of his life in the great Italian palaces, and in this respect he has indulged himself in his New York apartments at a rate that would make the average American stare. The main room is about sixty feet long by thirty-five feet wide, larger than many meeting-halls. It is an absolute impossibility to conduct ordinary conversation across this room. Its vastness is still further emphasized by the plainness and scantiness of the furniture. To be sure, there is enough in the place to fill an ordinary flat to overflowing, but in this huge room it is almost lost. The most striking object in the place is a monster divan, nine feet long and five or six feet in width. This is the novelist's bed. It is a peculiarity of the Crawford family that they never sleep in made-up beds, like other people. They never want to feel that they are really retiring for the night. They simply "lie down for a few moments' rest" and then

when they wake up again, it's the next morning. This trait is particularly strongly developed in Mr. Crawford, and in his Italian home at Sorrento he has divans, like the one in the New York establishment, scattered all over the house. Another peculiarity is that he never reads by the ordinary lights. His valet secures one of those great altar candles used by the Roman Catholic churches, the biggest to be had. This candle is cut into short lengths, one of which is placed at the head of the bed. It gives a beautiful soft, yellow light which the novelist declares is better for reading than anything else in the world.

Mr. Crawford always comes to America late in September or early in October, and settles down in his Fifth Avenue quarters until the latter part of January or early February. For six days in the week he works in the big room of which I have spoken, at a large desk that stands near one of the several windows that face Thirteenth Street. On Sunday he never touches a pen; but from Monday morning until Saturday night he gets at his desk before eight o'clock in the morning and works until noon. Up to this time he has eaten little or nothing—a cup of coffee and a roll, or perhaps a soft-boiled egg. At noon he goes to a near-by French restaurant for his *déjeuner*. It is a real *déjeuner*, not a luncheon, and constitutes his main meal.

It is doubtful whether there is any other living person who can produce quite so much first-class "copy" as Mr. Crawford. It is an ordinary thing for him to write five thousand words in a day, and he really "writes" it. He tried dictating several times, but somehow could never make any headway. His "copy" is a work of art, but very unpopular with the printing fraternity. He writes a beautiful, clean, copperplate hand, and when he starts out his letters are of a very good size and as legible as typewriting. But as he proceeds the letters grow smaller and smaller, until finally they are not much larger than a pin head. Some conception of the minuteness of his writing may be had when it is stated that his copy will generally run 1,750 words to a page.

Mr. Crawford generally writes a complete novel of one hundred and fifty thousand words or more during his New York stay. At his Italian home in Sorrento Mr. Crawford does comparatively little work. There he devotes most of his time to his four children, two boys and two girls, none of whom has ever been to America. Mrs. Crawford, who belongs to an old American family, comes across with her husband once every two or three years, but rarely makes a long stay. For working purposes in Italy Mr. Crawford some time ago leased an ancient watch-tower on the Calabrian coast. It is two days' sail from Sorrento, but entirely out of the track of travel. The only thing there is to it is a dungeon with a keep above. It stands on a rocky little islet, facing a tiny rock-bound harbor. The novelist has fitted up the keep in a scanty fashion, and here he settles down for weeks at a time, writing steadily, his chair facing the broad, blue Mediterranean. During his residence here he is compelled to live on fish and eggs, which his sailors secure on the main coast. The sailors are present because Mr. Crawford always makes the trip on his own yacht, a staunch schooner, sixty feet long, built in America.

Mr. Crawford sailed this schooner across the Atlantic. He is a master mariner, holding a Captain's license, and always when afloat serves as one of the regular crew, taking his turn at the watches. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

Deland. — Margaret Deland says: "It is my habit to sit down at my desk about 9 o'clock in the morning, whether I feel like it or not, and work, if I can, until half-past 12 or 1. Sometimes, of course, one has a distinct disinclination for work, but I believe that the habit of industry is, to a great extent, the creator of inclination."

Harte. — And now we are told that Bret Harte wrote the fine story of "Thankful Blossom" in a night. But there's nothing very surprising about that. Your true writer lives out his story — its smiles, its tears, and all — long before he puts pen to paper. The writing of it is an easy matter. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

Harte.—In the course of a long life I have known many writers, and I have never known another so fastidious and so laborious as Bret Harte. His writing materials, the light and

heat, and even the adjustment of the furniture of the writing-room, must be as he desired; otherwise he could not go on with his work. Even when his environment was all that he could wish, there were times when the divine afflatus would not come, and the day's work must be abandoned. My editorial rooms in San Francisco were not far from his secluded den; and often, if he opened my door late in the afternoon, with a peculiar cloud on his face, I knew that he had come to wait for me to go to dinner with him, having given up the impossible task of writing when the mood was not on him. "It's no use, Brooks," he would say. "Everything goes wrong; I cannot write a line! Let's have an early dinner at Martini's." As soon as I was ready, we would go merrily off to dine together, and, having recovered his equanimity, he would stick to his desk through the later hours of the night, slowly forging those masterpieces which cost him so dearly.

Harte was reticent concerning his work while it was in progress. He never let the air in upon his story or his verses. Once, indeed, he asked me to help him in a calculation to ascertain how long a half-sack of flour and six pounds of side-meat would last a given number of persons. This was the amount of provisions he had allowed his outcasts of Poker Flat, and he wanted to know how long the snow-bound scapegoats could live on that supply. — *Noah Brooks, in the New York Times Saturday Review.*

Longfellow.—The two largest sums ever paid to Longfellow for single poems were $3,000 for "The Hanging of the Crane," which amount he received from Robert Bonner in 1874, and $1,000 for the poem "Keramos," which he received from Harper & Bros. in 1877 for its publication in *Harper's Magazine.* —*New York Tribune.*

Montepin. — Xavier de Montépin, the eminent French novelist who died lately, had, like most of his craft, experienced hard times at the beginning of his eventually very successful career. To one experience he always referred with particular zest. On concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure he took it, full of hope, to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterward this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story — one of those serials which were the delight of grisettes — offering any price within reason. "Well," said de Montépin, "I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy, I want £4,000." After many protests it was paid. In telling the story, de Montepin added: "The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected, and which I had in various directions endeavored in vain to dispose of." — *London Chronicle.*

Pemberton. — Max Pemberton has a very individual way of writing his novels. He first writes out the story himself, using many contractions and abbreviations. This manuscript he reads to a typist, who leaves very wide margins between the lines of the transcription. Mr. Pemberton then goes through it again, altering, deleting, and adding, and then has a clean typewritten copy prepared for his printer. Even then he is not content. He habitually makes many alterations in proof while his stories are appearing serially, and often considerably revises them before they appear in final book form. Mr. Pemberton, as a rule, writes two stories, each about eighty thousand words in length, every year. The output is not excessive. The modern author is often accused of undue industry by persons who forget that nowadays novels are less then a quarter the length of "Vanity Fair" or "David Copperfield." — *London Mail.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Guide to Journalism. — For the benefit of those who desire to become facile and fluent writers of news we give the following hints: —

When a woman goes on the stage, she should be described as "a prominent and popular leader of the younger society set."

When a woman horsewhips somebody, she should be referred to as "a prominent figure in society."

When a woman elopes, she should be men-

tioned as "a favorite in the best society for years."

When a woman writes a novel that goes into the 40th edition, she should be identified as "a leader of the exclusive set in ——ville's 400."

When a woman is arrested for kleptomania, do not forget to write that "she has been for years a leader of society."

When a woman shoots somebody, describe her as "a vivacious and charming member of the hunting set."

When a woman is rescued from a burning building, say that "she is receiving the congratulations of her friends in the select circle of society in which she is a favorite."

When a woman joins the "Florodora" sextet, announce that she is "one of ——town's social favorites."

When a woman kidnaps her children, state that "she is a social arbiter in this place."

When a woman sues for divorce, always describe her as "the well-known and beautiful leader of society."—*Boston Herald.*

Qualities Needed by Newspaper Men.—The *New York Sun* says of the late Amos J. Cummings, who worked on that paper for more than thirty years, that he had in the highest degree the journalist's talent. The *Sun* also credits him with a healthy sense of humor, a searching insight into the men he went among and the things he saw, an admirable and pretty catholic earnestness in acquiring knowledge, a zest for the hunt for news that was of the keenest and tireless, and a rapid, graphic imaginative and totally unaffected manner of writing which made him one of the most noted newspaper writers of his time. Here is a description of journalistic talent that may well serve as a goal for any young newspaper man's ambition.—*Boston Herald.*

Literary Don'ts.—Don't tell the editor what your family or friends or literary acquaintances say of your manuscript.

Don't urge the editor to buy your manuscript because you need the money to help you in contributing to the support of your family or in making your way through college.

Don't assume a jaunty, sarcastic, or insistent tone with the editor. Don't coyly ask him to "permit this literary dove to nest in your olive-tree or else return it to the ark at the above address."

Don't try to temper the severity of his judgment by sending him pressed flowers with your manuscript, or to impress him with your literary power and experience by telling him that you "write on the spur of the moment and never correct."

Bear in mind, in short, that the best way to submit a manuscript is simply to submit it, and let it speak for itself.—*Franklin B. Wiley, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Work of the Manuscript Reader.—"How many Readers does the average publishing house employ?"

"About a dozen."

"And through what process does a manuscript—say the manuscript of a novel—go from the time of its receipt to the time of its rejection or acceptance?"

"Well, on its arrival it is entered in a book and given a number. Then it is roughly examined and if it be illiterate it is returned at once to its author, with our polite printed slip of rejection. But modern manuscripts are rarely illiterate; in this age everybody can write; and practically everything submitted to us has some degree of good in it and shows some signs of skill.

"When a manuscript looks promising, it gets eight or nine readings. We wish to know what different minds think of it. They always think different things, and the chapter that one reader praises another denounces in strong terms. But out of all that jumble of contradictory opinions the publisher manages, somehow, to hit on what he believes to be the right course, and this he takes, either accepting or rejecting the work, to find not infrequently that his right course has been the wrong one, after all.

"That is nothing, though. Every publisher and every Reader habitually makes grave mistakes. Their reputations are smirched and blotted over the rejection of I don't know how many manuscripts that later on have made great hits, like 'David Harum' or 'The Crisis'

or 'Trilby.' I said the other day to a young woman whose book we are bringing out: —

"'Your work has just one element of weakness; it hasn't been rejected by enough publishers.'

"'Helen's Babies' had 21 rejections. 'Eben Holden' had 37. 'David Harum' had 42. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had 14. The latest success of a local writer, 'In Search of 'Ma'm'selle,' by George Gibbs, was rejected six or seven times." — *New York Sun.*

Collaboration. — Walter Besant's final views on the subject of literary partnerships are given in his just-published "Autobiography" as follows: —

"If I were asked for my opinion as to collaboration in fiction, it would be decidedly against it. I say this without the least desire to depreciate the literary ability of my friend and collaborateur [James Rice]. The arrangement lasted for ten years, and resulted in as many successful novels. I only mean that, after all, an artist must necessarily stand alone. If two men work together, the result must inevitably bear the appearance of one man's work; the style must be the same throughout; the two men must be rolled into one; each must be loyal to the other; neither can be held responsible for plot, incident, character, or dialogue. There will come a time when both men fret under the condition; when each desires, but is not able, to enjoy the reputation of his own good work; and feels, with a jealousy natural to an artist, irritated by the loss of half of himself and ready to accept the responsibility of failure in order to make sure of the meed of success. Now that Rice is dead, it is impossible for me to lay hands upon any passage or page and to say, 'This belongs to Rice — this is mine.'"

Hints to Fiction Writers. — Among the things said by Gilbert Parker about the art of fiction in a recent address to the Sesame Club in London were these: —

A man must know truth to write a fable.

Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught.

No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a "school" of this or that — of idealism or symbolism or romanticism or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles and by these they live.

In the art of fiction the individual is thrown on his own innate talent.

Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor are soup kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism.

In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book like the motif in an opera.

There is only one test for a novel; that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but, before all, that it be wholesome.

The Book It Pays to Write. — Mr. Heinemann, the publisher, having been asked by William Archer what sort of novel commands the largest and steadiest sale, answered: "Without doubt, the story — the well-told story. From the point of view of enduring popularity, give me the writer who can 'spin a good yarn.' Look, for instance, at the steady vogue of Miss Braddon. The smart society novel and the moral or religious tract may set people talking for a month or so and have a large sale, but they very soon drop out and are forgotten." — *New York Evening Sun.*

Plain Literature the Best. — I suppose one comes to like plain literature as he comes to like plain clothes, plain manners, simple living. What grows with us is the taste for the genuine, the real. The less a writer's style takes thought of itself, the better we like it. The less his dress, his equipage, his house concern themselves about appearances, the more we are pleased with them. Let the purpose be entirely serious, and let the seriousness be pushed till it suggests the heroic; that is what we crave as we grow older and tire of the vanities and shams of the world. — *John Burroughs, in the Century.*

Does Dictation Cause Diffuseness? — Some illuminating testimony on the question as to what extent conciseness is sacrified by writers who resort to the modern practice of dictation,

instead of using their pens, is furnished in Herbert Spencer's latest book. "Up to 1860," says Mr. Spencer, "my books and review articles were written. Since then they have been dictated. There is a prevailing belief that dictation is apt to cause diffuseness, and I think the belief is well founded. It was once remarked to me by two good judges—the Leweses—that the style of 'Social Statics' is better than the style of my later works; assuming this opinion to be true, the contrast may, I think, be ascribed to the deteriorating effect of dictation. A recent experience strengthens me in this conclusion. When finally revising 'First Principles,' which was dictated, the cutting out of superfluous words, clauses, sentences, and sometimes paragraphs had the effect of abridging the work by fifty pages—about one-tenth."—*Boston Herald.*

Novelists and Women's Clothes.—Guy de Maupassant made it a rule never to enter into details in describing a lady's dress, and for two good reasons—he had not the special knowledge of a dressmaker and there is nothing that so quickly grows old-fashioned as a fashionable dress. In dealing with that of one of his heroines, he wrote in this wise:—

"I say, what a fine appearance you make today! What chic!"

"That is because I am in a new dress. I am glad you think it nice."

"Charming. A beautiful harmony. It must be said that the sense of delicate shades is now cultivated." And then, going around her, he drew out the silk and arranged the folds to fall more gracefully. "It is a perfect fit," he said, "and in all respects just right. And it is so becoming to you."

This description might do for any century, as it bears no date. A detailed description in its place would now be like old photos that are forgotten in family albums.

Mme. Faure Fevrier, in writing about the use masculine novelists make of fashion gazettes and the mistakes into which some of them fall, charges Paul Bourget with having described in "Mensonge" a fashionable beauty as wearing a black satin corset. Anatole France gives his Lys Rouge a gold-embroidered red cape and a maize yellow gown. Another famous novel writer speaks of "the zephyr softly stirring the flexible stuff of Mme. Ely's red blouse and the wide ends of her black cravat of mousseline de soie, which matched with the great black and white squares of her plaid skirt." The cravat ends, to have matched, should have been a black and white check or smaller plaid. The young lady with her, Miss Florence Marsh, "wore on her thick auburn hair a round black velvet hat, and under the too high feathers a cache peigne in artificial orchids."

Did any milliner ever hear of such heresy? Orchids in their capriciousness defy the art of the fleuriste, and feathers do not go with flowers. One can choose either, but not both together. Paul Hervieu is not more felicitous in "Flirt," when he describes a lady reputed for her good style as walking in the Avenue Kleber in a jaunty shooting costume. Marcel Prevost puts his foot in it when he dresses Mlle. Rouvre in a gown of embroidered green velvet, though he wishes to give the impression that she is simply and modestly attired as becomes a somewhat prim petite bourgeoise. Homer gives a few words of description which have sunk into the memory of every generation since his time: "Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground." He does not attempt to sketch the attire of Helen or Andromache, who, we now know, wore conical caps over which was placed a wide, long piece of light stuff that served as veil or mantle. Theophile Gautier, I remember, describes a white satin dress trimmed with swansdown, which is lighter than feathers, as being "bordered with white fur." On his attention being called to the mistake, he remarked that ladies' dresses were fearfully and wonderfully made in defiance of all reason, and that in future he would take care not to meddle with them.—*Paris Letter in London Daily Mail.*

Refusal to Write for Periodicals.—It is said that Thomas Hardy has refused a large offer for the serial publication of a new novel on which he is putting the finishing touches. Mr. Hardy further declares that in the future he will not write for the magazines, regardless of the remuneration. In this respect the Wessex novelist is following along a hard and fast rule

formulated by Robert Browning. Browning once refused an offer of $1,000 from a Boston paper for a poem of two stanzas, and another time he refused five times that sum from an American magazine that was ambitious to include his name in its table of contents. "If I could write that way," Mr. Browning once said, "I might consider such tempting offers, but I simply can't. An English magazine offered me a large price, which I refused, and then a still larger, which I again refused. Then they sent me a blank check, and asked me to fill it out to my own satisfaction. But I returned that also. I cannot bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me — that is to be an uninvited guest. My wife liked it. She liked to be with the others; but I have steadfastly refused that kind of thing." — *Rochester Post-Express.*

Are Sad Endings of Stories Unpopular? — It is rumored that its sad ending is the cause of the comparative slackness of sale of a much-boomed current novel. Whether the bad ending is "artistic" or otherwise, the public as a rule does not like it, and is prone to steer clear of the author who cultivates the habit. Sir Wemyss Reid tells us that when William Black was writing "Madcap Violet," he was beset with letters, urging and begging him to end the novel happily. One letter read: "Oh, surely the last number of *Macmillan* was a mistake! . . I do wish you would write another ending — or let me read the one you had originally written, so that I may be quite sure that my persistent conviction is a true one, that James Drummond and Violet are still alive and are living happily ever afterward. Of all characters in fiction none have ever seemed so real to me as yours." Then Black went to the pains of publishing a long defence of occasional bad endings. — *Kennebec Journal.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY. Brooks Fisher. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

THE OLD CASE OF POETRY IN A NEW COURT. Francis B. Gummere. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

JOHN HAY. Brooks Adams. Illustrated. *McClure's* (13 c.) for June.

EPISODES OF JOURNALISM. Francis E. Leupp. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

THE REAL JAMES GORDON BENNETT. Illustrated. Julius Chambers. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

TWO AMERICAN NOVELISTS. (Bret Harte and Frank R. Stockton.) With portraits. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

VICTOR HUGO, THE NOVELIST. Professor Moritz Levi. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

AMONG THE CONSTANTINOPLE BOOK-SHOPS. Henry Otis Dwight. *Forum* (38 c.) for June.

CRITICISM AND BOOK-REVIEWING. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. With portrait. Arthur Brisbane. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

JOSEPH PULITZER. With portrait. Arthur Brisbane. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT. With portrait. James Creelman. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Frank A. Munsey has been selected to give at Yale a course of lectures on "Journalism."

John Morley is now engaged in reading the final proofs of his "Life of Gladstone."

Miss Agnes Repplier has gone to Europe for at least a year. She will travel in Touraine and Brittany this summer and in the autumn she will go to Italy. She will spend the winter in Rome.

The forthcoming "Life of Longfellow," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the American Men of Letters Series, will be especially interesting on the personal side; for Mr. Higginson, having married the niece of the first Mrs. Longfellow, has had access to letters throwing much light upon Longfellow's early married life.

Mrs. Abby Perkins Cheney has secured a divorce from John Vance Cheney, on the ground of desertion.

Zoe Anderson Norris, whose novelette, "The Color of his Soul," was suppressed by her publishers, the Funk & Wagnalls Company, because of the threat of a suit for libel from a young socialist of New York, will issue the book herself, as she says, "at whatever cost, in spite of threats of suit, arrest, or incarceration."

Some unknown philanthropist has offered $5,000 a year for an experimental period of three years to provide a traveling scholarship in journalism for the City of London School and three-fourths of the cost of classes for the study of newspaper work. The scholarship is named after the late George Steevens. The idea seems to have originated in Norway, where the state annually awards two traveling scholarships to newspaper writers.

The *Black Cat* for June announces the result of the prize competition which was advertised in the December WRITER.

The Society of Arts and Crafts, of 14 Somerset street, Boston, is issuing a small magazine, called *Handicraft*, the first issue of which appeared last month. The editor is Arthur A. Carey, president of the society, with Professors Charles Eliot Norton and H. Langford Warren, of Harvard, as associate editors. The magazine is intended to be a means of increasing clearness of thought and community of sentiment among the followers of the arts and crafts movement, to offer an opportunity for public discussion of the artistic and economic problems involved, and to be a constant and definite reminder of the strong and wholesome principles which must necessarily underlie permanent success in genuine handicraft.

Ornithology, published monthly by Chas. K. Reed of Worcester, Mass., is an attractive illustrated magazine devoted wholly to birds.

The *Wide West* is a new monthly magazine published in Denver.

Pittsburg is to have a new magazine known as the *Scribbler and Sketcher*, the contributors to be largely the newspaper writers of the city, while the illustrations are to be by local artists. Elmer Rigdon is to edit the publication.

The *Architectural Record* (New York) is now published monthly instead of quarterly. The scope of the magazine will be broadened and many departments of design related to architecture will be covered.

The name of the *Current Encyclopedia* (Chicago) has been changed to the *World To-day*. It was found that the old title gave people the idea that the publication was a book and not a periodical. The date of issue is changed from the fifteenth to the first of each month. Each month hereafter the magazine will have about twenty pages of editorial comment on important current events, written by Charles H. Dennis, editor of the *Chicago Daily News*.

The *Home Magazine* (New York), W. E. Rice, editor, has been merged with the *Book Lover* (New York), Francis P. Elliott, editor, and the two magazines united will be published under the latter name.

The Forum Publishing Company announces that, beginning with the July number, the *Forum* will be published quarterly, instead of monthly, as heretofore. The general character of the magazine will be the same, and its high standard will be maintained, but its purposes will be more specifically those of a review and outlook.

The Daily Telegraph Company, New York, which publishes the *Metropolitan Magazine*, went into the hands of a receiver May 9.

An article on "Some Books to Read This Summer," in the *Review of Reviews* for June, is illustrated with portraits of William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, James H. Canfield, Andrew Carnegie, Edward A. U. Valentine, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Archibald R. Colquhoun, Gertrude Atherton, Ernest Ingersoll, Samuel Clemens, Cyrus Townsend Brady, and Robert Bridges.

Bret Harte died in London May 5, aged sixty-two.

Paul Leicester Ford died in New York May 8, aged thirty-seven.

Edwin Laurence Godkin died at Brixham, England, May 20, aged seventy-one.

"Henri Greville" (Alice Marie Celeste Durand) died in Paris, May 26.

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THE WRITER'S LEAVEN.

A Woman who longed to write sought advice of a Critic, one whose word was valued in the world of letters.

"All that I write is weak and futile," she told him. "What shall I do? What should go to the making of a work of art?"

The Critic tried to dissuade her from her purpose. He pointed out the weary length of of the road she must travel, and the difficulties she would encounter by the way. He told also how many failed, how few succeeded, and he reminded her that the writer is the creature of his mental moods, the victim of countless vigils of despair, the master of rare exalted moments.

But to all this the Woman shook her head. "I must write," was her unchanging answer.

The Critic sighed and said: "Go home and write. I perceive you feel the goad of inspiration. But to be inspired is not enough. Of what use are burning thoughts and glowing images, if you have not command of the means by which fittingly to give these things expression? You must study technique. Make yourself the slave of it and serve your master well. No drudgery must be too hard for you, no detail so small as to be slighted. In time you will be master, and the other shall become your servant. Go home and study technique. A book to be great must be well written."

The Woman followed his bidding. Her task was long and hard, and worst of all, distasteful; but she labored faithfully, never swerving from her purpose, and in time it was as the Critic had said — what had been drudgery became a delight. Fittingly and with ease she clothed her thoughts with words and gave them to the world.

The critics praised her book, but the public did not read it.

Sad and disheartened the Woman sought a Poet, one whose songs were loved and sung by sweethearts in the gloaming and silently in the heart by men and women who lay on beds of sickness.

"Wherein have I failed?" she asked him. "What have I left undone?"

"Have you loved?" questioned the Poet.

"No," said the Woman, "I have had no time."

Then replied the Poet sternly: "Lay down your pen until you have loved, or better still have loved and lost. Then shall what you

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write speak to the hearts of men, and not merely to their intellect. Remember that God made you a Woman first and a Writer afterward. Love is beauty, and a book to be great must be beautiful."

Once more the Woman did as she was told. She laid aside her work and waited for what seemed a long and weary time until at last Love came and illumined her life; then she took up her pen once more, and that which she wrote was beautiful. Trembling she gave another book to the world and waited for the verdict.

It came at once. Men clamored for her book, read, praised, and straightway forgot it. Its fame was as the fame of a meteor or a comet, brilliant, brief.

"The Poet told me but part of the secret," the Woman cried in the bitterness of her disappointment. "It was not love alone that my work lacked. What is it that must go to the making of a book that shall endure?"

A voice within her answered: "It is character."

"But," cried the Writer, "surely I have that. I am a good woman, and believe in God. I have been an obedient daughter, a faithful wife, a tender mother. I try to follow the Golden Rule and to keep my heart cleansed of evil thoughts. If character consists not in these things, wherein do I fall short?"

The Woman asked her question, but knew no answer until suddenly on a day temptation came to her who had always believed herself beyond the reach of it.

Shocked and startled, the Woman struggled, stumbled, struggled up again, and very nearly fell. Thus the fight waged until she had won what seemed to her a sorry victory, since she could not forget how near it had come to being just defeat. But with this she had learned to be content.

For the third time the Woman took up her pen and wrote — a book that lived. At last she had found what she sought, the writer's leaven, the secret of all art that is enduring and imperishable.

And so it happened that when a young writer came to her and said: "What must I put into my work?" the woman was able to answer readily: "Your work should be skilled, it should be beautiful, but if it is to be great, it must be good. Thus only shall what you write go past the minds and hearts of men, and touch their souls. It is what you are that makes or mars what you do, and so the essential thing, the writer's leaven, is character."

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Ina Brevoort Roberts.*

THE "MACHINE-MADE" IN LITERATURE.

"A good machine-made yarn."

Not often does an author get a glimpse of the real opinion of the Manuscript Reader. The clerk who sends back your story, with the polite, though needless, printed letter of regret, is very careful to shake out of the manuscript the slips on which the various Readers have scribbled their opinions anent your production.

But this slip had been overlooked by the manuscript clerk, and the Reader's criticism, written crabbedly in red ink, stared at me. And, for a minute, it hurt!

"A good machine-made yarn." The literary doctrines held religiously during my cubhood sometimes rise to the surface even now, and trouble me. Oh, the rosy ambitions and hopes I had when I used, in those early days, to send my stories off to the "exclusive" magazines of "high literary merit." They are all

dead now — those dreams and hopes; and most of the magazines in question are dead, too, or are stalking before this generation with only a semblance of life, shrouded in their grave clothes.

A machine-made yarn? Truly. The most successful literary worker to-day is the best mechanic. The new-found comet in literature, who mounts upward in the blaze and glory of a "masterpiece" (so advertised) like a Fourth of July rocket, is apt to return to earth as ignominiously as the rocket-stick. The well-trained workman succeeds where the mechanical genius fails.

The most delicate instrument of common usage is a good watch. We see a watchmaker's sign in every block. But the sign means nothing; it is only a word used to signify the shop of a dealer in a certain class of goods. There are no watchmakers now. Every part of every watch is made by machinery, and made much better and much quicker than the best workman could turn it out in the old days. "Machine-made" applied to watches does not mean either badly made or carelessly made.

And can this rule be applied to literature? There is a certain breed of literary folk who will hold up their hands in holy horror at the suggestion. There *are* geniuses who have risen in the literary firmament and become fixed planets there; but they have learned the trade — have been taught by experience *how* to write — first. The genius who sends his badly arranged and blotted manuscript to the editor is apt to have his work unfavorably compared with the well-balanced and neatly-written manuscript of the professional writer of much less talent.

Sometimes we hear of a "born mechanic." But unless that fortunate individual studies under a good master until he has perfected himself in the details of his art, he is certain to amount to nothing greater than a "jack of all trades" — a mere cobbler — rather than a finished workman.

No painter becomes famous by the first stroke of his brush. His crude attempts at form and color may show the artistic instinct, but only the shrewd eye can detect in these daubs the untrained power behind the brush. It takes years of patient practice to enable him to paint a picture that the world will acknowledge as a work of genius. The infant prodigy of the music world is only stared at by people as they would stare at a freak in a dime museum. It is odd to hear a child play so much better than other children. But if lying praise does not kill the young musician's ambition, he will in time play worthily.

There is no other art or trade in which the fallacy is held that an untrained workman can turn out a praiseworthy product. Genius without experience cuts little figure among honest critics. Yet there are some good people who believe that the outpourings of literary genius come straight from the fountainhead without being "hashed" by the overworked editor!

If genius was the only key by which the door of literature might be opened, ninety-nine out of one hundred of the writers who entertain and instruct by the pen would be looking for employment in other lines of business. Aside from the brilliant conceptions of a few minds that soar far above their fellows', of what does good literature consist? It is not merely having something worth saying and saying it well? It is not "The Quick and the Deads" which become standards of good literature; it is more likely to be the "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

And to say a thing well, it is not always necessary to search the dictionaries for obsolete or seldom-used words, or to produce involved sentences. The brief, pithy sentence is easier to write and more easily understood. It gets right at the heart of the subject — and at the reader's heart, too. Ruskin was undoubtedly a great master of English; but if there is a man living who can pick up "Modern Painters" for the first time and read the opening sentence with a clear understanding, when he gets to the period, of what he has read, and of what the master is driving at, *that* man should be exhibited. He is a wonder!

A man can tack up a sign outside his door and call himself thereon an artist, or he can advertise himself as a musician, and be not de-

cried. But where is the author who has yet dared hang "Professional Writer" under the windows of his domicile? Not that I suggest the necessity for such advertising; but it would be business-like and would be regarded as dignified in any other trade. The ethics of literature as laid down by past usage are the most fearful and wonderful of any in existence to-day.

The highly literary critic tells us that a man cannot write every day and turn out anything worth reading. Well, why not? If practice makes perfect (and that comes pretty near being a rule without an exception) why should not the literary worker be able to write good matter, as the mechanic is able to do good work, on any day? The writer who waits for "the spell to come o'er him" — who depends upon "spasms" of feeling — is simply lazy, that's all. We are told that the literary worker should never force himself. He does n't have to. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker do that for him!

It is true that there must be a cause before every effect. The writer cannot turn out work, good or bad, unless there is something behind it. I knew a man once who started to dig a well on his place and he bought a mighty fine pump to force water through pipes into his kitchen. But although he got the best pump in the market, he could n't get water into the kitchen sink. Perhaps the fact that the well diggers never reached the water supply may have had something to do with this failure!

The professional writer must be storing away material all the time, as well as using that already stored. You can't take something from naught. I've heard of an amateur author who tried a diet of fish, because he was told it was good brain food. Well, I've always believed that the path to the average man's heart was through his stomach; but it seems a round-about way to his brain. If you are going to get thought into the product of your pen, a little "food for thought" won't come amiss. When the professional writer is n't writing he should be reading — books or men.

And when we have served our apprenticeship, and have become journeymen, and the critics berate us for writing so much, and call us "hacks," the editors read our productions gladly, and the public, too, and both editors and public seem to like them. Strange, isn't it?

Machine-made? If you like. But the term is not ridicule; it is praise. It means that the technique of the story is practically perfect. An editor tells me that he desires a story of such a length. He has room in the forthcoming issue of his magazine for an article of so many thousand words. Because I have written more stories of that particular length than I can remember, I know just how many words can be devoted to the introduction, to description, to telling conversation, to the denouement, and to the artistic finish that really clinches the point of a well-written short story.

If magazine editors were forced to depend upon the geniuses for the contents of their publications, there would very, very few magazines on the market to day. In the field of article writing alone the papers which attract the most attention and are the most valuable are nearly all written to order, and the authors are nearly all editorial writers or literary hacks. And the rule applies to magazine fiction, too.

Rapid work need not be poor work. When a workman has become skilled in his trade, he is naturally able to produce far more rapidly than in the days of his apprenticeship. There seems to be a belief held by literary folk of the old school that a story must be wooden and badly-written if a man sits down at his typewriter and rattles it off "right out of his head." We gaze with awe upon the blotted and interlined manuscript of some of the master craftsmen of other days; but if the typewriter had been a reality in their time, they would have learned to write more carefully and would have saved time and money in turning out at first writing a manuscript which they would not be ashamed to offer to an editor.

It is an undeniable fact that in my earlier experience I believed that every word of a story as first evolved must be scribbled upon the page in a hand that nobody but myself could read, and the manuscript then corrected and copied on the writing machine. But I

was prone to write very carelessly in consequence, knowing well that I could make any number of corrections before the work came under the editor's eye. Now I place a carbon between two sheets of paper, run them into my machine, and write steadily away, reserving a copy myself for emergencies, and carefully correcting with pen and ink the one that I send out. And I pride myself on the neatness of my manuscript, too.

Not long ago I wrote a novel of fifty thousand words for a certain magazine in nine days. I know that the critics will declare such haste indecent. They will tell you, these same critics, that a man should toil at least two months over a story of that length. Yet the editor of the magazine in question calls this novel good work, and the circulation of the magazine itself might well make the subscription lists of many of the so-called highly literary publications take on an envious emerald hue.

The spirit of commercialism in authorship is unmercifully decried by the few literary folk left over from the last generation. Literature, they say, is no longer an art; it has become a mere trade. But my humble opinion is that it does not belittle literature to catalogue it with the trades. And certainly the professional writer of to-day waxes fat and lusty, whereas the literary artist of bygone times starved in a garret.

So I put the Manuscript Reader's slip carefully aside, filing it among the good things that are said about my work rather than with the bad. A machine-made story! Well, this is the age of machinery. I am right in line.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Edward Berton.*

SISTER NOVELISTS.

It has been remarked, in connection with two works of fiction—"Chanticleer" by Violette Hall, and "A Downrenter's Son" (in press) by Ruth Hall, that these are the only sister novelists doing simultaneous and independent work. I have been moved to investigate the truth of this claim, and find it a curious matter to see how seldom sisters have attempted — like Alice and Phoebe Cary, for example — any similiar literary work. There have been many parents whose children, and even whose grandchildren, have inherited something of their genius. There are numerous instances of brother writers, but, with the exception of the Brontës, there is a meagre list indeed of sister novelists.

Since that marvelous trio, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, one finds only Miss Fanny Murfree, who put forth one book, published at a time when her better-known sister, "Charles Egbert Craddock," had for some reason temporarily retired from the field. Bessie and Marie Van Vorst have collaborated on one novel, and Ellen Fowler of England has published some short stories, while, in the same family, the author of "Isabel Carnaby" was expending her energy upon a succession of successful novels. At one time Harriet and Mary Prescott both wrote magazine fiction, but only the former went on to write novels as well. "Lucas Malet" has a sister, Rose Kingsley, who has done a good deal of biographical and descriptive writing. Yet the fact remains that, for some fifty years, there have been no sister novelists at work side by side until Ruth and Violette Hall, who, with different publishers and in oddly different schools of fiction, are now sending forth the children of their imagination.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Frances L. Hardy.*

THE WRITER.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Referring to the charge that Edmund Rostand is guilty of plagiarism, Charles Frohmann, the theatre manager, cites an illustration of chance similarity in the case of the play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." "After the production of the drama," he says, "the late Archibald D. Gordon came to me in great excitement to say that the theme and some of plot had obviously been taken from a manuscript that he had given to me a year before. He had sealed the packet with wax and placed it in my own hands, he explained, as a precaution against any one but me getting a sight of it; and he had made me promise not to submit it to my play reader, but to keep it till I chose to examine it myself. I brought it out from the safe, where it had lain untouched, and showed him that the seals were still unbroken. He was convinced that he had n't any grievance." Some inexperienced writers might think Mr. Gordon had a trifling grievance, in that Mr. Frohmann had kept his manuscript for a year without looking at it.

* * *

Those who may not know Ruskin's "Modern Painters" by heart will doubtless be interested to see the first sentence, referred to in the article contributed to this number of THE WRITER by a well-known author writing under the pseudonym, "Edward Berton." Here it is: —

> If it be true, and it can scarcely be disputed, that nothing has been for centuries consecrated by public admiration, without possessing in a high degree some kind of sterling excellence, it is not because the average intellect and feeling of the majority of the public are competent in any way to distinguish what is really excellent, but because all erroneous opinion is inconsistent, and all ungrounded opinion transitory; so that while the fancies and feelings which deny deserved honor, and award what is undue, have neither root nor strength sufficient to maintain consistent testimony for a length of time, the opinions formed on right grounds by those few who are in reality competent judges, being necessarily stable, communicate themselves gradually from mind to mind, descending lower as they extend wider, until they leaven the whole lump, and rule by absolute authority, even where the grounds and reasons for them cannot be understood.

* * *

If it is true that the *Ladies' Home Journal* has received 20,000 manuscripts since January 1, the obvious lesson to authors is to send their manuscripts to other periodicals.

* * *

The character of the *Forum* has been materially altered with the change from a monthly to a quarterly. Instead of being made up of a number of articles on special topics, the July number consists mainly of a series of reviews by different writers of important current events, under the headings, American Politics, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Applied Science, The Ameri-

can Drama, Literature, Architectural Art, Educational Events, and Educational Research. Following these are only three special articles of the kind that have hitherto been printed in the magazine.

* * *

The handsomest of the periodicals devoted to literary topics is the *Book-Lover*, edited by W. E. Price, and formerly issued quarterly in San Francisco, but now published bi-monthly in New York. In shape it is a quarto, and its paper and typography both delight the eye. The Midsummer Holiday Number has for a frontispiece a fac-simile reproduction in five colors of the first page of the Mazarin Bible, and its important articles include an illustrated paper on the Library of Congress, articles on "Women As Extra Illustrators," "Bookbinding for Bibliophiles," "Forgeries in Bookbinding," "A Famous Printer: Samuel Richardson," "My Favorite Novelist and His Best Book," by Sir Walter Besant, "In the Country of Laurence Sterne," and a Bret Harte bibliography. All lovers of books should be intimately acquainted with the *Book-Lover*.

* * *

Sometimes a writer is embarrassed, when he is sending the manuscript of his novel to a publisher by express, because the clerk asks him suddenly: "What is the value of this package?" How can he answer truly? If he puts his own valuation on the precious parcel, the express company may decline to take the package, through unwillingness to accept such a vast responsibility. If he thinks, on the other hand, of the difficulty he is likely to have in finding a publisher, or of the offer the sordid publisher, in case he finds one willing to undertake his work, is likely to make to him, he feels ashamed to give the figures to the clerk. To value his manuscript merely at the cost of paper and typewriting would be manifestly wrong — the express car may get burned up, and in that case there is the opportunity of getting a substantial sum from the company, which cannot know, of course, that he has cannily retained a duplicate. Under these distressing circumstances what is the perplexed author to do? Perhaps it will be as well for him to roll out roundly: "One thousand dollars!" and let it go at that. W. H. H.

SHOULD PROPER NAMES AS ADJECTIVES BE CAPITALIZED?

After the proofreader follows his vocation a year or two, he is not moved by other considerations than the "Style of the Office." But at times he is agitated because he cannot reconcile tradition, common sense, and the office style; and at such times it may happen that he writes to a trade journal a pathetic appeal like this: —

"Will you please take up and settle the vexed question of the proper use of capitals? It would be of great service to proofreaders could you work out some logical rules that might be practiced in all offices."

Of course, this is a very little thing. Possessed of enough wisdom of the right kind, one could dispose finally of the whole question between cigarettes. On this periodical's staff are writers qualified to grapple with and throw any subject at catchweights. Most of them are busy just now with baseball schedules and other vital matters, or I would turn this proposition over to them. As it is, I must even do my poor best to write an adequate answer, compressing it into the space of a page or so, although it really requires a volume of many pages. All the books I have ever read on the subject of capitalizing start out with the rule that every proper name must begin with a capital. It is a good rule to look at, but it does n't always justify that presentable appearance by its use in the proofreader's work.

The question I suppose my proofreader friend had in mind, when he was moved to make his appeal, had to do with the perplexing problem of proper names used as adjectives. This I assume, because every proofreader every day spends time and wastes excellent profanity upon the inconsistencies that glare from this side of the capital letter question. We print, for example, india rubber, india ink, and paris green, but we dare not let the proof go through if it says brazilian diamonds or canadian mutton. Also we refer to books

bound in morocco and russia leather, but we use German metal where gold is too expensive.

When we travel we may carry a Gladstone bag, although we ride to the railway station in a brougham, and on such journeys we may wear a raglan overcoat, even though we have a Norfolk jacket underneath.

If we go hunting, our armament may include a Remington rifle and Colt revolver, even though we have a bowie-knife swung to our belt. At dinner we drink champagne and eat Dutch cheese from china plates. In some restaurants we eat little-neck clams in preference to Rockaway oysters. We drive over macadamized roads in sections where the Telford pavement has not been adopted. In the same Zoo we may find a Bengal tiger and a gila monster. Often, in labor disputes, there is much buncombe talked about the boycott, although the hall may be lit by Welsbach or Edison lights. Surgeons operate, using listerine in performing Cesarean section. Over in France, where there are a few Pullman cars nowadays, they still kill major criminals with the guillotine. Even we printers are never certain whether we are using roman or Roman letter, although we invariably use italics; and we may use lining gothic in some shops, but there are others that purchase only lining Gothic.

Now why is it? There is no answer. There is no general and broad reason for these variations, not even the one recently offered by an English contemporary, which assumed that "in those instances in which the lower-case letter gives us no shock, the origin of the adjective has sunk into comparative insignificance; while in those instances which seem to clamor for a cap, the sense of origin is predominant." This sense of origin varies so greatly that no rule can be based on it; and at best such a reason lacks point. Why should we forget Captain Boycott, Colonel Bowie, Lord Brougham, and Sir John Lister; preserve the personal memory of the Duke of Norfolk and Colonel Colt; and be uncertain whether Lord Raglan's sartorial creation was a capital offence? Because Morocco is an insignificant state, and China sunk into innocuous desuetude, need we humiliate those countries, while exalting such obscure principalities as are answerable for Westphalian hams and Brie cheese? — the more as we eat frankfurters and limburger at schuetzenfests, and drink burgundy and champagne at the same place where they sell Chianti and Rhine wine.

Possibly the best, because the shortest, way to a solution is to follow the German method of dealing with adjectives derived from proper names or otherwise. Long ago our Teutonic brethren adopted the invariable rule of printing every adjective with a lower-case initial. Even though it might savor of irreverence and cause thrills of horror to refer to a wicks rotary, a morse telegraph, or a hoe press, — the latter has an agricultural sound, to be sure, — at least the German method has the merit of removing the inconsistent appearance our own way produces. — *D. G. Moran, in the American Printer.*

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR VERSE-WRITERS

I.

Condense; compactness gives strength. See whether the twenty lines cannot be boiled into eight.

II.

Beware of the adjective habit. Rely chiefly on nouns and verbs.

III.

In choosing descriptive epithets, do not be satisfied with the easy, obvious ones which rise first to mind; but choose the most striking, effective adjectives that the language affords, even if you have to sift the dictionary to find them. Make a conscious prolonged study of individual words, especially as employed by the poets. Do not forget that poetry is not good words in good places, but the best words in the best places.

IV.

Use, when possible, unhackneyed rhymes. "Mountain" and "fountain," "weep" and "sleep," "love" and "dove," "blue" and "true," "gladness" and "sadness," "tune" and "June," etc, have been so often matched

that one is tired of seeing them in one another's company.

V.

Have care that the rhymes are always rigidly exact to the ear.

VI.

Do not trouble to count syllables. Corresponding lines in English verse must have the same number of beats or accents, but the number of syllables need not be identical.

VII.

In writing quatrains it is usually best, unless the lines are very short, to rhyme the first and third, as well as the second and fourth.

VIII.

Select a fresh, unhackneyed title. A good deal depends on the choice of title. (Note how largely the success of "The Man with the Hoe" is due to the challenging directness of the title.)

IX.

Never derive your title from any language other than English. It is very rare that a poem with a foreign heading attains general popularity. And the use of foreign words not only limits your audience, but shows bad taste.

X.

Learn the value of euphony and of the skilful variation of vowel-sounds. Note how much more pleasant to the ear is the phrase "long-awaited guest" than "long-expected guest," where the vowel-sound of the accented syllable in "expected" is identical with that in "guest." Do not have words as similar in sound as "*sin*" and "*thing*" in close proximity. Observe also how "drink to me only with thine eyes" would be ruined if the last two words were "thy eyes." In order to avoid any such combinations, it is necessary to train the ear by repeating every stanza and line to one's self aloud.

XI.

In writing quatrains, introduce contrasting vowel-sounds into the alternate rhymes. Note how much more pleasing to the ear is the concluding stanza of Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," where the rhymes are "*zone*," "*flight*," "*alone*," "*aright*," than the sixth stanza, where the rhymes are "*end*," "*rest*," "*bend*," "*nest*."

XII.

Avoid such contractions as 'gan, 'mong, 'gainst, 'twixt, 'tween, and such archaic expressions as whilom, erst, and yclept.

XIII.

Do not overdo the use of compound words. Be sparing of alliteration, and rarely, if ever, use the auxiliary verb "*do*" in combinations like "doth shine," "do give," "did love," etc. The latter habit reveals poverty of metrical resources, like the over-use of the accented final syllable of the past participle (robéd, clothéd, etc.). In general, avoid all mannerisms.

XIV.

For newspaper verse, only cheerful themes are wanted. The subject should be fresh, popular, and contemporary. The poem should be short. If it tells a story, its chance of acceptance is greater than if it is purely subjective.

XV.

Do not pose. If you are a young woman, do not write lyrics to "my lady," unless you wish to produce an unpleasant effect of unreality. Still worse is it to assume knowledge of grief and melancholy alien to your experience or temperament. Girls masquerading as lovers, and happy young people writing from the point of view of a despairing and disappointed old age, betray at once the hand of the amateur.

XVI.

Do not overdo the sonnet. Sonnet-writing is good for practice: but there are too many mediocre specimens of this form in print, and it is idle to expect the jaded magazine-editor to be won by a sonnet unless the latter is strikingly original. The editor of one of America's leading magazines recently told me that he regularly sent back all sonnets unread. Doubtless he slightly overstated the truth, but this remark may serve to indicate a tendency away from this form of verse, which is the most difficult to succeed in and the most tempting to try.

XVII.

Do not bother with the French forms — triolet, rondeau, villanelle, and the like. They have never been successfully naturalized into English verse even by such masters as Lang and Dobson, and they are losing the vogue they enjoyed a dozen years ago. Choose, as a

rule, simple, natural verse-forms. In order to be individual, it is not necessary to select odd, out-of-the-way stanzas. Emerson, well-nigh the most original American poet, played unique variations on the keyboard of common metres.

XVIII.

Be original! Do not write on the trite themes of "spring," "roses," or "snow," unless you have something new to say about them. In order to *become* original, one must, as a rule, go through a period of being deliberately imitative. One must soak one's self in the great stylists: Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti, etc., and then constantly adapt, borrow, and copy, until one finally learns to stand alone. The period of needing masters will pass in time, but one cannot be too teachable at first.

XIX.

One should study nature, both inanimate and human, so patiently and minutely that vague generalization shall yield to exact observation and specific description. To make others see things, one must first have seen them one's self, and have described them with faithful precision.

XX.

Make the setting of your work local — true to the soil you know best. Don't give us skylarks, nightingales, cowslips, English hedgerows and leas (a much over-used word), but bobolink, robin, golden-rod, and the New England pasture; or, of course, if you be a Southerner, the mocking-bird and everglade.

XXI.

Do not forget that you live in the twentieth century and in the United States of America. Instead of regretting the machinery and commercialism of our time, and turning back for inspiration to nymphs and dryads, catch the poetry in the factory, the locomotive, and the wireless telegraphy. It is there if you have the eyes to see it.

XXII.

Equip yourself with at least the following books: Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Dr. S. W. Barnum's "Vocabulary of English Rhymes" (second edition, revised, 1896, much superior to Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary"), Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated," and a servicable English dictionary.

XXIII.

Don't write poetry if you can help it. If you cannot help it, don't think it necessary to publish it. If you publish it, don't expect much, if any, money for it.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

The Christian Endeavor World.

PREPARATION FOR PROOFREADING.

The following resolutions were passed by the Boston Proofreaders' Association, at a recent meeting: —

Whereas, The members of the Boston Proofreaders' Association receive frequent requests for information and advice from persons desirous of becoming proofreaders; and

Whereas, Their attention has been frequently called to the advertisements of certain so-called schools which offer by correspondence, in a course of 12 or 15 lessons, to enable pupils to fill positions as proofreaders at large salaries; and

Whereas, Several cases are known to us of both men and women who, after completing such course of study and after paying therefor sums varying from $25 to $60, have been disappointed to find that employers to whom they applied gave no weight to their alleged qualifications; and

Whereas, These applicants have admitted that their instructions were confined to elementary matters which they could readily have taught themselves from some good handbook on printing: therefore

Resolved, That this association shall put on record the conviction of its members that

(1) In this profession, positions of large remuneration are reserved for persons whose capability has been proved, and

(2) To fill even an ordinary position acceptably requires certain qualifications which it is obviously futile to hope to acquire in a dozen lessons — among them, a good general education, a particular type of mental ability, and printing office experience; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to leading periodicals throughout the country.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

May Kelsey Champion, whose story, "A Real Son of the Revolution," appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* for June, is another writer who has thus far chosen for her work the still fertile field of New England character study. Miss Champion is a young woman whose home is in New London, Conn., and her stories and sketches have appeared from time to time in the *New England Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Frank Leslie's Maga-*

zine, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Ainslee's Magazine*. The greater part of her girlhood was spent in Old Lyme, Conn., a town rich in historic interest and famous for the part it has taken in the making of the country and the men it has sent out to govern it and administer its laws. To this and to the Mayflower blood in her veins, Miss Champion attributes the deep interest she feels in all that pertains to the history of New England, of which she has made a close study. Many of her stories are of the early periods, and in these she has found much to present that is both new and picturesque; but that she enjoys a thoroughly modern background as well, is shown by her sketch of "A Real Son of the Revolution."

E. Crayton McCants, who wrote the story, "The Recalling of George," in *Everybody's Magazine* for June, is a native of South Carolina, having been reared on an old Southern plantation. He is a graduate of the South Carolina Military Academy, Citadel, Charlestown, S. C., and began life as a school teacher in 1886. In 1899 he began writing stories. He has contributed to the *New York Evening Post*, *Everybody's Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, the *Delineator*, the *Independent*, and various other periodicals. He has resided in South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

Jessie Imbrie Miller, whose story, "The Love Affair at Seven Oaks," appeared in *Short Stories* for June, is a new writer, the story referred to being the first she has had published. She was graduated from Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, in 1897. Afterward she studied for two years at Bryn Mawr College, but was unable to complete her college course and fit herself to teach, as she had at first intended. At about this time she was taken seriously ill and spent eight weeks in a hospital. It was during her convalescence that she decided to turn her attention to literary work. She is at present working upon other short stories and a novel.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hobbes. — The critic and the author are not always at swordspoints. "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) is reported as follows in an interview in the *New York Times:* 'When I read an adverse criticism of my work, I say to myself: 'That man has n't written that without some reason; he has n't worked himself up into fury just for the enjoyment of being in one; there must be something in my book that has irritated him.' And so I try to find out what it is, and whether his disapproval is justified. I don't say, however, that I often take his advice; it is foolish to take criticisms to heart, and let them interfere with one's personality. If, for instance, I find such a competent critic as Mr. Courtney condemning me for exactly the same things that Mr. Gosse praises me for, I simply determine that the next time I will endeavor to please both."

Longfellow. — In descanting on style, he laid a great stress on simplicity as the chief feature of excellence, and said that the closer a writer's adherence to Anglo-Saxon the better; and he named as models, four: Addison, Swift, Hobbes, and Cobbett. The first two I knew already, but of Hobbes or Cobbett literally nothing, and I told him so. He passed over all but Cobbett, of whom he spoke in terms that surprised me, occasioning some mortification that I was as ignorant of a great writer in my own tongue, not long since dead, as of the famous Spanish fabulist.

The Professor described Cobbett as having been of inordinate self-conceit, and of a violently controversial nature. Apart from these demerits, his style the Professor pronounced unsurpassed for simplicity, yet possessing a wealth of logic, vigor, and overpowering argument rarely found in any English author. What seems to have captivated our poet in the style of Cobbett is that simplicity, with raciness and force, which he says is Cobbett's own, and which is akin to directness and simplicity of character, as the poet drew the parallel.

He said that sincerity and the absence of affectation he regarded as cardinal virtues, both in authorship and life.

There was one suggestion of more practical value, perhaps, than any other of the Professor's timely hints. That was the keeping of a

commonplace book, in which to note from time to time extracts from, or at least references to, whatever I find of special excellence in reading.

This notebook plan he had known to be of great service to scholars. He also warmly recommended frequent translations, as promoting not only the acquisition of modern languages but also the mastery of our own.—*Thomas B. Bryan, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Stockton.—In 1886 Anna S. MacDonald sent to Frank R. Stockton a poem she had written, in which she assumed that it was the tiger, not the lady, that came from the door which the lover of the princess opened at a sign from the royal lady. Two of the stanzas were as follows:—

I have lost him; who shall have him?
She who blushing waits her fate?
Never! Through death's dreadful portal
Let him, quivering, pass—and wait!

* * * *

Me he loves! Yes, he has sworn it!
Death his love shall consecrate,
And in happy, mystic regions
Shall I seek him—soon or late.

In a letter to Miss MacDonald dated October 8, 1886, and published in fac-simile in the *Chicago American* for June 29, Mr. Stockton wrote: "I think you have found the correct solution of the problem."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Difficulties of Translation.—A missionary lately returned from India complains of the slow progress made there in converting the natives, on account of the difficulty in explaining the teachings of Christianity so that the ignorant people will fully understand them. Some of the most beautiful passages in the Bible are destroyed by translation. He attempted once to have the hymn,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

translated into the native dialect so that the natives might appreciate its beauty. The work was done by a young Hindu Bible student. The next day he brought his translation *to the missionary* for approval, and his rendering, as translated back in English, read like this:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Authors and Their Pay.—The *Literary Digest* calls attention to the fact that authors are better paid for their work now than in the earlier days when we got all the best that is in American literature. But only a short time before his death Bayard Taylor wrote to a friend:—

"Emerson is now seventy-four years old, and his last volume is the only one which has approached a remunerative sale. Bryant is in his eighty-third year, and he could not buy a modest house with all he ever received in his life from his poems. Washington Irving was nearly seventy years old before the sale of his works at home met the expenses of his simple life at Sunnyside."

Longfellow at one time was glad to sell the best of his shorter poems for $25. But at the present time we could name a dozen or more poets, now writing for the periodicals, who receive $100 and more for a single short poem. But these are only the favored few.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Model of Good Description.—As an example of good writing, this description by Thomas Bailey Aldrich of the scene in Mt. Auburn cemetery at the burial of Edwin Booth is often read to Harvard students:—

"It scarcely seemed that death was present. The women wore bright-hued gowns, while the birds were singing their evening lays. Otherwise all was still, the silent grief being broken only by the cry of an infant at some distance. While the crowd waited, the heavy sky of the afternoon lifted in the west, until the sun gratefully appeared on the horizon. For several minutes it quivered hesitatingly, and then burst into the full radiance that marks the last breath of a perfect day. The scene was so wondrously beautiful that every one turned to contemplate the prospect, without speaking a word, as if the jar of a human voice might dissipate the picture.

"The vision seemed like the glimpse of evening in Yosemite. The sun, radiating

streams of fire, lit up every tender green leaf in its pathway, and so illumined the faces of the crowd that the tears in many an eye flashed like drops of crystal. As the last words of the service were uttered, the note of a bugle and the peal of a church bell from the city broke the stillness of the evening shadows which had begun to fall. Many lingered to take a last look at the western sky. The sun was out of sight, but in its place there floated a waving line of feather-tipped clouds of delicate sea green and rarest pink, lighted from behind by a broad band of open sky. As they hesitated, the sod was replaced. The foremost of American tragedians had gone to his eternal rest."

The Usefulness of Revision. — A practiced author gives to an important contribution repeated revision. After he has the general outline in mind, he writes rapidly, not pausing for details or delaying over an idea that does not find ready expression, but following the current of his thought, and getting the entire article on paper, as the sculptor blocks out the entire marble before finishing the eye-brows.

Then he reads it over in the mass, as it were, to see if the essential points are covered, and are treated in the right order; if the general scheme is adequate; "to fix the radius of treatment and the circumference of exclusion." If he finds the argument unconvincing, he continues to work upon the outline; if there is no haste, perhaps he lays it aside for a time, to reflect more upon the subject, and supply what seems lacking.

When he is satisfied with the outline, he goes back over it in detail. Every sentence is examined by itself. Is it clear? Is it well-balanced? Is this just the word, or can he find a better? The artist is distinguished from the artisan in that he will accept no ill-fitting word. Finally, he reads the entire article aloud, that his ear may detect tautology or tautophony that have escaped his eye.

This minute revision finished, he still goes over it again and again, dropping an unnecessary word here, substituting for an objectionable word there, until the reading no longer suggests a correction that seems desirable. Then if he has a wise friend, he asks that friend to read it, and profits, almost surely profits, by the new suggestions that come from another point of view.

This reiterated effort seems to the tyro appalling, but to the practised writer it is habitual and delightful. It is the conception that costs. After the statue has been outlined, it is a pleasure to perfect it, part by part, till it stands out a finished whole. That trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle, is nowhere truer than in authorship.

One of the ideals the author should have in view in polishing is Precision. The most experienced of us have still much to learn of the definitions of words and their etymology.

A Canastota editor announced the recent marriage of a lady "née Mrs. Julia Greene." A contemporary suggested that while in some countries marriage took place at an early age, he believed there was no instance on record where an infant was *born* married.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of February 5 quotes President Cantor of Manhattan as saying of the marriage bureau in the city hall: "I had no idea that such a bureau existed until one day when I went downstairs into it and saw a marriage consummated. I was shocked." He ought to have been. — *C. W. Bardeen, in the Journal of Education.*

Trouble with "Only." — The postal authorities of Great Britain are having trouble with the word "only" on the face of the post card. Several attempts have been made to avoid ambiguity. "The address only to be written on this side" was held to bar the use of a typewriter or a printing press, which was not at all the intention of the post-office. The "only" has now been dropped, in deference to a colonial precedent, and there is no direct prohibition against carrying the letter over to the face of the post card; yet the correspondent will hardly be blessed by the recipient, who is fined a penny. The postal authorities of this country wrestled with the same problem. Six attempts have been made to find a brief, elegant, and unambiguous legend. An early postal card was inscribed: "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side," which was neither true nor elegant. "Nothing but the address to be on this side" was more to the

point. But it looked clumsy, and the next issue had "Write only the address on this side," which was objected to as barring the typewriter. "Write the address only on this side, the message on the other," followed, and was promptly criticised as being both clumsy and ambiguous. Then the word "only" was dropped, without much improvement. Finally Uncle Sam's hirelings gave up the struggle to be original, and simply adapted the French announcement into "This side for address only." — *Boston Transcript.*

A Poet's Commendable Scruples. — "I am of the opinion," wrote the honest-intentioned poet to the editor of the magazine, "that I enclosed two cents more postage than was necessary with that spring poem I submitted to you last week. I drop you this note to assure you that I did not do so with the intention of affecting your decision in the matter. I trust that I am not so infected with the coarser motives of humanity as to attempt to bribe one who sits in judgment upon those things which should tend to uplift and benefit mankind." — *Baltimore American.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY — 1902. Cloth, $5 00. New York: George P. Rowell & Co. 1902.

The American Newspaper Directory, now in its thirty-fourth year, has long been regarded as the standard source of information regarding American periodicals. All possible care is used in its compilation, and no expense is spared by the publishers to make it thorough and complete. It includes a description of all the newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States and territories, Cuba, Canada, and Newfoundland, and of the towns and cities in which they are published. In the case of each periodical the Directory gives the name of editor and publisher, the subscription price, the size of the publication, the date of issue, the date of establishment, the circulation, as nearly as it can be ascertained, and other information, primarily useful to advertisers, but of value to the public generally, and especially of great value to writers who are looking for markets for their manuscripts. Not only are the periodicals catalogued alphabetically by states, but there is in addition a classified list of periodicals which groups together all those of similar character wherever they are published. By consulting this classified list an author with a manuscript to sell can see at a glance the extent of the market open to him, and often will discover new markets that would not be otherwise brought to his attention. The 1902 issue of the Directory shows the interesting fact that there are 20,156 periodicals issued in the United States, of which 2,169 are daily, 53 tri-weekly, 463 semi-weekly, 14,276 weekly, 3 tri-monthly, 55 bi-weekly, 259 semi-monthly, 2,657 monthly, 2 semi-quarterly, 66 bi-monthly, and 153 quarterly. To get such detailed information as the Directory gives about so many publications — to say nothing of the 1,000 more published outside of the United States and territories — is a great task, and the publishers who have accomplished it so well deserve the gratitude of all to whom their work is useful.

W. H. H.

HAVEN'S PRACTICAL COURSE IN MODERN JOURNALISM AND GENERAL LITERATURE. By Curtis Haven. 88 pp. Philadelphia: Published by the author. 1896.

The most valuable part of Mr. Haven's book is the section devoted to Proofreading. The printed "lessons" in his "practical course in modern journalism," are of little use, and in many cases they are positively misleading. The lesson on "The Exchange Editor," for instance, gives not the least idea of what the work of a newspaper exchange editor is, or how it should be done. As a whole, the book is weak and insufficient. W. H. H.

WHY MY PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BAD. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. 200 pp. Cloth, $1.15. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1902.

That Mr. Taylor is an amateur photographer of unusual skill is shown by the specimens of his successful work which are appended to his collection of "horrible examples." He has a keen sense of artistic values, and he thoroughly understands both the art of composition and those methods of mechanical manipulation in photography which will produce the best results. He has got this knowledge by costly experience, and in the book which he has modestly named "Why My Photographs Are Bad" he gives to other amateur photographers the benefit of his mistakes, describing and illustrating them so clearly that his readers may easily avoid making similar mis-steps. His suggestions and advice are always practical, and the numerous reproductions of photographs printed in the book illustrate clearly the principles that he lays down. A single one of his practical hints will save many amateur photographers much more than the cost of the book. W. H. H.

TOURING ALASKA AND THE YELLOWSTONE. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. 388 pp. Cloth, $1.75. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1902.

Mr. Taylor's notes of travel in "Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan," and "The British

Isles Through an Opera Glass" have been so entertaining that readers of these two books will welcome his story of journeyings in Alaska and the Yellowstone. His style is graphic, and he has a keen eye for the interesting features of the regions he describes. His camera, moreover, is his constant companion, and his excellent photographs are always novel and taken from unusual points of view. The pictures in "Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone" are exceptionally interesting, and some of them are really remarkable as works of art. The text is so practical that the book will be of value as a guide-book to any one making a similar trip, while readers generally will find the combination of description and pictures altogether delightful. W. H. H.

A GIRL OF VIRGINIA. By Lucy M. Thruston. 306 pp. Cloth. $1.50. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1902.

The title of Mrs. Thruston's novel is strongly suggestive of a colonial romance; hence — with all due respect for the historical novel — one is rather pleasantly surprised to find that it is a modern love-tale, the scene of which is laid at the University of Virginia. The heroine is the daughter of a professor — a typical American girl — charming, high-spirited, and thoroughly wholesome. The story of her wooing by a wealthy suitor, a student at the university, the unexpected complication that arises, forming a very dramatic climax, and the equally unlooked-for denouement, make very entertaining reading. Mrs. Thruston's literary style is excellent. Her book gains an added charm from its breezy presentation of out-door life, which includes horseback riding and football, and its felicitous descriptions of scenery. A. G. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

SONGS OF ALL SORTS. By Charles A. Ingraham. 172 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Centre Cambridge, N. Y.: Published by the Author. 1902.

MORE EX-TANK TALES. By Clarence Louis Cullen. 245 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1902.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SIR WALTER BESANT. Professor W. P. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for July.

FRESH LEAVES FROM EMERSON'S DIARY Walks with Ellery Channing. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

WALTER PATER. Edward Dowden. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

ON READING BOOKS THROUGH THEIR BACKS. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

PLOTS THAT ONE COVETS. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF CARLYLE. Illustrated. James D. Hague. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

EUGENE FIELD, THE HUMORIST. Illustrated. Francis Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON. Charles Brodie Patterson. *Mind* (23 c.) for July.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MEIOSITIC HUMOR. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13c.) for July.

THE CURIOUS TALE OF THE *Daily Twins*. A newspaper story. Elliott Flower. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for July.

HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR? Robert J. Burdette. *Harper's Bazar* (13c.) for July.

THE LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. — I. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

LENOX IN LITERATURE. Illustrated. R. DeWitt Mallary. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

DUMAS THE ELDER. Illustrated. Francis Gribble. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. — I. Leo Wiener. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

BROWNING'S TREATMENT OF NATURE. Last paper. Stopford Brooke. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

WHITMAN'S NOTE OF DEMOCRACY. Walter Leighton. *Arena* (28 c.) for July.

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG, AUTHOR AND PREACHER. Illustrated. Isabel T. Ray. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

WHERE THOREAU WORKED AND WANDERED. Illustrated. Annie Russell Marble. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

THE NEW HUMOR. — II. Illustrated. Burges Johnson. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

BROWNING'S TREATMENT OF NATURE. — III. Stopford Brooke. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

CERTAIN AUTHORS' VIEWS ON BOOK-REVIEWING. George Sands Goodwin. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

BRET HARTE. Lionel Strachey. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

NEWS AND NOTES.

T. Edgar Pemberton, London dramatist and novelist, is to write the authorized biography of Bret Harte.

Francis Halsey, editor of the *New York Times Saturday Review*, has resigned, to accept the conduct of D. Appleton & Co.'s literary department.

The *Gulf States Historical Magazine* is a new bi-monthly, devoted to the history, literature, and antiquities of the five Gulf States. Its conductors are Thomas M. Owen and Joel C. Du Bose.

The department of comparative literature at Columbia University, of which Professor George Edward Woodberry is the head, is contemplating the establishment of a *Journal of Comparative Literature*. It will appear quarterly, and will be devoted to the general field of literature and its history. Its work will be largely restricted to literary studies in which a comparative element enters, or in which the general course of European literature is involved. The first number will appear probably in December or January.

Indoors and Out (New York) is a new monthly paper edited by Julia Sedgwick King and published by Robert F. Day & Co.

Truth (New York), which appeared in May with a new policy, indicated by a sub-title, "The Woman's Forum," is dead.

Modern Culture (Cleveland) is dead.

Beginning with the issue of July 15 *Harper's Weekly*, of which George Harvey is now the editor, will have a new form, making it more compact and easier to handle. The department of editorial comment will be greatly amplified.

The *International Magazine* (Burlington, Vt.) will hereafter be published quarterly instead of monthly. The quarterly will be double the size of the monthly, and two new departments will be added, one devoted to book criticism and the other to the drama and fine art.

The *Portland Transcript* is now published at Westbrook, Me. — a suburb of Portland.

The Town Topics Publishing Company (New York) has bought a site in West Thirty-eighth street for a new building eleven stories high, devoted to the business of the concern.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), a publication of the Methodist Episcopal church, has reached its fiftieth year, and has issued a jubilee number containing interesting articles concerning the journal and its editors.

The *International Studio* is publishing a series of articles by Will Jenkins on the subject of American newspaper illustration. The first article appeared in the June number.

The editor of the *Wide World Magazine* invites travellers, explorers, tourists, missionaries, and others to send in curious or remarkable photographs that they may have. For these, and for true stories of adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be strictly true in every detail, and a written statement to this effect must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All manuscript should be typewritten. The address of the editor is 8 Southampton street, London, W. C., England.

The *Arena* (New York) begins its twenty eighth volume with the July number.

"The American Men of Letters Series," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., was projected and begun by James T. Fields, the friend of Dickens and Thackeray, and Lowell's successor on the *Atlantic*. It was continued by Charles Dudley Warner, and at his death passed on to Horace E. Scudder, who died leaving it unfinished. Despite the deaths of successive editors, however, the series has gone on, and the publishers now announce its rapid progress toward completion. The present year will see volumes on Hawthorne, by George E. Woodberry; Longfellow, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; and Whittier, by George R. Carpenter. Other volumes in preparation are Motley, by Edward G. Bourne; Parkman, by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.; Whitman, by John Burroughs; and Holmes, by Owen Wister.

"William Morris; Poet, Craftsman, and Socialist," by Elisabeth Luther Cary, will be published in the fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons, who also announce "Keats and His Circle," by H. C. Shalley; "The Lost Art of Reading," by Gerald Stanley Lee; and "A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales," by Jonathan Nield.

Dr. John H. Barrows died at Oberlin, O., June 3, aged fifty-four.

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ON BEING A WRITER.

By "writer" I mean one of "us"; one in that company of ambidextrous, hit-and-miss individuals who turn out now a bit of verse, now a slice of prose, and lie down tired every night, only to spring up, Antaeus like, every morning, ready for the fray.

Of course, there are "authors." It must, indeed, seem nice to be an author; to sit under the great trees of a summer estate overlooking the ocean, and dictate the lines of the next novel — the chief burden of life being to deposit each day the royalties from the last. The writer does not deposit his checks, he indorses them at once to his grocer or his landlord.

I am a writer. I have tasted all the bitterness of rejected manuscripts, and I have lipped the sweet of accepted. If the bitterness has so far much o'er-balanced the sweet, on that account the sweet has been the sweeter. I am not an author. When I scan his picture, showing him lolling on his wide veranda, I wish I were; and when I read his books, I sometimes am glad that I am not.

Putting aside the pains and pleasures of a writer in his professional capacity — which in themselves would form a large volume bound in silk watered with tears and polka-dotted with smiles — let us consider him as a mover among his fellow men. He is neither all fun, as some persons take it, nor all business, as others assume. I do not know why it is that a writer is supposed to have no thoughts beyond his work. He is given no license to do anything but scheme and contrive at a penny a line. I presume that an author is similarly considered, just as from personal experience I am dead sure that a reporter is popularly accredited with always having a pencil in one hand and a note-book in the other.

If you are a writer, then you cannot lie on the grass and gaze skyward without inviting the assumption that you are gathering a poem; in reality, you probably are wishing that you had not mixed strawberries and cream as an offering to your finicky interior.

Does anybody let drop a bright remark, or tell a humorous or pathetic anecdote, then you are pictured as carefully noting it for future use.

You are a vampire, a parasite, living upon your helpless friends and enemies, and sucking each happening as dry as a year-old lemon.

This responsibility of being a writer is awful.

Or perhaps you are looked upon as a creature of elegant leisure, whose time is his own, and consequently unlimited. You it is who can go to every ball game, or can play golf the

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week through, or can accommodate your hours to suit the convenience of Tom, Dick, and Harry. You are a free lance — a term which conveys to the average mind a delightful vista of a perpetual vacation.

Since you are thus unhampered, and swimming easily with the current, it is your pleasant privilege to contribute gratuitously to various enterprises.

Do you live in a town or village, then the special editions of your local paper — say at Christmas and Memorial Day, Easter and Fourth of July — make no bones about soliciting something from your pen.

The lawyer is not expected to prepare a brief, gratis; the physician is not expected to take a case, gratis; the dusky citizen who mows your lawn is not expected to do that, gratis; but the writer is confidently asked to supply gratis just as much as ever he can.

The programme for the forthcoming entertainment at his church needs "something real bright to make it attractive, you know," and the writer is waited upon by his minister or by two or three ladies of the congregation. They not only present the matter to him as a shining opportunity, and a flattering acknowledgment and recognition of his talents, but before they have left they have instructed him what to say. The bait held out to him is Fame.

Now, I have yet to learn of a writer who soared to any permanent pinnacle through the medium of an oyster sociable programme. I have even never known of one who through his efforts secured, as a reward, a single oyster the more in his soup!

The high school young people want a topical song for their prospective minstrel show, or whatever it may be, and without hesitation the writer is turned to as a friend in need. The song is written, inspected by the high school in toto, altered and amended to suit the whims of the juvenile, but none the less acute critics, and eventually is sung.

That is the end of it.

Doubtless it seems very simple — a very simple matter — to compose that programme stuff, or that topical song. Did not the ladies outline the course of the one, and did not the schoolboys suggest the points to be covered, in the other? Certainly. Then all you had to do was to put the pieces together, and trim the edges and iron the seams; and, presto, complete!

Comparatively few persons but could do the same, had they the time. And the writer is supposed to have all the surplus time in the world.

I remember concocting a topical song for a high school — and outwardly I was glad to do it. I spent three days on it, and worrisome days they were, too. Finally I submitted it. Then I waited to hear how it took, when rendered; but the proposed entertainment never came off, being, for some reason or other, indefinitely postponed.

The schoolboy committee — no, there was a Miss or two on it — has my song. It went to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" — my own brilliant idea! — and I yet cannot help feeling a bit sore because I never was thanked for my effort, or formally apprized of the postponement of the entertainment, or reinvested with my manuscript. Evidently the singing of the song was what counted, not the writing of it.

Had I devoted those three days to magazine possibilities, I might have made as much as ten dollars — or five. We'll say five, in order not to be extravagant in the statement.

It is necessary to be strict in mentioning remuneration, because as a rule the public has an extremely highfalutin notion regarding the payment of writers.

"About how much do you get for a poem like that?"

"Oh, eight or ten dollars."

"Don't you get more when it covers a whole page?"

"No; just the same."

"Don't you get more when it's illustrated, then?"

"Not a cent."

"Pshaw; I figured you were getting at least twenty-five dollars!"

This last said in such a commiserating tone, that the writer, up to the moment quite self-satisfied, and thankful for what his gods, the editors, were doling out to him, begins to experience vague discontent and shame, and wonder if he is n't being slighted.

Upon the other hand, a number of persons do the writer the doubtful honor of deeming ten dollars an excessive sum for merely a dozen or so lines that rhyme at the ends. That is what emboldens them to ask for an oyster sociable "leader."

Heaven pity the writer who is super-modest. He stands in his own light. Now I have a mother who is the dearest woman imaginable. Her pride is adorable, and as an advance agent of her son's productions she could not be surpassed. Providence perfected her in this, as in her other attributes. She clips out everything I manage to have published, and pastes it in a scrapbook which is benevolently lent around to her various friends. This is all right enough; but when I accidentally ascertained that she was retailing with gusto the minutiæ of a coup d'état whereby a manuscript which had been rejected twenty-three times I at length sold to a periodical which asked for a "new" story, I grew scared. Editors have long ears. By this figure of speech I do not intend disrespect. I intend it purely and simply as a figure of speech; a metaphor, not even a simile. I beseech that it be so taken.

I have an admiring companion who is as bad as my mother. He has an embarrassing habit of introducting his writing protégés by their titles. That is — for instance: —

"This is Mr. Smith. You know him, of course. You've seen his name in the magazines — John J. Smith."

Maybe the second party — the one who is not Smith — to the introduction looks blank.

"Of course, you've seen his name. Why, you can't pick up a magazine without running across it!"

Second party breaks into a polite smile, murmurs a white lie, and skips as soon as he can.

The companion in question has done this to me so many times that now I would rather be drawn and quartered than be tagged by him thus and paraded for inspection.

Once, however, his methods led me to meet an Honest Man — a really, truly Honest Man, who would have done old Diogenes good. This Honest Man — he was a little, sleek-haired, insignificant chap, but he had a great spirit — when forced to the point where usually the victim yielded and avowed: "Oh, yes; I've seen his name. Certainly," and fled, calmly gazed at me, and without hesitation declared, clearly: —

"No; I can't say that I ever have."

I could have hugged that man! I could hug him yet. Bless him! I don't believe, though, that he will ever be as popular as he deserves.

To offset those of us who will not take Fame by the forelock, there are those who grab at his coat-tails, and hang on. If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, then Mahomet will go to the mountain.

I was accorded the favor of being a guest at a session of a writers' association, and at the risk of a breach of the laws of hospitality I must venture a few remarks upon the programme.

The topic of the evening was: "Readings from My Own Works" — and by "works" was indicated books. The readings were voluntary. An elderly lady of severe countenance declaimed a chapter from a pamphlet on "An Exposition Relative to the Proper Moral Education of Children in the Household." She had written the pamphlet and also had published it. Its circulation was limited — very. A man with long venerable whiskers arose to deliver a sample of his theory regarding the creation of mankind. He was his own publisher and press agent. The chairman of the evening announced, kindly, that by request she would say that the work, complete in thirty-two pages and a yellow paper cover, could be had for twenty-five cents. I should n't wonder if some copies were still unsold. A simpering creature of two-and-forty recited an essay culled from her "Neighborhood Musings."

These consumed the evening. No doubt there were present members of the club who were worth hearing, but they did not get a chance to prove it. In my memory they must remain silent, eclipsed by the elderly lady of severe countenance, the seer with the wagging whiskers, and the lisping author of "Musings."

Why is it that such a glamour attaches to the word "writer" as to induce personages like the three above-mentioned to stand up and usurp elbow-room? Of what consists the lime-

light which with an irresistible property attracts young and old? — and it seems to me that the older they are, the more foolish and deluded they are.

First, there is the quite natural pride over having one's name in print, so that one may pose as authority. We derive more pleasure out of ten lines to which our name is signed than out of a column and half of which it is not patent that we are author.

Second, there is the equally natural leaning toward a profession deemed both elegant and easy; a veritable pastime. Between splitting wood and writing a story, who of the experienced in neither would not choose the latter, abilities being half and half?

I had a classmate come two hundred miles to interview me and find out how he could sell a story. This story was his initial effort, and had been in his possession five years, and he had not ventured to start it abroad for fear that it might not be accepted. As soon as he had ascertained the method which would insure a remunerative sale of it he was going to quit teaching school and make his living by writing.

But although we discussed at length whether he ought to put his name and address in the upper lefthand corner or in the upper righthand corner of the first sheet, and whether he should send it folded or flat, to the best of my knowledge he is still teaching school. However, I told him what was in my power to tell, even to disabusing him of the flattering idea that now "they" took everything I wrote. This was a painful disillusion, I perceived; but when he left, nevertheless, he was heavy with dreams of a time rapidly approaching when he might lie in bed all the morning, and wear slippers and dressing-gown all the afternoon, pay bills with sonnets, and deposit the money received from prose in savings banks.

Here he was, my senior in years, my superior in mental gifts, sometime newspaper man, at present principal of a large school, journeying this distance, with malice aforethought, to have me "put him on" to how to sell manuscript. I do not consider this a compliment; it makes me mad. The impudence of it! He must hold my business small peanuts, indeed, even though enviable. Supposing I had gone to him and requested that in thirty minutes he show me how to teach school and secure a principalship.

I give him credit for thinking me clever; but he thinks me clever because he suspects that in some way I have discovered a secret panel affording exit from the "daily grind." He wishes he could discover it. He wants something "easy."

Such is being a "writer." Possibly being an "author" is worse.

Edwin L. Sabin.

The Boston Transcript.

CONFESSIONS OF A CRITIC.

A pet phrase we book-reviewers are fond of using is "in the main." In fact, it is one of the most valuable items of our outfit. Let us suppose Professor Baumwollenstrumpf's bulky monograph on "Ancient Mesopotamian Warming-Pans" assigned us for review. Our notice of the book will run somewhat as follows: —

"Professor Baumwollenstrumpf, the well-known Mesopotamologist" (we never heard of him before) "has made an exhaustive study of the manufacture and use of warming-pans in ancient Mesopotamia. Although we question the accuracy of some of his statements and take exceptions to a few of his theories, his account is, in the main, correct. The engravings accompanying the text, albeit not so faithful in matters of detail as we could wish, are essentially trustworthy."

Of course we are omniscient, or, better still, specialists for the nonce in Mesopotamology. But we generously refrain from mortifying the poor author by pointing out his errors, content-

ing ourselves with implying their existence by a dexterously parenthesized "in the main." The professor, after reading our review, will toss all night on a sleepless pillow, wondering what lapses he has committed in this his *magnum opus*, the ripe fruits of a life given to laborious research. Ah, well! If the book is faultless, it will do no harm to spur on the author to still higher flights of impeccability; and if it contains errors, we do him a kindness by sending him in search of them.

In handling works from foreign languages we always pose as accomplished linguists, veritable Mezzofantis. Suppose a professor at the University of Vienna has published a book, and a Johns Hopkins professor brings out a translation of it. Now we don't know a word of Austrian, — it was n't taught at the high school we attended, — but never mind. We wind up our sapient remarks on the work by deploring the slipshod character of the rendering. That sounds well, and is perfectly safe; for there is no absolute standard in translation. What one critic finds too literal another censures as too free, and *vice versa*. The main thing is to make our readers believe we wrote the review with the English version in one hand and the original Austrian in the other!

Apropos of translations, the translator's preface often gives the reviewer a useful pointer. Obed Hackney, let us say, turns into English a novel by the popular Bulgarian romancer, Kanckof. It so happens that Kanckof's works are utterly unfit for unexpurgated reproduction in our language. They are also outrageously long. No publisher could issue them in an unabridged translation and escape bankruptcy. Our friend Obed explains all this in his preface, and regrets the necessity of an occasional excision of unimportant matter. But when the book falls into our hands we pounce upon the luckless translator. We don't know Bulgarian from Transylvanian, but we pull a wise face and "regret to note that considerable portions of the original are lacking in Mr. Hackney's otherwise passable rendering. We consider this mutilation of an author's text to be utterly indefensible, and must visit it with our severest censure." There is nothing like knowing how to use a preface for our greater glory and its writer's humiliation. To be sure, previous translators of Kanckof's novels have cut and slashed, mauled and mashed the poor author almost beyond recognition; but never a word of self-betrayal has crept into preface, or appendix, or title-page. So honest Obed gets a smart slap in the face for his candor, while the real offenders, blessed with more astuteness, escape scot-free.

Thus it is in general with prefaces and publishers' introductions. In plying our honorable calling we critics often turn them to such good account as to appear better grounded in the author's specialty than he himself. Without doubt we could have scraped together all this information by a half-day's work at the public library; so why acknowledge indebtedness to the preface-maker? Let us rather appear to draw on the plenitude of our own erudition, and get the greater credit.

Another effective trick of the trade is to leap-frog into one's subject over another man's back. (Is n't that neatly turned? We cribbed the image from "Obiter Dicta," but like to pass it off for our own.) We open our article with a brilliantly apposite quotation — which we found heading the first chapter of the book under review. But why spoil the effect by adding, "as quoted by the author"? Just as well to let it seem as if the graceful little couplet from Catullus, or the pithy maxim from La Rochefoucauld, came unprompted to our facile pen. Catullus and La Rochefoucauld are public spoil, and it is n't our fault if other people will persist in making the happy quotation before we can get around to it. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*

There is a terminology peculiar to each trade and profession. Ethnologists and anthropologists and archæologists, theologians and metaphysicians, artists and musicians, tailors and cobblers, tramps and burglars, all have their special vocabulary, as necessary to them as the hammer to the carpenter. So we critics have our cant terms and pet phrases; and to use them with imposing effect, so as decorously to hide a poverty of ideas under a seemly garment of "long-tailed words in *-osity* and *-ation*," is the secret of our commanding influence in the world of letters. *Percy F. Bicknell.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Hamlin Garland expresses his belief that every literary man or woman would be benefited by the daily performance of a certain amount of good hard manual labor. Certainly some self-styled poets would benefit the world more if, instead of writing rhymes, they would devote their strength to ditch-digging or to breaking stone.

* * *

One of the notable magazine articles of the month, of especial interest to writers, is Bliss Perry's paper in the August *Atlantic* on "The Short Story"—what it is, what it means, and how to make it. Mr. Perry says, in the course of his paper: "Study the historical phases of the art of fiction as closely as one may, there come moments when one is tempted to say with Wilkie Collins that the whole art of fiction can be summed up in three precepts: 'Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait.'"

* * *

Perhaps no better description of the symptoms of the disease which has been called unpleasantly *cacoethes scribendi* has ever been given than that contained in one of Petrarch's letters, in which he says:—

Strange to say, I often feel a craving to write, without knowing to whom or on what subject. A sort of crude, unconquerable desire comes over me, owing to which paper, pen, inkstand, and midnight watches are more acceptable to me than sleep or rest. In fact, if I do not write, I pine and suffer, and, extraordinary though it may seem, I get tired while I am resting, and rest while I am at work. My chest is strong as if it were made of stone; I am inclined to think that I must have come forth from one of those stones thrown by Deucalion. When everything shapes itself on the parchment spread out before me, when my fingers ache, and my eyes are tired with work, then I feel neither cold nor heat, but have a sensation as if I were covered and protected by the softest down. When my limbs refuse to serve me, I rest for a little while, then I take up my work again, and fear nothing so much as having to tear myself away from it. Whenever any dire necessity forces me to leave it, I begin to feel the weight of weariness, and as long as I remain inactive, I am in the same frame of mind as a lazy beast of burden that obeys its master when he forces it to climb the stony ascent of a steep mountain, dragging a heavy load. Later on I return to my beloved work with the same zest that urges the former to reenter its stable, and as it gains new strength while it is slowly feeding, I get relief and comfort during my prolonged work.

* * *

An effort is being made at Albany, N. Y., to collect for the library of the Albany Institute and Historical Art society all books and magazine articles that have been written by Albanians. After three years' work in this direction, Cuyler Reynolds, the librarian of the Institute, published in the *Albany Argus* of May 18 a list of such books numbering 156

volumes. How greatly newspaper publicity helps in such an undertaking is shown by the fact that in the *Argus* of July 20 Mr. Reynolds was able to publish a supplementary list of 150 additional books — nearly as many found in two months as had been secured before in three years. These books by Albanians are now arranged in the library in a section by themselves, each with a printed label to distinguish it, so that when it is taken out by a reader it may be returned to its proper place.

* * *

It is most desirable that the example set in Albany should be followed by librarians in other places. Local interest in a book written by a neighbor is naturally strong, and it is well that collections of books by local authors should be made by public libraries. Librarians and editors may profitably work together in forming such collections, and, in many places in this country, any newspaper can get an interesting local article by printing the information that can be gathered about home authors and their books.

* * *

The patience required of the faithful historian is well illustrated by an incident bearing upon the methods of the late Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner. A writer in the London *Academy* says: "Once when I was talking to Dr. Gardiner as to the preliminary disposition of troops the day before a particular battle, he produced a large sheet of foolscap on which, in parallel columns, he had written down extracts from fifteen different news letters or like sources as to the events of the day in question, the points wherein they differed being carefully underlined. In his history the result of all this digested material is given in a single brief paragraph. No one reading it would have the least idea of the conscientious labor involved in its production."

* * *

The *Washington Post* thinks that the rural editor who writes of "sad deaths" is not any worse than his metropolitan contemporary who refers to the man "with his future before him."

* * *

Two pages of the original manuscript of Scott's "Kenilworth" were sold in London a while ago for about $100. Many a modern author would be willing to sell the complete manuscript of his novel for only a little more than that. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

"What is the plural of "*Bookman*"?' Should I write "two *Bookmans*" or "two *Bookmen*," referring to two copies of the magazine? L. F.

["*Bookmans*" is the proper plural, but it is better to say "two copies of the *Bookman*." Frequently it is easier to go around a fence than it is to jump it. — W. H. H.]

Who said: "Volume I, No. I., are the most pathetic words in English literature"? B. T.

[Horace Greeley.—W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Didn't Play No Limit Game.—*Boston Herald Headline.*	Didn't Play No-limit Game.
Has made over $2,000,000. —*New York Sun.*	Has made more than $2,000,000.
A very unique position.—*Atlanta Journal.*	A unique position.
The reporters would have gotten at the facts, anyway. —*Boston Herald.*	The reporters would have got at the facts, anyway.

CAPITALIZING PROPER-NAME ADJECTIVES.

On the question of capitalizing proper names used as adjectives, or the actual adjectives derived from them, discussed in the article copied in THE WRITER for July, let me say that the question is not so simple as it seems. As a former proofreader, and always interested in proofreading matters, I am not likely to undervalue the convenience of having a definite rule for guidance and sure appeal; but I expressed some years ago my views on the traps lying in

wait, in a varied and flexible tongue, for those who attempt to follow a hard-and-fast rule with absolute consistency; and the subject under debate is no exception. Incidentally, if any one wishes to know just how vilely uncapitalized national adjectives look in English, however they may in French and German, let him look through Mark Pattison's "Life of Isaac Casaubon," where he will find latin, greek, french, english, spanish, german, etc., etc., all lower-case according to the rule Mr. Moran would have adopted; if a reading of the book and the multiplied exasperation of these hideous forms, each like having a pin stuck in one, does not cure him, he must be indurated beyond the common.

Again, is it so certain that the ideal of printing is to have as few capitals as possible? I thought so in my proofreading days, and certainly for a proofreader that is the ideal of comfort in correcting capitalization. I have been sorry a hundred times that I had set out by capitalizing some name or names on a new article, while I never in the world was sorry that I marked a capital down. But that is not quite the end of argument; as one's eyes grow older, he has doubts whether page after page of solid lower-case, unrelieved by a single capital for a rest, a life-rope for the eye to grasp and take a fresh hold, is as comfortable as if an occasional capital had been left. We cannot go back, as the late Henry Morley would have liked — at least, he thought it unfortunate the old fashion had ever been dropped — to the earlier method of capitalizing all nouns (that the Germans do so is perhaps one reason why they can so cheerfully make the sacrifice of a few capitals on proper adjectives); but we can at least cling to the few we have left.

With regard to the specific cases Mr. Moran adduces, and others he omits, it will be noted that the greater part of them have the broad distinction that they are capitalized when used as adjectives, thereby forcing the national or personal idea on the reader, but not when used as nouns, so that their etymology is forgotten. No one who speaks of china, delft, morocco, brown holland, or champagne has any geographical idea present in mind; nor any personal one in boycotting, broughams, or raglans; but if according to the silly upper-ten fad lately introduced, we spoke of Champagne wine, we certainly should capitalize the adjective, as we usually do in Russia leather (though according to the distinction above, not in half-russia), German silver, Holland gin, Westphalia hams, Dutch or Brie cheese, and in Colt or Remington firearms, Welsbach or Edison lights, Gladstone bags (if the name and use persists, we shall doubtless ultimately call them gladstones, from the rule above, as in broughams), and so on. So in listerine and Cæsarean section; the one is a noun, the other an adjective. This list might be much extended beyond what Mr. Moran gives. The inconsistencies not covered by this rule are very few and some of them due to recent innovations in a few printing offices which have discarded the rule; to needless and usually recent additions; or to a hyphening of certain terms as nouns, which really makes them conform to the above rule. Thus, I doubt whether russia leather is the universal rule in the best offices, any more than swedish iron. I was always used to speaking simply of a "raglan," not a "raglan overcoat," which an ugly tautology, like "Champagne wine"; the bowie-knife has been hyphened into a noun from the ease of transferring the accent wholly to the first half of the term, while the length and emphasis of "revolver" and "Remington" forbid the process in those cases; and I have seen german-silver, legitimately lower-case, as hyphened. As to type, I have never seen clarendon, or baskerville, or doric, and to make gothic the one exception to the rule of capitalizing these adjectives proves only bad judgment in the individual printing office, not inconsistency in general typographical style. I should make the same remark about a Gila monster, which ought to be capitalized, no matter what convention has been actually adopted.

It is true that this leaves a small handful of irregularities, but they are so very few that they need cause no embarassment, and can be easily conformed to rule, as roman type, which has emerged from the status of a printing-office specialty to that of a citizen of the world, and should be ranged with italics as lower-case;

india-rubber and india-ink come under the hyphen rule, as well as that of having lost all connotation of origin; and really only one bad exception is left, — that of paris green, which ought to be hyphened also for uniformity, and then would cease to be an exception.

I am perfectly aware that this use of hyphens is directly counter to the latest great typographical change the dictionaries have forced on us, — and in my opinion for more than one reason the most mischievous and contrary to taste and usefulness together, — the virtual abolition of hyphens; but this is "another story." If the distinctions in this article are carefully followed, I believe proofreaders will find little embarrassment in capitalizing proper names. *Forrest Morgan.*

WESTBROOK, Conn.

POINTS FROM A PLAY-READER.

The play reader occupies a place of large responsibility and considerable power. The position is one for which few men are fitted, and one that fewer still are willing to undertake. The work demands a thorough knowledge of dramatic literature, a perfect familiarity with the mechanism of the stage, a finely developed critical sense, exquisite taste, and — most difficult of all — an accurate appreciation of the state of the public mind in all its varying fads and fancies. Thus the play-reader must be sufficiently well schooled in the art of the drama to have the established ideals and convictions of the scholar, and at the same time he must be enough of an iconoclast to be willing to destroy his dearest idols when they are opposed to the public's whim.

Really competent play-readers are, therefore, as rare as are really competent playwrights. And while one playwright may supply dramas to several theatres, every producing theatre must needs have its own play-reader. The result is that the number of capable men is far smaller than the number of positions to be filled, and many such posts are occupied by incompetents.

One of the most prominent — because one of the most experienced and thoughtful — play-readers in New York is W. T. Price, who was for seven years A. M. Palmer's play-reader, and who now occupies a similar position on the staff of the Manhattan theatre. During his long service in his trying occupation Mr. Price has read thousands of plays, and from the great mass of good, bad, and worse manuscripts he has selected many that have become famous on the American stage. It is the hope of discovering such a one that makes the work of the play-reader bearable, and in a way even exciting. Mr. Price finds much to enjoy in his work, however, besides this element of chance. To a *Mirror* reporter he said, the other day, that he had never yet read a play that did not interest him either by reason of its virtues or its faults. "And," he declared, "I read every manuscript that comes into my hands from beginning to end, searching for the kernel of originality that may be hidden there."

"Do the managers themselves read the submitted plays after the play-reader has passed upon them?"

"Only the few that the play-reader culls from the many," replied Mr. Price. "It is the duty of the play-reader to guard the manager's peace of mind, and most managers have a horror of reading plays. Lester Wallack was once asked by a friend to read a play. His instant reply was, 'Not for the wealth of the Indies!' Even if a play is worth considering — as a play merely — the chances that it will suit any one particular manager, theatre, or star are very small. But every play submitted passes through the manager's hands, and he, of course, makes the final selection. The play-reader, after carefully going over the manuscript, writes an outline of the plot and brief comment upon the merits or demerits of the work, and passes it over to the manager. This process is largely a matter of courtesy to the writers, but the element of business is definite. An available play is occasionally found.

"I have noted with great interest the steady increase in the proportion of available plays among those submitted during the past few years. When I began reading for Mr. Palmer, fifteen years ago, hardly one play in 500 was suitable for actual production. At present

there is an actable play — or at least a possible play — in every 100.

"Of course a play may be in every respect a perfect piece of work and still be quite useless to any particular manager, or indeed to all managers. Of stock plays there may be a considerable number well worthy of production. In that relation, if the stock theatre companies should or could elevate themselves to an artistic and productive plane, there might be results, and many plays otherwise lost could be saved. Many a really good play has been lost to the public because, in the changes of style, it became old-fashioned before its author got a hearing for it. But as a general thing, a really good play finds production sooner or later, and if there is a really fine play lying neglected somewhere, I should like very much to acquire an interest in it, no matter how obscure its author might be."

"Then you believe that the unknown author has a chance?"

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Price. "The relation of the author to a play is a secondary consideration. It has its bearing, of course, and its value, but the name and fame of an author never won success for a poor play, nor has an unknown author's name ever been a handicap to a really good play.

"The man who knows little or nothing of playwriting is apt to place an extraordinary and preposterous value on his play. The professional should know the difference between good and evil. The amateur does not. Every one knows a little of playwriting — about as much as Strabo knew of modern geography. In short, the majority of those who send in plays understand the art of the drama about as the Frenchman, who, while he can make himself understood, boasts that he 'spiks ze Inglish.' Many do not seriously regard it as an art at all. They think, with one of the characters in Mr. Howells's 'Story of a Play,' that its principles can be learned at a glance. Such persons, if they persevere, write something like a dozen plays before it dawns upon them that the drama has laws as distinct as the laws which govern the functions of the air, water, electricity, or what not. The usual period of this unaided apprenticeship to the drama is rarely less than ten years. Then the writer begins to know something. Any one who has watched the careers of those who have become authors; any one who, as a playreader, has had to examine their recurrent efforts, knows the truth of this statement. It is almost impossible to write a good play without this experience of practice. He must acquire the professional point of view as to material and methods. He must learn the art of selection in order to avoid wasting time on subjects that cannot be other than distasteful to the public. He must know the plays of the past and present, so that he may not repeat an old tale. The art of playwriting must be learned by hard work, exactly as any other art is learned."

"Yet there have been successful plays written by inexperienced authors," suggested the reporter.

"Yes," answered Mr. Price promptly, "there have been accidental successes. But the man who makes an accidental success in playwriting is lost. His material may have presented no problems in the art. If he wrote his play without knowing how, he is a dangerous quantity. But if he understands his art, a first success means a career, for plays were never in greater demand."

"Yet the managers continue to reject good plays," said the reporter, "as is shown very conclusively when plays that have been refused by most of the best managers are put on by new-comers in the field and win success. The occurrence is not infrequent."

"Very true," answered Mr. Price. "The manager buys only what he needs. If he does not want a play, that ends it. There is no room for discussion. A particular play may not be wanted at a particular time. It depends a good deal on the degree of merit. I have among my books two volumes of rejected plays published in London in 1815 to demonstrate that the managers of that period did not know their business. Such plays, like the poor, we have with us always. Never was the standard higher than it is to-day, at least in certain requirements. To play a full season in New York and to last for many more on the road demands excellence. The standard is so

high, the reward so great, that American au thorship will soon feel the stimulus. Within ten years our development will be astonishing. We are to excel in mental and spiritual things as in material things. A period of achievement is at hand, but it will not arrive until we submit to and acknowledge playwriting as an art.

"The American temperament and habit of mind are slow to recognize authority, but the drama has a genius of its own that is higher than the genius of any man, and so art is about to prevail. Then we shall have dramatic geniuses, not before. Genius reaches its highest results on the continent, for there it is rooted in a soil of art. We are coming to it — genius guided by art. Art in playwriting has just begun with us."

"That is not very encouraging to the hundreds who send in immature plays."

"It is not meant to be. If a man is foolish enough to believe that he can dash off a play without possessing the art, he deserves penury and disappointment. He may as well try to make a living by flying a kite. Let him quit dreaming for a support, and come down to work. In the mean time, let the amateur send in his plays. By the time he has a dozen rejected, he will quit abusing the managers and begin to abuse himself. Encouragement is a very difficult and delicate thing to venture on with the amateur. It is impossible to help him, except, in returning his plays, to teach him. Of what use to advise him to make certain changes when he would only make it worse, knowing nothing of the art? When not only one thing in his play is wrong, but a hundred things, a thousand things, everything — it matters not how good the material is.

"You cannot imagine how wrong a play can be. The writer may be a very sensible person, but his art is insane. All that you can do is to read his plays. Let the amateur send them in. The manuscript will be read, not merely glanced at; all success for author, as well as manager, lies in that manuscript. It is a simple matter. No 'influence' is possible. I remember, at Palmer's theatre, a young writer, who used to appear annually with a letter of introduction from the Governor of North Carolina. Do not imitate his example. The play is the only thing that has any influence. It recommends or damns itself, needing no outside help in either event." — *The Dramatic Mirror.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Grace H. Boutelle, whose poems, "A Prayer," and "When We Remembered," appeared in *Munsey's* for June, is the daughter of the late Charles A. Boutelle, member of congress for the Fourth Maine district, and several times chairman of the committee on naval affairs. She has written ever since she learned to print, but she has begun to write regularly only during the past year. Before this, her writing had to be done at odd moments, as a great deal of her life has been spent in Washington, and before she came out, she taught her two younger sisters; and after her mother's death, she had her place to fill both as her father's private secretary, and in the way of official social duties. As daughter of the chairman of the naval committee, some years ago, she was asked to christen the United States steamship Newark at the shipyard of the Messrs. Cramp at Philadelphia, — perhaps the most interesting experience of her life, — and two years ago, she was asked to christen the Nevada at the Hyde shipyard at Bath, but as her father was ill at Waverly, and she was with him there, she declined and her youngest sister took her place. Miss Boutelle has a story under way in which the christening of a cruiser is the leading feature, which she hopes may give some idea of the charm and excitement of such an occasion. Five years before her father's death, he took his three daughters to Europe for a three-months' stay. During this trip, Miss Boutelle wrote some verses at Amalfi upon a sunrise she saw from the old Capuchin monastery, and it was the first poem of hers that *Munsey's* published. It was this trip abroad that her father and she recalled most often of all their interesting journeys together. Miss Boutelle has had verses in the Contributors' club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in *Munsey's*, *Current Literature*, the *Overland Monthly*, and the *Churchman*; also, stories in

the *Puritan* and the papers served by the McClure syndicate. Several of her poems came out in a collection called "America's Younger Poets," which was published some years ago. At present, Miss Boutelle is taking notes and putting her material in order for a brief biography of her father, to commemorate his public services and his rare personal character.

D. M. Henderson, Jr., who wrote the poem, "The Tryst," in the *Era* for July, was born in Baltimore, of Scotch parentage, and inherits his literary tastes from his father, who published a volume of poems some years ago, and who still contributes occasionally to the magazines. Mr. Henderson, who is just entering manhood, is a draughtsman by trade, and regards himself as still a 'prentice hand at literature. He has written a few stories for Baltimore papers, but most of his work has been in verse. His poems have appeared frequently in the *Baltimore Sun*, and he has also contributed to the *Sunday School Times*, *Current Literature*, and the *Era*.

Julie Closson Kenly, whose sonnet, "Evening," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, is the daughter of Colonel H. W. Closson, U. S. A., retired, and the wife of Captain W. L. Kenly, of the Eighth Battery, United States Field Artillery. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and has lived a little bit everywhere in this country. Mrs. Kenly has written a number of short stories, which have been published by *John A'Dreams*, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, *Munsey's*, *Life*, *Truth*, and *Town Topics*. Her first novel will be published soon by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

James Herbert Morse, whose poem, "The Spider's Web," was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, is well known both as an educator and an author. As the head of a private classical school in New York, and a very hard-working man, Mr. Morse gets little time in the work-a-day season for writing — the summer being his usual time for literary occupations. Still he has managed to find time to do considerable work for the printers. A volume of poems, "Summer Haven Songs," published by the Putnams in 1886, fairly represents his earlier verse. Of prose, there are some hundreds of articles in the *Critic* and in the *Century Magazine*; of verse since 1886, some two-score poems, printed chiefly in the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, and the *Critic*. A series of papers on "The Training of Boys," done in the winter holidays for *Harper's Bazar*, and published last year, represents his work done as a professional man. As an old member of the Authors club, of New York, and for twelve years an officer in it; also as a member of the Century club, and the famous old Greek club, Mr. Morse finds his literary associations in winter, but it is chiefly in summer, and at his country place at Cotuit, on Cape Cod, that he is altogether free for imaginative work. Here he has some sixteen acres of rare seashore land fronting on the outer harbor. In the rear are pines that sing all day long and shade the loveliest walks. On the untrimmed lawn of three or four acres, the Scotch broom glows in June, and the wild rose and a succession of blossoms shine through July and August. In September — much earlier, in fact — his apples, the Red Astrakan and Early Harvest, with white grapes, do honor to the old friend, E. S. Carman, the editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, who, in 1888, selected the plants. About the porch still grow luxuriantly five happy vines sent him by his old friend and fellow teacher, William H. Leggett, old-time president of the Torrey Botanical Society, of New York. But the most inspiring and musical company, and to a poet, most companionable, are some splendid oaks, one of which, measured this summer, registered eighty-two inches in girth. A dozen of these stand scattered over the grounds, and they have seen many rare gatherings, of which the family count best some when their friend, Frank R. Stockton, swung his hammock around with the sun under one of the younger oaks, while he was writing the seventh chapter of "The Hundredth Man," then coming out in the *Century Magazine*. If any lover of Stockton's work will take up that delightful story, "The Merry Chanter," he will find many items culled from Mr. Stock-

ton's experiences there that summer. No place but Cotuit could have driven the young married people to make up a crew of captains. The same old oaks have heard the genial voice of Joseph Jefferson, the pathos and humor of Sol Smith Russell — so lately gone — and the deep, rich, sombre Puritan note of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. The members of the family like to think of these oaks also as associated, in many rare visits, with some of the finest verse of Miss Edith M. Thomas. A little front room, looking out on the sea, which each of these old friends in turn has from time to time during the summer months made glad, shows traces of her ingenious imagination.

Ella Middleton Tybout, author of the story, "At Fiddler's Bridge," in *Lippincott's* for July, is a native of Delaware, and the story in *Lippincott's* is based upon a legend well known in that state. She has been writing for about a year and a half, and has had stories published in *Lippincott's* and *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, and accepted for publication by the *New England Magazine* and *Short Stories*. She prefers writing dialect, as she is interested in the negro character. For the past ten years she has lived in Washington.

Kate Vannah, whose poem, "World Weary," appeared in *Munsey's* for June, has found song-writing so lucrative and congenial in the past ten years that she has written comparatively little poetry, but the literary vein with her is quite as strong as the musical, and she has published some delightful poems, especially sonnets, in her very busy musical life as a composer. Of her music, more is sold to-day than that of any other woman composer in the United States, or of any man composer, excepting De Koven. Miss Vannah was born in Gardiner, Me., where she still resides. After graduating at the Gardiner high school, and later at a school near Baltimore, she tried her hand at journalism, writing for the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia papers, and for several Maine papers, under the name of Kate Van Twinkle. Her poetry was superior, and was widely copied. In 1892 a book of her poems was published by the Lippincotts, and this was followed by another book of poems in 1893. She expects to publish a third book of poems within a year or two. Her first songs were published when she was eighteen, and since then her fame as a composer has become widespread. Regarding her methods, she says: 'My work is the greatest possible pleasure to me when I am in the mood. I work like a Trojan at times. I have done six songs in ten days, but that is rather beyond my average rate. I probably write from twelve to fifteen songs a year, but I do not work constantly. Sometimes for a month I will not touch pen to paper, and then I will make up for lost time by working almost continuously for the next month. It is hard to say just how I write. I will read a little poem, perhaps, and then the melody comes, and, do you know, that particular melody is always thereafter connected with that poem. I might put the poem aside and not look at it again for a dozen years, but when I did, that same melody would leap into my mind at once." Miss Vannah prefers the serious love ballad to any other style of song, but she is as versatile as possible, and has written almost every kind of melody, from a coon song to a mass.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Burroughs. — John Burroughs, camping hermit-wise at "Slabsides," says that he has a sort of system of work, though he can't stand routine. He is up by five in the morning and writes for a while during the morning hours. In the afternoon he works in his vineyard or among his fruit trees and bushes, or tramps mile after mile through the forest. At sixty-five he can walk a mile in fifteen minutes and keep up that pace hour after hour.

Thackeray. — Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, the eminent Unitarian divine, once said to Thackeray: "You have constructed your Colonel Newcome out of two characters already familiar to all students of good literature — Don Quixote and Sir Roger de Coverley." Thackeray started. "You have touched on the very truth," he said. "I had been reading the Don's memoirs and the Sir Roger papers in the *Spectator* just before attacking that last task. I tried to make the colonel a creation of

my own, but I was conscious all the while that my two beloved old heroes were blending in my mind. No one else has guessed it, so far as I know." — *Washington Post.*

Verne. — "I really would much rather interview you than be interviewed," he said. "Yes, I suppose I may consider my life's work as nearly finished. I am at work on my hundredth volume, and in the nature of things I doubt whether I shall ever write another. In fact, my feeble eyesight prevents me from doing more than a page or two of it a day just now, if I want to keep up with the world's news as well. Only eighty-four of my one hundred volumes have been published so far, and they will continue to appear at six-monthly intervals, so that, of course, ten or twelve of them are very likely to be posthumous. I work extremely quick when I am in health, and if the operation for cataract which I must shortly undergo restores my eyesight for me, as the doctor hopes it will, I may, after all, go on into my second century of volumes. For I am quite untired, and work, either at my books or at the municipal business of Amiens, is my chief recreation.

"The field of the romance writer of the future? You're quite right, the question is an interesting one, and I'm inclined to think my answer to it will astonish you. Where do I think will the novelist of the future seek the plots and the environments for his novels?"

Jules Verne learned forward and drummed gently on the table. "I do not think there will be any novels or romances, at all events in volume form, in fifty or a hundred years from now," he said. And the old gentleman laughed at my surprise.

"No, I do not think there will be any novels. They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already now taken such a grip of the lives of the progressive nations.

"But the romance?" I said, "the novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological?"

"They will all disappear," said M. Verne. "They are not necessary and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining. As historic records the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to color every-day events so well that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than the historical or descriptive novel could do, and as for the novel psychological, that will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in our own lifetime."

Here M. Jules Verne got excited. "I am second to no living man," he cried, "in my admiration of the greatest psychologist the world has ever known, Guy de Maupassant, and he, like all true geniuses, foresaw the trend of human ideas and deeds, and wrote his stories in the smallest possible compass. Each one of De Maupassant's soul studies is a concentrated lozenge of psychology.

"The De Maupassant who will delight the world in years to come will do so in the newspapers of the day, and not in volumes, and they will, as you newspaper men express it, crystallize the psychology of the world in which they live by 'writing up' the day-to-day events. The real psychology or life is in its news, and more truth—truth with a big T—can be gathered from the police court story, the railway accident, from every-day doings of the crowd, and from the battles of the future, than can be obtained if an attempt is made to clothe the psychological moral in a garb of fiction." — *London Mail.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Protecting a Copyright. — The shortest novel on record is Francis Adams's "The Transgressors." Two copies of the book, each complete in 250 words, are on file at Washington, and thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Adams wrote the story in 100,000 words and was looking after its publication in Philadelphia when news came to the publishers that a pirated version of the book was being offered for sale. Mr. Adams's copyright not being completed, there was no law to prevent the sale of such a version.

He threw his story into 250 words, with cover, title, index, chapter heads, scenes, etc., identical with those in the original book. The work took six hours.

The little volume was rushed into print and

put on file, as the law requires. The copyright is protected and publication goes on serenely. — *New Bedford Mercury.*

How to Get a Job on a Newspaper. — When David Graham Phillips, author of "Her Serene Highness," was a very young man, he applied for work on a Cincinnati paper.

"What can you do?" said the editor.

"I can try anything," replied the young man.

Thinking to rid himself of further importunities for an assignment, the editor said:

"Well, write an article on bread."

It was a trying moment for the ambitious youngster, but he never flinched. All that night he collected material, and the next day he reported to the surprised editor with a bright and newsy article on "The Bakeries of Cincinnati." The young reporter was immediately engaged. — *Des Moines Capital.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE SHORT STORY. Bliss Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

BRET HARTE. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

SILL'S POETRY. W. B. P. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE BROWNING TONIC. Martha Baker Dunn. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE REVIVAL OF POETIC DRAMA. Edmund Gosse. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

SHAKESPEARE-BACON PARALLELS. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for August.

HALL CAINE AND MANXLAND. Illustrated. Joseph Callister. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

COUNT TOLSTOY AND THE NEW QUAKERISM. Professor James T. Bixby. *Arena* (28 c.) for August.

BRET HARTE. James Douglas. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. G. K. Chesterton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD AS BIBLIOGRAPHER AND HISTORIAN. Victor Hugo Paltsits. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. With portrait. A. Maurice Low. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS AND HIS WORK. Illustrated. E. A. Bennett. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, WORLD-AUTHOR. Illustrated. Charles F. Richardson. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

PUBLISHERS' VIEWS ON BOOK-REVIEWING. George Sands Goodwin. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. — II. Leo Wiener. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. — II. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

ITALIAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY. Illustrated. Sofia de Fornaro. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

A PLEA FOR THE SILENCE OF THE NOVELIST. Maxwell Gray. *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

A VIEW OF IBSEN. A Maynard Butler. *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

SOME DOMESTIC REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE. E. Williamson Wallace. *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Illustrated interview in her summer home. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for July.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is spending the summer at his cottage at Tenants Harbor, Me. His new collection of short stories, "A Sea Turn, and Other Matters," is to be published early in October.

Mrs. Ida Eckert-Lawrence, "the Ohio poet," is spending the summer at Mackinac Island, and other northern lake resorts. She is also gathering material for the new novel on which she is now at work.

Arthur à Beckett has written a book of reminiscences of his associates in comic journalism on the staff of *Punch.*

Herbert Paul's biography of Matthew Arnold is the new monograph in the English Men of Letters series, which is no longer edited by John Morley.

Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, son-in-law of the late Thomas Dunn English, will publish the latter's reminiscences. Dr. Noll is registrar of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.

Walter Jerrold has completed the monograph on George Meredith, which he has had in hand for the English Writers of To-day series.

A life of Herbert Spencer by Dr. Charles H. Rieber, of Stanford University, will be published this autumn. It will be called "Herbert Spencer, the Man, the Scientist, and the Philosopher."

The major portion of Dr. Stopford Brooke's book on Browning, which will be uniform in style and appearance with his "Study of Tennyson," published in 1894, is in type.

Another Thoreau book is announced. It will contain extracts from unpublished letters and journals of the Thoreau family and intimate friends. Its title will be, "Thoreau, His Home, Friends, and Books"; its author is Mrs. Annie Russell Marble, and it is to be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Darwin left a mass of interesting correspondence, and we are to get more of it before long. Some of the letters have already been published, but the new ones will cover wholly fresh ground.

Lucy Leffingwell Cable, the editor of the Scribner school version of "Don Quixote," just published, is the daughter of George W. Cable.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, 2d, is the managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan*.

The total number of new novels published in England in 1901 was 1,513.

The *New Era* is a new illustrated Jewish magazine, edited by Rabbi Raphael Lasker, and published at South Framingham, Mass.

The *Valley Magazine* is a new St. Louis monthly.

The first number of the *Hobby*, an illustrated magazine for book lovers, is announced for publication in September by the American Press Company, Baltimore, Md.

The new *Gulf States Historical Magazine* is published bi-monthly at Montgomery, Ala.

Rev. Dr. John Bancroft Devins and John A. Offord have bought the *New York Observer*. Dr. Devins has had entire charge of the editorial management of the paper for the last five years, and Mr. Offord has been the business manager.

Action and Utterance will hereafter be issued quarterly.

The *Concert-Goer* (New York) has been purchased by the United Publishers' Corporation, which owns *Ev'ry Month*, and which intends to put the *Concert-Goer* in the front rank of musical periodicals.

The *New York Herald* offers to pay $100 each for original designs suitable for publication as graphically illustrating weather forecasts. Fashion plates are not desired, though the central object in all the designs submitted should be a pretty female figure. Designs for all kinds of weather — fine, gloomy, threatening, rainy, hot, cool, frosty, snowy, windy, stormy, cyclonic — may be forwarded addressed: "Art Department, *New York Herald*, Herald Square, New York."

The Arion Society of Brooklyn announces prizes to be awarded at its festival to be held the last week in November. The highest prize offered is for the best English chorus for mixed voices, for not less than 100 voices, which is to bring its composer $1,000. For the best German chorus for male voices, the first prize is to be $500. The best English chorus for men's voices is to receive a similar prize. There are also prizes for other compositions that range from $300 to $75. For the literary prizes the awards are smaller. For the best story founded on an episode in American history, $100 will be paid. Two prizes of this amount are offered, one for a story in English, and the other for a story in German. For poems founded on incidents in the history of this country and written in German and English, prizes of $100 are to be awarded. Other awards of smaller amounts are also offered.

In the August issue of *Ev'ry Month* (New York) is announced a $500 cash prize contest for good music, piano pieces and songs, open to subscribers for *Ev'ry Month* or for the *Concert-Goer*.

The *Business World*, 25 City Hall place, New York city, offers subscriptions and business books (but not cash) for brief contributions on business subjects of interest to office folk.

"A Study of Prose Fiction," by Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is announced for early publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The aim of this book is to discuss the outlines of the art of fiction — not to sketch the history of the English novel.

Dr. Charles Kendall Adams died at Madison, Wis., July 26, aged sixty-seven.

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A SUGGESTION TO NOVELISTS.

In a recent article Julian Hawthorne well voices the public discontent and dissatisfaction with the custom so generally employed by novelists of ending their stories with a culminating love triumph. Speaking to the point, he says: "Love stories, meaning tales of courtship, are altogether too numerous. It would be a beneficent improvement to write stories of marriage, of the influence of the married state in making or marring, as the case might be, the parties to it. We have not sufficiently considered in literature the nature of marriage as a factor in citizenship; the real citizen is not the man or the woman, but both together."

The great majority of novel readers will appreciate and endorse the value of this suggestion, for it has been forcibly impressed on each one of us, by countless stories of varying merit and character, that modern fiction is neither strong, nor instructive, nor lasting. Our novelists seem to imagine their readers, both old and young alike, as simple boy and girl lovers, whose every thought is one of mutual love and admiration. Is it possible that the writers of modern fiction have so ill-judged the character and strength of our people as seriously to believe that they want only the sweet and none of the bitterness of life? It is truly unfortunate that they cannot see that the masses of the people are serious-minded men and women, who think, and act, and do, and not mere children in their hopes and ambitions.

What American literature needs above all other things — and this applies equally well and with much force to the literature of other countries — is a touch and grasp of real matter-of-fact daily life. Modern fiction, if it would meet the demands of the public, must put away much of its artificiality, and assume truth, probability, and fact. Writers, like other men, are so apt to follow the footsteps of their predecessors, and so likely to regard the old rut of fiction writing as the only road to success, that they do not stop long enough to consider the growing and crying need of the hour for the natural and original, which is also the perfect and beautiful.

The American people are great readers, and their desire to be amused by light literature is perhaps carried to excess, but the fact that they so eagerly buy the novels of love and adventure does not necessarily prove their fondness and desire for such stories. It simply signifies their love of fiction, it does not show that modern fiction is what they want. It is time

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that our authors looked a little ahead; time that they should perceive the petty littleness and temporary value of their work. Among all the many marked successes of the past half-dozen years, it would be a most difficult, indeed, an impossible task, to point out one novel that has within it the elements of permanent worth and substantial popularity.

Until modern novelists stop writing simply for the purpose of amusing their readers and pleasing the instinct of romantic boy and girl love, we need not look for a period of worthy manly authorship. The novelist who has the strength of character and the necessary foresight to put behind him the present style of novel-writing, and who will write of life and life's problems as they are after the ringing of the marriage bells, bids fair, if he will put his heart into the work, to win immortal renown. If our writers could but realize that the love of man and woman is but a part of life and not the whole, they would gain the respect and thanks of their fellows.

Let us be serious-minded in our fiction, as we must be in daily life, for it is a part of our personal and national life; and above all else, give us novels based on the truth and reality of life, as we meet and live it. The blessedness of labor, the delights of friendship, the passion of patriotism, the glorified love of the simple home life that exists, are each and all important and of decided interest to the people. Let our novelists appreciate that we are a manly race of pushing, energetic, sincere, and matter-of-fact men and women, who do not fear the truth of life and are ready to meet it, with all its joys and sorrows. The writer who sees this, and has the ability to put life down in books simply and truly as it exists, has that moment discovered the philosopher's stone of the secret to success.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *Folger Barker.*

DEALING WITH LONDON EDITORS.

The Professor said so from the first; but then, the Professor had lived his life. He had left hope behind him. Content to exist upon an income barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, he sat behind his whiskey and soda and sneered.

So I paid little attention.

"In the first place, you have the misfortune to be a woman," he told me, as if I did n't know that. "It is bad enough to be a woman alone in London; but to be a woman who is obliged to work for her living,—that is worse. And to be a woman who has to work at journalism! Mein Gott!" For, being part German, the professor occasionally, in moments of extreme excitement, lapsed into the tongue of his Faderland.

"Anyway, I will try it," I retorted hopefully. "I will send out a few manuscripts here and there as a starter, at least."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Go on, then," he groaned. "Send them out, but I'll tell you right now you might as well try to make your living by carrying smoke, or painting barbed wire fences, or shoveling fog off roofs."

"Why?"

"Wait and see," he suggested laconically.

I waited and saw.

At the end of two months one of my stories appeared in a chic little magazine without my name.

"I should have liked the credit of this story," I ruminated frowningly, "but never mind, so I get my pay."

"Yes," nodded the professor; "never mind, so you get your pay," and he fell to laughing over his whiskey and soda in so idiotic a way that I left the room, concluding that he had had too much.

I made an excursion to the office of the editor.

He was out.

"When will he be in?" I asked of the girl at the desk.

"Not until to-morrow morning," she replied.

To-morrow morning found me facing her once more.

I congratulated myself that I had spied the coat-tails of the editor vanishing through the doorway as I entered.

Good! I had him trapped.

"The editor is out," she smiled in answer to to my query. These English are all smiles. They are nothing if not courteous.

"When will he be in?" I inquired.

"Not until to-morrow morning."

I duly reported my luck to the Professor.

"I will help you," said he, and the following morning found us at the Strand, he at the bottom of the street in which the office was located, and I at the top, standing about in so aimless a manner that a policeman more than once approached me with a "Move on!" look in his eye.

A fat man with grizzly hair suddenly skirted the corner, sped swiftly on as if some one were after him, circled nimbly among the trams, dray wagons, and cabs, and skipped up the steps of the editor's office.

At the same time the Professor closed in from the bottom of the street and motioned me forward.

"That was the editor," he whispered. "We've got him!"

He stood nonchalantly aside, gazing reflectively upon the ceiling, while I interviewed the girl.

"The editor is out," she smiled, as on the morning before.

"When will he be in?" I asked, smiling also. I've learned it. I can smile and smile and be a villain, too.

"Not until to-morrow morning," she replied.

She had got it by heart.

I related the news to the Professor.

"I had one like that when I was an editor," he mused. "She is a parrot. She can only say one thing. 'He's out. He's out!' but that's enough. Wait a minute. You stand and watch that door while I watch this. There are only the two exits. He can't escape without our seeing him. And to see is to grab."

He stealthily approached the door, applied an ear thereto, and turned an absorbed gaze upon me.

"I hear the sound of his voice," he exclaimed. "Hurry!"

I ran. He opened the door with a jerk. He flung it wide. We stood staring blankly within. The room was empty.

"It was n't a second ago that I heard him there," declared the Professor, as we walked slowly and sorrowfully down the marble steps.

"The only possible explanation of it lies," he added, "in the existence of a trap door. That is evidently the state of the case. He has a private trap door to which he alone possesses the key."

I had sent out other manuscripts. For a long while they remained in the hands of the editors; then they were published, one by one and anonymously.

I took to haunting the offices of the editors. They were chronically out. In the ante-room of one, where I kicked my heels in company with other hopeless journalists bearing large black canvas bags too obviously containing manuscripts, a conspicuous sign read: —

"The editor is invisible until twelve o'clock."

"That means," exclaimed the Professor, "that even if you do happen to see him, you don't see him."

Uniformly I worked up to lunch time. After that I sallied forth on a still hunt for editors. I had a regular beat, down Southampton Row, past Oxford street, through byways and alleys to Chancery Lane, and on to the Strand, Arundel street, Bovery, and the Embankment.

In my unoccupied moments I pictured myself a crossing sweeper, a shoestring pedler, a vender of old clothes, a seller of rags.

"It is what you will come to," the Professor encouragingly informed me, "if you depend for your support upon the London editor."

Incidentally I ran across one of my own stories copied from a New York magazine. It was copied quite fearlessly, without the addition of my name or that of the magazine.

I showed it to the Professor. "How do you expect a magazine like that to live without thieving?" he asked scornfully. "It is clearly impossible. They all do it. I was at the office of a London newspaper last week, and the floor was strewn with New York newspapers. They were cutting clippings right and left. Not that the New York work is better than ours; but it is different."

"This editor seems to like my work so well," said I, "that I think I shall send him a manuscript."

I did so.

In due time it was published. As usual, it was without my signature.

I called at the office. The editor was out. A grinning girl took my address and promised to send me a cheque. Meantime, a man wrote absorbedly at a desk in an adjoining room.

"What sort of a looking man was he?" inquired the Professor.

"Dark and massive, with a black mustache, and a wart on the left side of his nose."

"That was the editor," chuckled the Professor. "I know him."

"But she said he was out?"

"Of course she said he was out. That's what she's there for."

I sent a story — one of my best — to a magazine in Paternoster Row. It stayed. I called.

"The editor is out," the young man in charge told me.

"How much?" I asked. "I mean, when will he be in?"

"It is impossible to say. Did you come to ask after your story?"

"Yes."

"It has been published."

With that he kindly offered me a copy. Sure enough, there was the story. No name was attached. I sighed. How was it possible to make a reputation for writing, if I failed invariably to get credit for my work?

"I should like to see the editor personally," I demurred. "Will he be back at any reasonble time?"

"As a matter of fact," answered the youth, with a slight elevation of eyebrows, "he has gone to the continent. He will probably return in two weeks. Will you wait?"

Not having brought my trunk along, I concluded I would n't.

"Describe that young man to me," ordered the Professor.

I described him.

"The same old dodge," he laughed. "He is the editor himself."

I had quit sending out manuscripts. The promptness with which they were accepted had the effect of frightening me. Instead I spent my spare moments in the ineffectual endeavor to corner editors.

My beat enlarged, extended, amplified. By now it reached nearly to St. Paul's churchyard. I often sat there to rest and ruminate upon things in general and invisible London editors in particular.

Tame pigeons flocked at my feet. I envied those pigeons. What did they care about invisible editors so long as they had crumbs?

But my crumbs depended upon editors!

When thoughts like that struck me, I got up and walked aimlessly about until I was too tired to think.

One day I had tramped a long way down Holborn to Paternoster row. There the editor was out. A small boy received and dismissed me.

I went to Essex street. I ascended five flights of small stone steps and found the door barricaded, with an opening left for one eye.

"The editor has just gone to lunch," screamed a voice from within. "There is no telling when he will be back," with an accent on the "when."

"Lunch" at three o'clock!

In Arundel street the editor had been ill. He was convalescing and had gone to Brighton. He would n't be back for a week, perhaps for two.

At Bovery street the room was vacant, and on the Embankment the office was closed. The concern had gone into liquidation.

Added to all this, it rained. It not only rained, but it poured.

By the time I arrived home I was drenched to the skin, worn out, and verging upon the point of hysterics.

Rushing into the drawing-room where the Professor sat in one corner of the fireplace,

sipping his brandy and soda, I flung myself into a chair near the table, threw my arms despairingly out and buried my face in them.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he questioned grimly, pausing between sips to look up.

But I was afraid to trust my voice.

"You can't accuse me of not warning you," he said. "I did. Not only I, but others. What was it Walter Besant said about the career of writers in London? How many shining examples of starving journalists have spread themselves out before you? But no. You are not satisfied with examples, with warnings. You must see for yourself."

There was a long silence, filled with sobs. I was tired and unstrung, and then it rained. If the sun had shone, it might have been different.

"Drop it," the Professor went on. "Drop it, I say, and go to work at something else."

He waited till I was quieter.

"Anything else would be better," he said then. "Or, if you must beg, don't work all day long at your desk, then cringe for the money you have honestly earned. . . ."

After a time: —

"Sit on a street corner and hold out your hand," he concluded. "It's easier. And you are apt to get a few pennies dropped into it now and again, besides."

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Zoe Anderson Norris.*

WRITING FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

It may be that "writing from photographs" is not a common practice, and a few words of experience on the subject may be helpful, especially to those interested in juvenile work.

In every picture there hides an inspiration to the writer, if the mind is in readiness to receive it, and a receiving mood may be so cultivated as to become a habit, and each picture studied may present a dozen lines of thought, which, if followed, will surely produce the result desired: a suggestion for a story.

Some time ago, in contributing to a small religious weekly, I first undertook this work. The editor had told me that he was in trouble in regard to illustrating the matter which he wished to publish; the paper could not afford to employ an artist, and it was before half-tone work was as generally used as it is now. He handed me a package of uncopyrighted photographs, and said: "Get something out of these, if you can. Illustrations we must have, and if we cannot make pictures for our articles, we will make articles and stories for our pictures."

I selected a series of photographs, which were reproductions of the paintings of great artists, representing the birth of the Christ Child. The attempt was a success, and the Christmas number came out with a nicely illustrated article on "Christmas Reflections from Great Artists."

This was the beginning, and the work went on, and has become an interesting and profitable phase of juvenile writing.

Learning that a great many of the leading Sunday newspapers were buying short stories for the department devoted to the boys and girls, and that they were looking for stories with accompanying illustrations, I bent my energies in that direction and they were liberally rewarded. As one editor said to me, "A story with illustration will be accepted nine times out of ten, in preference to one without, even though the latter be superior in other respects."

The small uncopyrighted photographs may be obtained from different sources. One of the greatest collections is to be found in Boston. They retail at fifteen and twenty-five cents each, bringing them in easy reach of every one. Many subjects may be found in private collections of amateur photographs, and if one is an expert in using a camera, he is fortunate. *Lena Blinn Lewis.*

CLEVELAND, O.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Now that it is the usual custom of publishers to send out their books in paper jackets, generally with a reproduction of the cover design, they ought to make it their rule to print on the jacket the retail price of the book. By so doing they would serve the convenience of book reviewers, book sellers, and book buyers, and so advance their own material interests.

* * *

The suggestion of William Roscoe Thayer that Harvard should celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson, May 25, 1903, is sure to meet with general approval.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Dial*, arguing that "proven" is a proper word, declares that we should make text-books on grammar and rhetoric servants for us, and not ourselves servants for them. Then he defines his governing principle as follows: "RULE: *In English we use certain forms and expressions because we use them; we do not use certain other forms and expressions because we do not use them.*" According to that, "It ain't" is perfect English.

* * *

The description of the scene at the funeral of Edwin Booth which was quoted in the July WRITER was wrongly attributed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. What Mr. Aldrich wrote about the burial was in a letter to William Winter, which is printed in Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth," as follows: —

> We reached Mount Auburn a few minutes before sunset. Just as Edwin was laid in the grave, among the fragrant pine-boughs which lined it, and softened its cruelty, the sun went down. I never saw anything of such heart-breaking loveliness as this scene. There in the tender afterglow two or three hundred men and women stood silent, with bowed heads. A single bird, in a nest hidden somewhere near by, twittered from time to time. The soft June air, blowing across the upland, brought with it the scent of syringa blossoms from the slope below. Overhead, and among the trees the twilight was gathering. "Good night, sweet Prince!" I said, under my breath, remembering your quotation. Then I thought of the years and years that had been made rich with his presence, and of the years that were to come, — for us not many, surely, — and if there had not been a crowd of people, I would have buried my face in the greensward and wept, as men may not do, and women may. And thus we left him.

* * *

How many novels are there in which newspaper people and newspaper work are important features? Barrie's "When a Man's Single," of course, comes at once to mind. Four recent works dealing with newspaper life are: "A Girl Who Wrote," by Alan Dale; "Many Waters," by Robert Shackelton; "The Great God Success," by John Graham; and "The Second Generation," by James Weber

Linn. Miss Elizabeth Jordan wrote about the newspaper woman in her "Tales of a City Room." "The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl," by Elizabeth Banks, is announced, and so is "The Last Word," by Alice McGowan, which is to tell the story of a Texas girl who wins newspaper success in New York. Robert Barr's "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," is an unsatisfactory newspaper story. Who can extend the list?

* * *

The publication of the article about Cyrus Townsend Brady quoted in this number of THE WRITER has brought out protests from a number of people who declare that Mr. Brady is n't the fastest writer living, and that there are many other writers who produce more than 2,000 words a day. If there are, they ought to be ashamed of it. W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The entire assembly was asked to remove their hats. — *New York Journal.*	All present were asked to remove their hats.
These pictures are copyrighted, with all rights reserved, and must, under no circumstances, be reproduced. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*	These pictures are copyrighted, with all rights reserved, and must not be reproduced under any circumstances.
The man who found the largest nugget of gold ever discovered, and for which he received $60,000, has just died in abject poverty. — *Boston Herald.*	The man who found the largest nugget of gold ever discovered, for which he received $60,000, has just died in abject poverty.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

For the past three or four years the historical novel may be said to have raged until all of a sudden it has come to a dead stop. As usual with a fad or a fashion, the world of readers has had a glut of it, and now turns away from such feasts with a tendency to nausea. I am told that the publishers will not even look at a manuscript purporting to be a romance founded on history.

It is scarcely two years since Mr. Howells commented in *Harper's* Easy Chair on the "cry for historical romances" with plenty of "bloodshed and arch heroism" in them, without much regard for the correctness of the history. Readers wanted historical names with plenty of adventure, not caring whether the incidents had a basis in history or not. The presses of the publishers groaned under the burden of answering this demand.

Whether it was Mr. Howells's influence as a critic condemning the false history of the great majority of these novels — "Bottom-wise translated out of all likeness to human events" — as he most truly remarked, or whether readers became exhausted with the seemingly endless procession, it is quite certain the thirst for historical fiction is assuaged.

And yet it is foolish to condemn historical novels simply because their history is bad, or not accurate. Great writers may take what liberties they please with historical men and women and the events of their time, so long as they make their characters living human beings and portray the manners of the period they describe. The vast majority of readers do not care for history. They find it dull and tedious, as it often is. But they do like to know something about their ancestors, how they lived and acted and dressed and talked and made love. These things afford a field for the novelist, and if he is a good one his work is more enduring than that of the historian. Thousands of people have read "Henry Esmond" to one who has read Stanhope's history of the reign of Queen Anne, or any other history of that period. And, what is more, the readers of "Esmond" have a better idea of the people of that age, their manners and customs, than the readers of the history.

Thackeray was not particular as to some of his facts and events. The most dramatic incident in the story, that where Esmond and Frank Castlewood find Prince James at Castlewood, whither he has pursued Beatrix, could not possibly have occurred, for the reason that the prince was not in England at that time. But how true the whole thing is to the character of James, and to his willingness to sacrifice not only his friends, but his kingdom, for any fleeting fancy that might possess him! Thackeray's portrayal is true to the life, and we understand precisely how it was that the

house of Stuart failed of restoration to the throne of England.

So, too, in the same novel the duke of Hamilton could not have been engaged to marry Beatrix Esmond, for the simple reason that he was a married man at the period described. But what is a little matter like that when a coquette has to be punished?

In another of Thackeray's novels, "The Virginians," there is a passage that caused a great uproar in the United States when it was first published. It is that in which Colonel Washington accepted a challenge to fight a duel with George Washington. My! what a beating of tom-toms there was among our countrymen of nearly half a century ago! Washington fight a duel? Never, no matter what the cause!

Of course we know that Washington, in his later life, was opposed to dueling, and, as a matter of fact, never was engaged in a duel. But we do not know what he might have yielded to in his hot-headed youth, and he was but twenty-three when the occurrence is described.

Scott's historical novels are not always quite true to the events as they actually happened, but when we are under the spell of the master, what do we care for that? So much the worse for the events, for as they are told in the novel they are truer than what actually happened.

The drama was the favorite form of fiction in the Elizabethan times, and Shakspere has given us some noted historical pieces, but he did n't mind making the facts suit his purpose rather than mold his purpose to the facts.

"Henry IV." may reasonably be called the first and greatest of historical romances, and the characters are all historical, but Shakspere did not hesitate in making such changes in them as would make a more interesting story.

He describes Hotspur as a young man, about the same age as Prince Harry, but as a matter of history there was a great disparity in their years and they never met in battle at all. The play opens at the time of the battle of Holmedon Hill, when the Prince of Wales was only fourteen years of age and Hotspur was forty.

So, too, the characters of Glendower, Northumberland, and Mortimer have been altered to suit the exigencies of the dramatic story.

"Macbeth" is a still more notable instance of Shakspere's methods with history and historical characters. What little has come down to us about Lady Macbeth shows that she was an excellent and devout woman, and that Macbeth was a wise and philanthropic ruler. Duncan was the usurper and was killed, not in his old age, but when he was still young. Nor was he slain under Macbeth's roof. Banquo is a myth, there never having been any such nobleman.

The truth is, it is not because our modern and recent historical novels are untrue to history that they have so suddenly gone out of vogue, but because they are so badly devised and written. The characters have no life to them and soon cease to interest us.

Let some writer come along who has a story to tell with a historical setting, and we shall then see how eagerly the publishers will accept and the people read it.

The historical novel is not yet and never will be dead. It is only awaiting the appearance of the right author.—*John N. Crawford, in the Chicago Journal.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

"Mary Gaunt" is the pen name of Mrs. H. Lindsay Miller, a young Australian, whose story. "When the Colt Jammed," appeared in the July number of *Pearson's Magazine.* "Mary Gaunt" was born on the Indigo goldfields in the northeastern corner of Victoria, where her father, now Judge Gaunt, was then warden. As a child, she was possessed with a strong desire to earn her own living and be independent, but not till she was grown up did she settle on the pen as a means to that end. She began her literary career by writing nautical articles for the *Argus*, with the help of a sailor brother, and four years later she sent her first novel, "Dave's Sweetheart," to England, where it was published by Edward Arnold, and was well reviewed in the English papers, though it was not known in America. Then, having put herself in a fair way to succeed, she married Hubert Lindsay Miller,

M. D., and went to live at Warrnambool, a small seaport town on the stormy south coast of Victoria. Here she busied herself with her home duties, incidentally publishing three novels, "The Moving Finger," "Kirkham's Find," and "Deadman's." In 1900 her husband died, and she was really face to face with the problem that had interested her in her childish days. The following year she went to London, and set herself to work. It was a very up-hill struggle for the young Australian, who missed the friends and the sunshine of her own country, but she is gradually becoming known, and has sold short stories to *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *Sunday Strand*, the *Empire Review*, the *Sphere*, and other magazines. Chiefly, her stories and novels are on Australian life, very often gold-field life in Australia, but her last novel, "Mistress Betty Carew," is a story of the foundation of the state of New South Wales. The serial rights of this novel have bought by Cassell's newspaper syndicate for publication in the British Isles; the *Times of India* will also publish it, as will one of the Australian papers. The serial rights have not yet been sold in America, but Mrs. Miller hopes to dispose of them before the year is out. She is now engaged on another serial, "The Best that May Be," which tells of the "Mutiny of the Bounty," and the early settlement of Australia. It is intended for the *Empire Review*, one of Macmillans' publications.

Edward N. Pomeroy, whose poem, "The Watch Below," was printed in the July *Atlantic*, is a native of Maine. He was educated at Dartmouth and Bowdoin Colleges and Union Theological Seminary, New York city, having been graduated from the last-named in 1868. He was class poet at Bowdoin. Between college and seminary days, he made a voyage "before the mast," (on one occasion narrowly escaping the fate of the hero of "The Watch Below"), taught school, and served three years in the army as private soldier and second lieutenant of infantry. Since his seminary course he has been a Congregationalist minister, his last charge being at Taunton, Mass; but for the past fourteen years he has been without a charge, on account of infirm health. He has published a good deal in prose and verse, but has never made a collection in book form. His war and sea poems have attracted considerable notice, and have been widely reprinted. His verses have appeared in *Harper's*, the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Springfield Republican*, and other publications. The three sea poems, "Outward Bound," published in *Harper's*, "The Old Sea Captain," published in *Scribner's*, and "The Watch Below," are regarded as his best work. He hopes to publish a volume of poems soon. Mr. Pomeroy's home is in Wellesley, Mass.

Mary Clarke Huntington, author of the poem, "The Pond," in the *New England Magazine* for August, lives in Lebanon, Conn. Her first attempt at published rhyme appeared when she was thirteen. Since then she has had both prose and verse in the *New England Magazine*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *National Magazine*, the papers served by the McClure Syndicate, *Life*, *Judge*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Sunday School Times*, the *Christian Endeavor World*, the *Churchman*, and various other periodicals. During 1900 she wrote a series of articles for *Young People* (Philadelphia) by request of the editor — who had read her story, "The Penance of Fra Bernardo," an Italian study of unusual strength and beauty, which was published in the *Independent* during October of the previous year. A pathetic little nature story, "As a Tale That Is Told," has been sold by her to *McClure's* for future publication, and before long the *Ladies' Home Journal* will bring out "Gran'father," a virile and touching tale of island life, which is to be accompanied by a picture of the author. Miss Huntington's article upon "Lebanon," in the *Connecticut Quarterly* for July-August-September of 1896 attracted much attention to her historic birthplace. Her work is always healthful in tone and of fine finish, the material for her stories usually being taken from the life about her, and giving the local color effectively. Her

literary education is such as she has acquired by self study and during little trips and sojournings from home, since finishing with a select school in her native town at sixteen. A gift for drawing, developed by a few lessons under art teachers, has enabled her to illustrate some of her poems in a simple way—which thoroughly carries out the letter of the text. She hopes before long to bring out a book of short stories, which have already been published in periodicals, and she may also have a volume of verse brought out—reprinted from magazine contributions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Brady.—Since July, 1901, Cyrus Townsend Brady has accomplished a literary wonder. He has produced "Woven With the Ship," a sea story of 40,000 words; "The Southerners," 100,000 words in length; "Border Fights and Fighters," another of 100,000 words; a boys' story of 80,000 words, "In the Wasp's Nest"; several short stories aggregating 40,000 words more; two book reviews a month, each containing 2,000 words; and thirty sermons of 1,250 words apiece for the Sunday issue of a daily newspaper. In addition, he completely rewrote "Hohenzollern," a 40,000-word historical romance; carried through the press "Hohenzollern," "The Quiberon Touch," and "Colonial Fights and Fighters"; assiduously attended to a large and increasing correspondence, and preached twice every Sunday. He also kept posted his cash book, which on a moment's examination tells him how his pen earns money and how his books have sold. Mr. Brady takes a vast amount of pride in this book. "Not many authors run one," he says, and invariably adds: "It's hard work, too, for a literary man."

In fairness to Mr. Brady, it should be added that during August and September, he does not put pen to paper at all. He has made it a rule never to work while on vacation.

But even all this does not give an adequate idea of the rapidity with which Mr. Brady works. Before he dictates a single line or word he dissects hundreds of reference books, many of which he finds ready to hand in his fine historical library of 4,000 volumes. Then when the first typewritten copy of the new book is ready, he spends hours in elaborating the spoken thoughts that his stenographer, Miss Isabel Parris, has caught while her employer paced rapidly back and forth in his workshop and as rapidly spoke.

In this elaboration much attention is given to the adjuncts of the conversation. Mr. Brady does not dictate, "'kicking the cat,' she yelled," or "she turned and said," or "smiling sweetly, she added." He fires straight dialogue at his secretary. "I?" "Yes, you and no other." "But I don't see how I can do it." "Well, then, you are not the man I take you to be." In distinguishing between the speakers, Miss Parris says she is guided by intuition and the inflection of Mr. Brady's voice. Mr. Brady contends that his secretary's best guide for discrimination lies in the fact that a heroine never says "damn." Be that as it may, when the stenographic notes are transcribed, the author finds the dialogue properly paragraphed and spoken by the right persons. All he has to do is to write in the "said he's" and "said she's." By this method Mr. Brady believes that he acts as a sort of human phonograph for his characters, with the result that their conversations are natural, because they have not been carried on among literary impediments.

After the copy is worked over until the accessions fill margins and spaces between lines, often getting to the blank side of the pages, Miss Parris makes a revised copy. This is subject to painstaking excision. When this process has been carried out until the author is satisfied that what is left is absolutely necessary to tell the story, a third copy is made. Usually this is the final copy, the one placed in the hands of the publishers.

Besides dictation, addition and excision befall a novel at this author's hands before the public sees it. He revises it in the serial galleys, works over it in the serial pages, gives it scrutiny in the book galleys, and a final touch here and there in the book pages. Thus a novel from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady is revised, wholly or in part, at least six times before it is placed between covers. Sometimes this touching-up process is extended, as in the

case of "Hohenzollern," which was entirely re-written for book form after running serially. In this instance the story was subjected to revision twelve times.

Mr. Brady's working hours, he says, are "from nine a. m. to three p. m., six days in a week, unless there's a football game somewhere around, and then I'm off to the scene of carnage." His first daily task is the clearing up of all correspondence, which is no joking matter. Then comes an hour and a half or two hours of dictation. This is followed by revision and correction until two o'clock. The last hour of the working day is given over to reference reading. When the clock strikes three, Mr. Brady abruptly throws aside all thought of work and goes out seeking recreation. Frequently, but not always, if he returns home at five o'clock, he studies until dinner time, an hour and a half later. Every evening is given over absolutely to amusement. In such short working days has he produced in four years thirteen books and twenty-eight stories, and has well under way at least two more books, several stories, and a dramatized version of "Hohenzollern." This venture into realms theatrical is being made in collaboration with a journalistic friend.

Mr. Brady modestly declares that he cannot bring himself to believe that he has been doing anything herculean. "It's very easy and simple to me. All I do is to endeavor to follow the motto of an ancient man of learning. It was Tacitus who said, 'No day without a line.' My 'line' is generally forthcoming, for once I get a plot in my head I can't rest until it is out and on paper. First thing I know a book has written itself while I have walked and talked. Then I'm contented and happy and lazy up to the moment another plot jumps into my brain while I'm out walking or riding. Instantly I fall enthusiastically in love with the idea, and read all the reference books I can lay hands on, often hundreds. Many I tear apart, taking what I want and compiling just the one succinct and pertinent reference book that I need for the story. This information I get at my tongue's end, after which I begin to write."—*Henry Morton, in the Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Jacobs. — W. W. Jacobs's methods are simple and direct. There is just the germ of some comical situation, such as life is daily providing; then the careful elaboration; the diverting end to which the whole story tends, and the continual atmosphere of humor conveyed by the use of quaint adjectives expressing a happy frame of mind. Much of the *éclat* with which he carries off every story he writes is due to his ingenious use of adjectives. Composition seems to be an arduous task with him. He is not one who can sit down at his desk and churn out so much copy per hour. There are days when he will not do more than a few hundred words, others when he will tear up what he wrote the day before, and others again when he will sail gaily through with a whole chapter or even a complete story. — *J. A. Hammerton, in Black and White.*

Macaulay. — In *Harper's* for September T. E. Blakely gives information about Lord Macaulay's methods of writing, and tells of the infinite pains he took before giving his history of England finally to the world. "After the first four volumes were printed," says Mr. Blakely; "after they had been received with a welcome more enthusiastic than had ever been given to any serious literary work; after fifty-six tons of Volumes III. and IV. had failed to meet the first demand in England; after the fiercest criticism had failed to lessen the popularity of the work; after the purity and clearness of the English had been universally recognized — he sat down to undertake a complete and thorough revision of the four volumes, making a thousand corrections in spelling, grammar, punctuation, the use of capitals, arrangement of words in sentences, omitting words in some places, inserting them in others, adding sentences and whole paragraphs, and making some alterations in small details.

"In spite, however, of the Herculean labor expended on it, the history never smells of the lamp, the language is always simple, the style easy and flowing, and the narrative, perhaps more than that of any other historian, reads as if it had been dictated without an effort.

"Volumes I. and II. were published in Eng-

land, in December, 1848, and immediately afterward in America. In 1849 a new and revised edition of these volumes was published in England, but the corrections are generally unimportant, such as 'renowned' for 'great,' 'abilities' for 'talents,' 'capacity' for 'abilities,' etc. Sometimes, indeed, the author alters a sentence, or adds one, but in his final revision he makes many changes, even in this edition already revised. Volumes III. and IV. appeared in England and America in 1855. The last edition of the first four volumes was published in 1857 with the author's final corrections, and, since his death in 1859, has been often reprinted, together with a part of Volume V., left by Macaulay in manuscript, and edited by his sister. It is this edition that is now generally read, though many publishers have printed Volume V. with the text of the first four volumes that had not received the last revision. Neither the Lenox nor the Astor library contains a single copy of the latest edition, and even within the last few months an edition of the five volumes has been published, containing Volumes I. and II. as they appeared in 1848, and Volumes III. and IV. as they appeared in 1855, the public generally being apparently unaware of the existence of a more correct and complete edition."

Tennyson. — Mrs. Browning narrates an instance of Tennyson's unique attitude for his own works: "When on a visit to my house on one occasion, he read aloud the whole of his 'Maud,' which is one of the least successful of his long poems, interrupting the reading frequently to make such ingenuous remarks as 'Wonderful thought there,' 'Isn't that tender?' 'It's very beautiful here.'"

Wiggin. — "I am ready to begin work at half-past seven and I write till one, generally at a rate as eager as if I had set myself a 'stent.' The first writing is easy; it is the revising which takes time and labor. I have to satisfy the ear as well as the heart, the eye, the imagination, so I read aloud over and over again every book before it goes to the publisher. That is the truest plan for a writer to follow who wishes work to appeal to the sense of hearing. A book ought to have a certain musical rhythm as well as be simply a good story." — *Interview in Good Housekeeping for July.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Writing for Children. — People who write for children ought by all means to be true to facts. Now, here's a story copied into one of our best Baptist weeklies from *Primary Education*, purporting to tell about a squirrel "cracking nuts" with his teeth! This same wonderful squirrel also curled his tail up "in front of him." Squirrels don't crack nuts or curl their tails in front. It is worth while to make note of these mistakes for the sake of the children. Writing for children is an extremely delicate and difficult work, and only those who are thoroughly equipped for it both by natural gifts, and by special training ought to undertake it. — *Alabama Baptist.*

What Is Poetry? — The *London Daily News* ventures on a discussion of the nature of poetry. But what is poetry? The question is easily asked, but he would be a bold man who ventured upon a definition. Already the world possesses almost as many definitions of poetry as there have been people to define. We shall not add another; but it may be said, without much danger, that by far the principal means by which the poet produces his effect is description. Description is to all his other contrivances what the great governing design of the pattern of a carpet is to the flourishes of detail. The specific difference in method between prose and poetry is that the one reasons and explains, while the other pictures. The one addresses the understanding, the other appeals to the imagination; the one takes you to the law courts, the other to the royal academy; the one calls upon you to examine, the other asks you to look. Not but what there are speeches and reasoning in poetry, and not seldom a great deal of both; but it is, or ought to be, all subordinate and contributory to the main design of poetic art, which is presentation of ideas by pictures. Of description, of course, there are many varieties, and many degrees of excellence. But,

however it is done, if the picture be truthful, be natural, be vivid, be original, and serve any good purpose whatever, we have good poetry. High genius sometimes by a single word or phrase seems to touch a spring which opens wide doors or sweeps away every obstruction, and lets in the whole scene. Note, among other things, "crow" instead of "crows," in "The crow takes wing to the rooky wood."

The Modern Editorial.—An essay on "The Boston Newspapers" in the *Bookman* throws some light on the development of the modern editorial. The earlier newspapers had no editorials. Attempts to mold public opinion took the form of letters signed "Publius," "Junius," and like Latin names.

The writer in the *Bookman* claims for Boston the honor of originating the present editorial form. The *Boston Daily Advertiser and Repertory*, the first successful Boston daily, was founded in 1813 and the next year passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the spy of the Revolution. Hale began to substitute leading articles written in the office for those formerly furnished by the stalwart Romans—"Fabius," "Honestus," "Nov-Anglus," "Laco" and "Massachusettensis."

The fashion set by the *Advertiser* was widely copied and at length became general. Mr. Hale came to take such pride in his innovation that when distinguished men like Everett and Webster offered articles for use as editorials he insisted on printing them as communications. Only the staff men were allowed to write the regular editorial comment.

The Trade of Authorship.—A writer in THE WRITER says some very bold and interesting things about professional story writers. He owns up that he is one himself and does not object to the cataloguing of literature with the trades. He regards not with holy horror the suggestion of the spirit of commercialism in authorship. He boasts of having recently written a novel of 50,000 words for a magazine in nine days, and scoffs at those critics who say that at least two months should have been bestowed upon a story of such a length. The story, however, went into type. He declares that rapid work need not be poor work. A skilled artisan can work rapidly and accurately. This professional story writer takes pride in rattling off stories with his typewriter and he is ready to fill rush orders. He is not hesitant about admitting the fact.

So much for this man in the "literary trade." And is he not right? Balzac and the elder Dumas were in it. Zola and Corelli, and Kipling and Laura Richards, Mary Johnston, Miss Murfree, Kate Douglas Wiggin, W. D. Howells, Mrs. Burnett, Amelia Barr, Cyrus Brady, and scores more are in it. Walter Scott was a very hard worker at the trade. He wrote under the terrible pressure of a debt of $640,000, driven like a galley slave, and yet some of his best novels were produced under this extraordinary pressure, and when he died under it, he had paid all but $35,000 of the debt. How glad he would have been had a typewriter been handy. Dr. Johnson worked at the trade of literature harder than any mechanic worked at his bench.

It is useless to deny that all successful novelists have been and are hard workers at the "trade." The late Frank Stockton made a trade of literature. The successful writers for magazines are in the trade. They write to sell, and, like other owners of commodities, they take and fill rush orders. The trade is in better condition than it was when E. P. Whipple declared that any author who attempts to live on the product of his imagination is "constantly coquetting with starvation." Even in the juvenile literature trade there are men and women who command respectable incomes from it. Poe, if living to-day, would be the possessor of a healthy bank account and would be dictating to his secretary as she hammered out the articulation of his genius on her typewriter, and thrust sheet after sheet of typewriter copy into the hands of waiting boys to be rushed to the busy linotype machines. Poe, as a literary tradesman, to-day, would have taken a very optimistic view of things. The skilled literary craftsman of to-day, indeed, may not fear to work rapidly, nor blush to have a captious critic call his product "machine-made." Some of the best goods in the world are pro-

duced by the most rapidly moving machinery —*Minneapolis Journal.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES. Selections illustrative of the history of short-story writing. With critical and historical comments by Sherwin Cody. 412 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

Mr. Cody, who is the author of "The Art of Short-story Writing," says in his preface that the stories contained in this volume have been selected with the specific view of illustrating the history of the art of short-story writing, and of affording suitable examples for the study of the constructive side of the art. The general reader will find in the book a collection of famous stories—Boccaccio's "Patient Griselda," "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," Balzac's "A Passion in the Desert," Poe's "Gold-Bug," Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face," Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," and others by Irving, Barrie, Dickens, Thackeray, De Maupassant, and Morrison—with introductory notes and comments by Mr. Cody that illustrate the history and development of the short story. The student of the art of story-telling will find in addition suggestions that will be helpful to him in his work, and his study of the masterpieces of brief fiction which are here brought conveniently together cannot fail to be instructive.

W. H. H.

THE AMERICAN DATE BOOK. By W. E. Simonds. 211 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Hartford, Conn.: The Kama Company. 1902.

Every newspaper writer should have a copy of "The American Date Book" within easy reach, and it ought to be in every library. It gives more than 9,000 dates of events in United States history, so classified under eighty-one headings that any date may easily be found. Some of the more important headings are Acquisition of Territory; Admission, Secession, and Readmission of States; Battles on Land; Battles on the Water; Conventions and Nominations; Department Heads; Disasters; Discoveries, Settlements, and Establishment of Cities; Electoral and Popular Votes; First Instances; Insurrections, Mutinies, and Riots; Massacres; Miscellaneous Events; Natural Phenomena; Patents of Note; Sporting Events; Treaties; Colleges Founded; Wars. The book has an index, which is good as far as it goes, but which might profitably be much more extended.

W. H. H.

RATAPLAN, A ROGUE ELEPHANT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S. 328 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1902.

Sixteen spirited and instructive stories, with twelve full-page illustrations in color by Gustave Verbeek, include tales of wild and domestic animals, and describe many of their habits and characteristics, as well as the not generally known tragedies and comedies of their native state. Miss Velvin's book calls forth the sympathies, and excites the laughter and the pity of the reader, because of the truth and evident faithfulness of her descriptions, and their convincing sincerity shows how near the author has drawn to animals in her enthusiastic research. Stories that bring out the natural life of the animal world, with its joys and sorrows, its needs and ambitions, are quite as much a part of young people's education as a knowledge of the countries to which they belong. While the book is intended for youthful readers, there is such an abundance of sprightly, human interest throughout that it appeals to the elders as well. Typographically, the volume is unusually attractive, making it a gift-book of rare acceptability.

C. M. H.

THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE. By Edwin Carlisle Litsey. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.20. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1902.

"The Love Story of Abner Stone" is one wherein the narrator, a man "verging upon his seventieth year," although speaking in the first person, makes no effort to be thought a hero in any sense. The tale is direct, briefly told, and simple, shifting the scenes but once. It is just the recital of the sweetest, most quiet, and pathetic little love affair of a middle-aged man and a dear daughter of the old Blue-grass state. There is an entire absence of plot, situation, and complication, and the story is told without apology or argument, but with such a ring of truth, candor, and winning diffidence that it is difficult to believe it fiction. The rare, almost classic, singleness of purpose in this brave avowal of an ideal love will fix this story in the memory where more egotistical and thrilling tales have blurred in their own intricacy. With delicate art in character portrayal the heroine's emotions are never analyzed, yet she is so well understood in the lights that play upon her, in her attitude of prayer in the old church, in her consideration for the feelings of the old slaves, and in the frank, bright bits of her conversation, which is artless and unaffected as a girl's should be, but always sunny and ready to turn tenderly earnest if need be. The bright, happy girl, the old Kentucky home, the slave life, and even the field flowers and birds are faithfully interwoven. The touch of pensiveness, coming from the long retrospection, subdues the story, which is like a tapestry of memory, still distinct with the unfading glow of a passion which bloomed to the fullest promise, only to be plucked before the wooer could persuade his diffident heart that his love had really won. The type and make-

up of the book are especially delightful, and while several of the chapters are worthy of many readings, the little story itself furnishes just a good long evening's entertainment.

C. M. H.

A WORLD'S SHRINE. By Virginia W. Johnson. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.20. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1902.

Lake Como, unrivaled for beauty in the ever-varying, but unceasing, loveliness of its shores, is verily "A World's Shrine," according to Virginia Johnson. Her book is a delightful one. The illustrations of the lake and its surroundings are fine and effective, and the narratives of the interesting illustrious ones who have sought Lake Como are charmingly interwoven with the descriptions of scenery and the exquisite pictures of imagination. There is no long thread in the narration. With each new chapter comes a new theme, perhaps "A Musical Memory," throwing new lights upon the great Liszt, or "A Mediæval Queen," a complete romance daintily told, but whether it be a reminiscence of a personage, or a tribute to the wind as it blows, or the sun as it shines over Como, it is, in each case, a bit of artistic word painting, complete and perfect in itself.

C. M. H.

THE SINKER STORIES. By J. Joseph Goodwin. 250 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

The regular customers and attachés of Dolan's Restaurant, their ways and means, form the theme for "The Sinker Stories," a really funny set of catchy sketches that originally appeared as short stories in the *New York Sun*. "Sinkers" is the German cake baker of Dolan's. His title is granted him from the fame of this product of his art, known as "sinkers" by the habitués of the place, and adding not a little to the lustre of its renown. Sinkers, the man, is as enjoyable to the reader as were his toothsome edibles to many men whose fame has made their names household words. Each chapter is an independent sketch full of comic interest.

C. M. H.

HASTY PUDDING POEMS. Compiled and edited by Rodney Blake. 151 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. 1901.

To Harvard men the title of Mr. Blake's book may be misleading. It is not a compilation of poems connected with the Hasty Pudding Club — of which a very interesting collection could be made — but a scrap book of odd rhymes and jingles from many various sources, including poems on panes, repartee in rhyme, verses of admonition for book borrowers, rhymes about places, rhymed legal papers, rhyming wills, house inscriptions, lines of littérateurs, old tavern signs, epitaphs, deathbed verses, autographs in verse, rhymed addresses on envelopes, etc., etc. Altogether it is an interesting and unique collection.

W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WILLIAM BLACK. Edward Fuller. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

A BIT OF UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN HENRY THOREAU AND ISAAC HECKER. E. H. Russell. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

WHAT PUBLIC LIBRARIES ARE DOING FOR CHILDREN. Hiller C. Wellman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GENIUS. Professor Merwin Marie Snell. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS OF PUBLIC MEN. Duane Mowry. *Arena* (28 c.) for September.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY. Illustrated. Grace Lathrop Collin. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

DICKENS AS AN ARTIST. Illustrated. Leonard W. Lillingston. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

WILLIAM MORRIS IN THE MAKING. Illustrated. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE HUDSON. Illustrated. Edgar Mayhew Bacon. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. — III. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

BALZAC AS A PLAYWRIGHT. Illustrated. Walter Littlefield. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

AGAIN THE LITERARY ASPIRANT. Jack London. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKBINDING. Illustrated. William Loring Andrews. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE. Illustrated. Emilie Blackmore Stapp. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PUBLISHER. Illustrated. Joe Mitchell Chapple. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

CONCERNING A FEW ANGLO-CELTIC POETS. Anna Blanche McGill. *Catholic World* (25 c.) for September.

THE NORTONBURY OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." Illustrated. W. Watson. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

CONCERNING GRAY'S "ELEGY." Illustrated. William Andrews. *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

THE BROWNINGS IN FLORENCE. Lillian V. Lambert. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for September.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. Illustrated. Helen M. Winslow. *Delineator* (18 c.) for September.

WILLIAM WATSON. George E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. GODKIN. Joseph B. Bishop. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

THE BOYHOOD OF MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Henry M. Wharton. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HARLAKENDEN HOUSE. Illustrated. G. A. Cheney. *Granite Monthly* (23 c.) for September.

THE BUSINESS OF A LIBRARIAN. Training for It, Its Labors, Problems, and Rewards. Sam Walter Foss. *Christian Endeavor World* (8 c.) for August 14.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Herbert Spencer, who, at eighty-three, still enjoys good health, has returned to his home in Brighton after a holiday trip to Dorking, in Surrey.

Herman Merivale, the London novelist and dramatist, is to issue soon a volume of reminiscences, entitled "Bar, Stage, and Platform."

"Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality," by Frederic G. Kitton, has just been published by the Messrs. Jack, London.

The new British Academy starts with forty-nine immortals, who are identified with historical, philosophical and philological studies; but poetry, fiction and belles lettres are excluded from representation. It is a sectional philosophical academy, with Herbert Spencer, the greatest English philosopher, left out, and not an academy of letters, for men like Swinburne, Hardy, Kipling, Meredith, Dobson, and Hewlett are not included.

A complete index to the eighteen volumes of *McClure's Magazine* has been issued in a thirty-two page pamphlet, which the publishers offer free to subscribers and to libraries.

Expansion is to be the name of a society journal for women's athletics, with special correspondence from Newport, New York, Paris and other centres of fashion, to be published by the Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago. Miss Catherine E. Cook will be the editor.

American Tid-Bits (New York) is a new publication modeled on the English *Tid-Bits*. Walter Pulitzer, a nephew of Joseph Pulitzer, is the editor.

The *J. W. Pepper Piano Music Magazine* (Philadelphia) has been bought by the United Publishers' Corporation, and will be incorporated next month with *Ev'ry Month* (New York).

The subscription list and good-will of the *Evangelist* have been bought by Rev. Dr. Joseph Newton Hallock, editor and proprietor of *Christian Work*. It is understood that the money consideration was between $18,000 and $20,000. The publications are now issued under the title *Christian Work and the Evangelist*, with Dr. Hallock as editor-in-chief, and Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, editor of the *Evangelist*, as associate editor.

Youth (Philadelphia) is making progress as a child's magazine. It is now in its sixth number and each has shown an advance.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has secured all of H. G. Wells's work for the year 1902, with the privilege of renewing the contract for 1903.

The September *New England Magazine* marks the beginning of its twenty-seventh volume and the nineteenth under its present ownership. It includes an important biography in brief of Lydia Huntley Sigourney, introduced by a frontispiece portrait, with Whittier's appreciative lines to her as title.

October will mark the centenary of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey was just nine and twenty when he planned the *Review*, with Sidney Smith. Constable published it, and agreed to take the risk, and was allowed to have the first three numbers as a gift. He afterward agreed to pay ten guineas a sheet, "three times what was ever paid before for such work," but the minimum was afterward raised to sixteen guineas, and the average during Jeffrey's reign was from twenty to twenty-five guineas. When one thinks of the enormous influence the *Review* wielded, it is interesting to know that in its first years the circulation was only 2,500 copies.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have now in press a new revised edition of their Portrait Catalogue. The style has been much improved, and portraits of the newer authors have been added.

Mrs. Annie Alexander Hector ("Mrs. Alexander") died in London, July 10, aged seventy-seven.

Mrs. R. H. Stoddard died in New York August 1, aged seventy-nine.

George Douglas Brown died in London August 28, aged thirty-three.

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ON WRITING EDITORIALS.

What should an editorial be?

Well, for one thing, it should be more read than it is. This is not flippancy; it is a foundation fact. Editorials take up space and cost money; and that they are passed over by three-quarters of newspaper readers must not be put down to the ignorance of those readers or to their inability to know a good thing when they see it.

One reason why editorials are not more commonly read is that too many editorial writers are intellectually aristocratic. They write as if they felt themselves to be on a distinctly higher level than the reader. They seem to say: "Here is a subject that you, the readers of this paper, should be thinking about, and here is what you should think about it." And, all the while, half the things such men write about nine-tenths of the people do not care to read about, either for information or for inspiration.

Again, many editorials are merely academic, and not written out of live thinking. They are not in dead earnest; they seem artificial and strengthless; the writer has nothing to say, and he says it.

If an editorial is to be worth the reading, it must show intellectual integrity; it must be the man himself, just what he really thinks and just what really makes him think so. What the reader seeks is not fine writing, but honest thinking. The writer's real test of his work is not "Is this the proper view to take?" nor yet "Is this up to my usual standard?" nor even "Is the logic of this strong and well put?" but "Have I set down what I earnestly believe and have I given the real reason why I believe it?" Every good reporter applies that test to his work; and when an editorial writer is ready to do the same, he, too, will have readers.

And an editorial, to justify its existence, should touch the real life of people. It should be as democratic as the news columns are.

It should inform and comment; it should suggest, and incite, and inspire; it should be sunny and philosophic, broad-minded and good-natured, simple and strong.

And, along with this, it should have some tang to it. Yes, tang; a combination of earnestness and individuality, one's own ideas multiplied by his own way of putting them, literary style raised to the second degree.

There is a daily in a New England city of 20,000 population, the editorial page of which is read with strong interest by every subscriber, — housewife, motorman, mill-hand, priest. For all but his leading editorial, the

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editor takes up the two or three chief local events each day and talks about them as the ordinary citizen might if he had been an eye-witness of them. He comments on the local boxing exhibition as not so terrible a thing, after all. He praises the growing custom of having no front-lawn fence. He encourages the mill operatives to get away from the city for their Saturday half-holiday. He commends the struggling young city missionary for his social reform work. He gently touches up church fair committees for asking for too much free advertising. And he is always telling what a good city his is, extolling its institutions, its schools, its enterprises. He realizes that his readers live in A———; whereas most editorial writers seem to think of their readers as citizens-at-large of the United States.

This is not set down here as an example to be followed; not at all. It is given as an illustration of one editor's way of touching the real life of his readers. It is suited to a small city, where the people know one another fairly well; it might not do at all in a city of 100,000 population. Again, only an editor of unusually good-natured, optimistic, and philosophic mind could write in this way about his neighbors without stirring up trouble and losing whatever influence he may have had. It is only one man's way of touching real life. There are plenty of others. The thing itself is the essential; the way in which to do it must necessarily vary with circumstances and with the temperament of the writer.

Likewise the rapid development of that gossipy secondary column on the editorial page variously called "Seen and Heard," "Here in Hackensack," "Told Around Town," "What People Say About It," and so on, poor as it often is, may well give an editorial writer a fundamental lesson in how to be interesting.

Not that a paper should become editorially provincial; there is no need of that. The whole world is its field for comment. But whatever general or national topic is taken up, whether in politics, science, industry, art, or what-not, it must be one that will be talked of, or known of, or thought of in the household, and its local end and local bearing or its worth and suggestiveness to the individual reader must be the main reason for expecting him to read it.

But this is only one way of touching the real life of the reader; it is needful also to come right in among his prejudices, his aspirations, his ambitions, his philosophy of what he is alive for. People like to read about the whys and wherefores of happenings. "How did this come to be so?" "What was the motive for this, what is the explanation of that?" they inquire. They want to get behind the external fact to the mental state it stood for. The reason why their interest is keenest in the sudden flashlights that the news columns often give them on the real lives of other people is that they find out thereby what such other people are like, deep down in, and at the same time find out by comparison what they themselves are like. They read of some heroic or some despicable act, measure themselves against it, and learn what they would have done in like situation. And in whatever they read, their main interest is to see the motive — the impelling cause; and any editorial discussion of motives or reasons is of immediate attraction because they wish to see what is the view of that (to them) composite mind which they feel ought to be sane, well-informed, and not hasty in judgment.

And not only do they want to read about the motives that impel other people, but they like to read about the motives that impel themselves; they like to have what they recognize as their own moods, hopes, inspirations, and doubts analyzed and made to show their meaning. And along with this self-recognition is the added satisfaction of absolute security; no one knows that they are looking at themselves.

In any editorial writing, whatever is said comes closest home when it is put in short, straight, Saxon words and in the common speech of folks. When any one has anything to say, he cannot say it too simply.

This for the practice of editorial writing; a word along with it as to the theory.

What the reader of any one's editorials really gets out of them is the mental and moral attitude of the man who writes them. The reader gets (if he reads them regularly) to

looking at things from the same point of view with the writer; and perhaps that is the reason why a writer who has n't any clear idea as to why he is alive and what he is really trying to do, more than to write "something" each day, so soon becomes a deserted desert.

It is this very matter of having a fixed, definite, and recognizable view-point that makes a writer get a following and influence it mightily. It is because "Joe" Howard, for example, has a certain well-understood way of looking at men and things that hundreds of thousands of men and women like his column and always make it a point to read it. They want to see how things look from where he is.

And as to what not to write, which is just as serious a matter as what to write, the "Old Man" in Frances Hodgson Burnett's story summed it all up when he said: "Don't ye never do no one an onjestice, honey; don't ye never do no one an onjestice."

BOSTON, Mass. *Edgar Yates.*

FIVE HUNDRED WORDS FOR THE NEXT "INTERNATIONAL."

For years I have been a word-gatherer. Whenever in my daily readings I find a new word or expression, or a word used in a new sense, I note it in order to see whether the latest and best dictionary at my command contains it. The results of this "labor of love" have twice before been given to the readers of THE WRITER. In January, 1891, was published a classified list of about 175 words that might be looked for in the Webster "International," then just issued. In February, 1894, I presented a similar list of 150 words which I had failed to find in the new "International."

This "International," latest edition, still is my authority. It contains a supplement of 25,000 words gathered during the last decade of the nineteenth century, which, added to the 125,000 of the main vocabulary, give us a total of 150,000. Notwithstanding this great number, I now offer 500 words and expressions which that great English word-book does not yet define.

In making up my list I have cast aside barbarisms, such as don't-care-ativeness, go-aheadiveness, healthery, teacheral; self-explanatory compounds like bridge-jumper, house-mover, train-wrecker; also a long array of names applied to patented medicines and other articles, as algosine, anakesis, castoria, cuticura, gramila, nervura, pearline, phenyo-caffeine, sapolio, soapine, and a host of others.

The words retained have been classified in much the same way as before. The first class embraces colloquial, dialect, poetical and sporting terms — words of questionable propriety, some of which may rightly be called slangy and barbarous. This list contains fifty words: Ad, adlet, ad-smith, ad-writer, awink, bab, bandy, blackband or bull-band, bobbie, buffaloed, caed lamb, casset, copper, cripple, dingbats, donner, eye-opener, googoo eye, hooligan, ip, joke-smith, left-hander, mamooz, mash, moonshine (adj.), O. K., playlet, poker, printorial, reader, reviewlet, right-hander, shadowgraph, sheeny, snid, snitch, sooner, speakeasy, sprat, storiette, story (as used among newspaper men), straight tip, swift, tenderloin, tizzy, trolliac, trolliosis, viewlet, wild-catter.

I next offer a somewhat extended list of proper adjectives and nouns denoting inhabitants of countries and cities. No doubt most of these have been deliberately omitted from the Dictionary, but I think they ought to be there. There must indeed be a limit to this class of words; but if Bolivian, Brazilian, Macedonian, Tasmanian, and many others of equally obvious meaning, are defined, why not those for all the leading countries? If California and Georgia are thus favored, why not all the other states of the Union, the more so as the Dictionary defines quite a number of state

names, which are proper nouns pure and simple? And if Londoner, Parisian, Philadelphian are admitted, why not Baltimorean, Brooklynite, New Yorker as well? Here, then, is the list, eighty-three words in all: Alabaman, Alaskan, Aleut, Argentinian, Arizonian, Arkansan, Baltimorean, Bostonian or Bostonese, British American, British Columbian, Brooklynite, Buffaloite, Bulgarian, Cape Colonist, Central American, Chicagoan or Chicagoite, Cincinnatian, Clevelander or Clevelandite, Colombian, Coloradoan, Corean or Korean, Costa Rican, Delawarean, Ecuadoran, Floridan, Guatemalan, Herzegovinian, Idahoan, Illinoisan, Indianian, Jerseyite or Jerseyman, Kam(t)chatkan, Kansan, Kentuckian, Labradoran, Louisianian, Luxemburger, Manchoorian or Manchurian, Manitoban, Michigander, Minnesotan, Mississippian, Missourian, Montenegrin(e), Nevadan, New Englander, New Jerseyite, New Mexican, New Yorker, New Zealander, Nicaraguan, North American, North Carolinian, North Dakotan, Nova Scotian, Ohioan, Oklahoman, Pennsylvania-German, Pennsylvanian, Pittsburger, Porto Rican or Puertoriqueno, Rhode Islander, Riffian, Ruthenian, Salvador(e)an, San Franciscoan, South African, South American, South Carolinian, South Dakotan, Suaheli, Suio Gothic, Tennessean, Texan, Trans-Siberian, Tunisian, Uruguayan, Venezuelan, Vermonter, Virginian, West Virginian, Yaqui, Zanzibarite.

American history has furnished thirty-nine words, some of which must be marked as obsolescent. They are Afro-American, Anti-Imperialism, Anti-Imperialist, Anti-Poverty Society, anti-machine, anti-ring, apportion, apportionment, boloman, boodler, boodleism, boomlet, Commonwealer, councilmanic, Coxeyite, dat(t)o, Farmers' Alliance, free silver, free silver man, fusionize, gold-bug, Goldite, hayseed, hayseeder, hold over (v. and adj.), Jim Crow, Jim Crow car-law, Labor Party, Middle-of-the-Road Populist, pantata, placeholder, silver-man, Stalwart, Tammanyite, tariff-monger, Union Labor Party, United Labor Party, water-cure, yellow.

From foreign current history I have gathered only ten words: Berat, bufter-state, Judophile, Judophobe, khedivia, Leftist, Rightist, Russianization, Skuptshina or Skupshtina, tri-dominium.

Religion and philosophy have furnished thirty-nine new terms, as follows: Bab, Bellamyte, Brethren Church, Chautauquan, Christian Endeavorer, Christian Endeavor Society, Economite, Epworthian, Epworth League, faith-cure or faith-healing, faith-curist or faith-healer, incircumscriptibleness, intercommunicability, mental healing, metagnostic, metagnosticism, metaphysical healing, mind-reader, mind-reading, Nationalism, Nationalist, non-intercommunicability, Oneida Communist, Oneida Community, Perfectionist, psychic healing, River Brethren, Seventh Day Adventist, thought-reader, thought-reading, transsubstantiationable, transsubstantiationableness, Trinitytide, United Evangelical Church, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, zelosophic, Zoarite.

The field of business and social life has been more productive, yielding ninety terms: American Federation of Labor, American Mechanics, American Woodmen, Ancient Order of Hibernians, archarena, backer-up, band-boy, baseballist, batcher, bedman, billionaire, black ash man, boardwalk, book-making, buggy-boy, caddy, cake-walk, cap-puller, caroussel, census (v.), chuck-chuck, chucker, cinder-snapper, combine (n.), cravenette, crokinole, cut-off, Daughters of Liberty, Daughters of the Revolution, enchantment, endless chain, executional, exfratriation, fascinator, femiculture, garage, heaver-up, hold-up, jollier, jumper, Knights of Friendship, Knights of Honor, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Knights of the Mystic Chain, marketology, mealer, morganeer, multi-millionaire, multi-murderer, œcology or œkology, operator, Order of the Harugari, Patriotic Order Sons of America, pigs-in-clover, ping-pong, Pinkerton, poolroom, pool-seller, pool-selling, pool-ticket, printerdom, Red Men, Royal Arcanum, runner-down, Saratoga trunk, shake-up, shirtwaist, shirtwaist-man, shove-boy, Shriner, shut-down, sky-scraper, smash-up, Sons of the Revolution, Sons of Veterans, strike-breaker, suburbanite, tartarin, test-case, tiddledy, tie-up, tough (adj. and n.), tricyclist, unionize, United Mine Workers, vaudevillian or vaudevillist,

walking delegate, wind-up, wink, wink-pit.

Science and technical industry are a very fertile field for new words, often more easily found than explained. Excluding terms of medicine and pathology, which are put in a separate class, I have under this head 103 words: Aerogram, (agricultural) experiment station, alethorama, aluminotheomy, amlyotryose, anacardine, animatiscope, apolism, apple-scab, audison, autoglyphic, automobile (v.), automobilism, automobilist, balistite, bibliotics, biochemical, black cohosh, blue cohosh, buggy, car-fender, cellulith, cerotype, chauffeur, chu-chu cars, codonophone, condensery, costumancy, crown-gall, cush-cush, divinity circuit binding, drivermast, duograph, dynamite (v.), ecrasite, electrograph, electrozone, etchograph, ethylendiamine, fire-guard, fluor-calcium, fluorography, flyer, forespanker, gasu-basu, glassy-wings, grammapheny, herophone, intra-Jovian, kelgum, kissar, kromskop, kryptoscope or cryptoscope, longjohn, masut, metatoluidin(e.), micromotoscope, molascuit, multipress, mutascope, nef, nickel-in-the-slot machine, obromine, orguinette, pambutano, paratoluidin(e), penny-in-the-slot machine, philomathean, piano-box buggy, plassopheny, plastomenite, pneumatophor, powder post, powder posting, process butter, pulsilogy, pyrotin(e), pyrotint, salocoll, salophen, shifting pole, snapshot (photograph), spankermast, spiralite, spiroplethe, stamoscope, tachocycle, tannigen, tarcolin, telediagraph, teleo-hydrometer, telephonograph, thermite, tolypyrin(e), tolysal, tropacocain(e), typogravure, unfreezable, valotta, vaselone, vitriograph, vocalophone, zenoleum.

Of medical terms, for which I made a special search through the index of a large medical work, I have gathered sixty-six: Adonidin(e), agaric acid, alcophobia, ammonæmia, anti-kamnia, anti-microbe, anti-rabic, aspido-spermin(e), astereognosis, atelectasis, balanitis, bends, betanaphthol, betin, bighead, boldin, brass-founders' disease, cardin(e), cataphora, cataphoric, chelidonium, chromocyte, cotoin, efflumeter, elecholyte, electrothanasia, epilus, erythrasma, eucain(e), heliophily, Hindoo bitters, hoang-nan, hydronaphthol, hysophobia, intravesical, kava-kava, kurchicin(e), Landry's palsy or paralysis, manaca, medullin(e), Mexican ointment, naturopathy, nervocidin(e), nona, orchitic, osteopath, osteopathic, osteopathically, otomycosis, papoid, parataloid, phrenal, piarrhæmia, pre-Rolandic, prostatorrhea, protonuclein(e), prunia, psilosis, resinol, simabicidia, simulo, sulpho-carbol, sulpho-carbolate, tardieu, thyroidin(e), xiphopage or xiphopagus.

Finally there remain words miscellaneous and unclassified, twenty: All right, cartel, chortle, concededly, conservative, conservatively, countian, credal, dignifiedly, dotlet, egg-biscuit, extra-credal, happening, hok(e)y-pok(e)y, Klondike nugget, loganberry, present with, sheaflet, stupporn, whipsyllabub.

Besides these words and names I have noted no less than a baker's dozen of phrases which I think the up-to-date dictionary should explain. They are these: Between the devil and the deep sea, geared too high, in the soup, it's dollars to doughnuts, to fill the bill, to give a wide berth to, to go behind the returns, to look after one's fences, to make a mash, to push things, to rush the growler, to save one's face or countenance, to talk through your hat. Several of these no doubt are slang.

As an accessory employment I have found this word-gathering interesting and, as I think, instructive. For my own benefit I have recorded these new terms under their initial letters in a book, adding definitions wherever these could be made or found. The only letter not yet represented there is Q.

A few of these five hundred words date back to my first report to THE WRITER; the list may therefore be set down as the gleanings of a dozen years. Fully half the words, however, have been collected this last year, when my attention was more steadily fixed in this direction. At the rate of 250 a year, the present decade would furnish but a tenth of the number contained in the latest "International" supplement; but if one would make it a special purpose to hunt out new words and new meanings, the number could easily be increased tenfold. On the tree of language new words bloom forth every day, many to drop off as soon as they appear; of making dictionaries and supplements there is no end.

ALLENTOWN, Penn. *H. A. Schuler.*

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Another choice bit of "Newspaper English" which has been brought to the attention of THE WRITER is this paragraph from the *Boston Transcript*:—

The usual monthly meeting of the directors of the Cunard Line was held at Liverpool, but the greatest *secrecy* is maintained as to what *transpired*.

The correspondent who sends it in says: "A more ludicrous use of a misused word never has come under my notice. How a thing can transpire and remain secret at the same time baffles comprehension. This, I think, is Associated Press matter, and appeared in various papers, so that the *Transcript* is to be blamed only as an accessory after the fact."

* * *

The Queen's English may be irreproachable, but the President's English is not above criticism, and that of his secretary is wide open to it. For instance, here is a reprint of a telegram sent by Mr. Cortelyou to Captain Seth Bullock, of Deadwood, S. D., which did not get into the "'Newspaper English' Edited" department of THE WRITER, because editing it would be such a serious task:—

Referring to the proposed horse race from Deadwood to Omaha, the president would not be willing to have it take place unless it were possible to exercise supervision over the condition in which the horses would come in, and as this would be impossible, he asks you to say in his name that he requests the race not to take place.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary.

* * *

"Shall authors advertise?" is a question that has been asked and not authoritatively answered. Meanwhile, a Georgia lady has made up her mind on the subject, as the following advertisement in *Boston Ideas* shows:—

I have STORIES of all kinds which I wish to place. They are ORIGINAL, and have not been offered before. **Stories written to order.** Apply to

MRS. JOHN HUDSON,
HAMILTON, GA.

Perhaps later on Mrs. Hudson will tell the readers of THE WRITER how many orders her advertisement secured for her.

* * *

The *Kingston* (N. Y.) *Freeman* says: "An association composed of about forty well-known American artists and authors has for some time been negotiating for the purchase of about 1,200 acres of farm land lying along the mountain side between Mead's Mountain House and Bearsville. It is the intention of the association to erect cottages with a large central building, where young artists and authors may study and work, and where they may be encouraged in their calling by the older members of the professions. The object is absolutely a philanthropic one, and the necessaries of life will be furnished at cost by

the association." The progress of the project will be watched with interest. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I have seen short sentences containing all the letters of the alphabet, which are useful for practice in learning the keyboard of the typewriter. Can you print some of them?

C. A. W.

[The best of the typewriter-practice sentences are: —

John quickly extemporized five tow bags.
A quick fox jumps over the lazy brown dog.
Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.
Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim.

No author should be content with his typewriting skill until he can write any of these interesting sentiments rapidly and accurately with his eyes shut. — W. H. H.]

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The list of books for children of the same firm is a long one. — *New York Sun.*	The same firm has a long list of books for children.
We should have liked to have tried our fist at them all. — *The Bookman for September.*	We should have liked to try our fist at them all.
An immense new roundhouse, with a radius of 170 feet. — *Boston Transcript.*	A big new roundhouse, with a radius of 170 feet.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The old controversy as to whether "Scotch" or "Scottish" or "Scots" is the correct form has lately been carried on with much warmth in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, of London. A letter from J. L. Webberley seems to settle the question.

"Does it really matter?" he asks. "Sir Walter Scott, who should have known — if any one — does not seem to have let the matter trouble him.

"The following are a few selections of his different spellings: —

"'One of my faithful Scots' — 'Quentin Durward,' Chapter XXXVII.

"'Scotch Music.' — 'Redgauntlet,' Chapter IX.

"'Single-hearted Scotsman.' — 'Talisman,' Chapter II.

"'Scottish Palaces,' 'Scotch Dialect,' 'Scottish Dialect' — Introduction 'Fair Maid of Perth.'

"'You will find that English and Scottish,' etc. — 'Castle Dangerous,' Chapter II.

"'A Welsh or a Scotch woman.' — 'Waverley,' Chapter II.

"'Scotch ideas.' — 'Waverley,' Chapter XI.

"'A Scotchman's stomach' (!) — 'Old Mortality,' Chapter XIX."

When "Doc" Wood was night editor of the *Sun*, a young reporter asked him: "What constitutes news?" Mr. Wood considered for a moment and then replied: "Here's an illustration which will probably give you a correct idea of what I think on that subject. If you should see a dog running down Broadway with a tin can tied to his tail, it isn't worth a line. But if you should see a dog with a tin can tied to his tail *walking* down Broadway, it's worth a column." — *Chicago Chronicle.*

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

S. S. F. Callahan, the author of the story, "I Love My Love So Well," in *Lippincott's* for August, in response to an inquiry from the editor of THE WRITER, writes as follows: "This is the first story of mine that I have seen in print. Essays on child-training and on historical subjects have appeared in the *Outlook* and the *Clubwoman*, and I have written for the newspapers in various ways. All my writing has been done in the spare moments of a busy life as housekeeper and mother, and much of it has been accomplished at night, or when I was ill and confined to my bed. I feel that the impulse to creative work may come largely from the influence of the Colorado scenery and life to which I came from the conservative old Dutch town of Kingston, N. Y., a few years ago."

Edith Copeman, who wrote the story, "The Resurrection of a Minister," in the *New Eng-*

land Magazine for July, has only recently devoted herself seriously to literary work, although she has always been of an imaginative temperament, and when quite young found story writing her most fascinating pastime. She was born in Newark, N. J., was educated in the schools of that city, and has always lived in Newark or its vicinity. It was an estate in the South, belonging to a friend of hers, and a cynical young minister that formed the nucleus of the story, "The Resurrection of a Minister."

Anne Virginia Culbertson, whose poem, "When We Hear the Organ Down the Street," was printed in *Pearson's Magazine* for June, is known chiefly as the author of dialect poems, and as a public reader of her own productions. She belongs to the group of Western writers, for she was born in Ohio, and spent much of her girlhood there, although her father was a military man, and her childhood was spent in going from one military post to another. Her mother was a Southerner, hence her interest in Southern dialects. Miss Culbertson has attempted numerous dialects, but her own negro dialect is, perhaps, the favorite with the public. Her work has not been confined to dialect, however. She has also written a good deal of serious verse, and a volume of her collected verses has been printed by the J. B. Lippincott Company, under the title, "Lays of a Wandering Minstrel." Miss Culbertson has also contributed occasional short stories and articles to various publications, and at present she has a volume of folk-stories in the hands of publishers. She is also preparing a collection composed entirely of her negro dialect verse, to be called "When the Banjo Talks." Miss Culbertson has contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, *Pearson's*, the *Puritan*, *Outing*, *Dixie*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and prominent newspapers, such as the *Boston Transcript*, the *Washington Post*, the *Baltimore Sun*. Besides her writing and her public recitals, she has also written words and music of a number of negro songs, which she sings by way of giving an imitation of the crude music of the negro; for most of the so-called "coon songs" of the day, written by white people, are too finished for the thing they imitate. The poem, "When We Hear the Organ Down the Street," she has set to music of her own, and she has been singing it for several years.

Willard Dillman, whose story, "How Maggie Got Her Dancing Shoes," appeared in the *National Magazine* for July, is the editor of two papers, and writes when he can get time from his newspaper business. He was born at Long Lake, Minn., November 19, 1872, was reared on a prairie farm in South Dakota, and was educated at Brookings (S. D.) College, and the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis. The story referred to is one of a series appearing in the *National Magazine*. It was first named "One of the Rivals," but the editor changed the title, making a distinct improvement. In the fall of 1898, Mr. Dillman published a book of poems, "Across the Wheat." Other stories of his will appear in the *National Magazine* for October and for March. Mr. Dillman lives at Revillo, S. D., where he publishes the *Revillo Weekly Item*.

Marie F. Giles, whose story, "As a Man Thinketh," appeared in the *Arena* for July, is the author of two novels, "The End of the Journey," which was published when she was only seventeen, and "Though Your Sins be as Scarlet," published three years later. Until recently, she has been living in England, contributing now and then to English periodicals. She has also published short stories in the *Home Journal* and other American magazines. At the present time Miss Giles is deeply interested in metaphysical research and mental science — hence the story, "As a Man Thinketh." She is a member of the Society of American Authors.

Leigh Gordon Giltner, author of the story, "The Late Lamented," in the *Designer* for July, is a Kentuckian by birth, and has been engaged in literary work for five or six years. Her first book, a volume of verse styled "The Path of Dreams," appeared in May, 1900, and was favorably received. Of late, however, she

has given her attention wholly to prose work, in which she has been quite successful, her stories of Kentucky life and her sketches and illustrated articles on the "Bluegrass" region having proved especially popular. Miss Giltner is the author of "The Home of the Thoroughbred," in the April *Munsey;* "A Snap Shot," in the June *Criterion;* "Burnt Out," in *Vogue;* "James Lane Allen: A Study," in *Modern Culture;* "Sealed Orders" and "The Button on Fortune's Cap," in the *New England Magazine;* "Pastoral Kentucky," in the *Country Gentleman*, etc., etc. She has also had recent acceptances from *Harper's Weekly*, *Munsey's Magazine*, (which uses a great deal of her work) the *Era*, and other well-known publications. Her home is at Eminence, Ky., a typical "old Kentucky home," and she is a descendant of one of the oldest families of the South.

"Elizabeth J. Robinson" is the name chosen by a young married woman whose story, "Alexander," appeared in *Short Stories* for June. Mrs. Robinson was born and educated at Hanover, Germany, but came to this country in 1891, having resided at Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Los Angeles, — her present home. The characters in her short story were taken from life in a Southern town, while the plot was built upon the fact that a mouse was discovered in the act of moving a nail to which a piece of wall-paper had been glued during the renovation of an apartment.

Frank Marshall White, who wrote the paper, "A Day in a Bee-Hive," in *Pearson's* for June, is well known as a journalist and editor. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and began his journalistic career on the *New York Times*, as a reporter. He was afterward editorial writer on the *Commercial Advertiser*, when George Cary Eggleston was editor. He then succeeded John Kendrick Bangs as editor of *Life*. He left *Life* to become the European correspondent of the *New York Sun*, which position he held for four years. Later he succeeded Juliah Ralph as European correspondent of the *Journal*, and his last journalistic position was as editor of the Paris Exposition edition of the *New York Times*, which was published in 1900 on the Exposition grounds. While Mr. White's work has been chiefly journalistic, he has written occasional articles for the magazines, and as a boy he contributed to *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Black. — What Mr. Reid tells us of William Black's methods of work is highly interesting. He wrote on alternate days, and on the other days would take long walks or pace incessantly up and down — in one period of gestation on the old chain pier at Brighton — thinking out not only his plot, but the actual form and phrasing, so that his productive season was mostly spent in writing out what he had clearly shaped already. He wrote about six hours during his writing days, half in the morning, half in the afternoon. He allowed no noise, no visitors, no distractions whatever; even his desk faced the wall. His household strongly respected his arrangements, and outsiders had to. — *Lindsay Swift, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Hope. — Formerly Anthony Hope's home was with his father, the Vicar of St. Bride's, in London, but he now has chambers in the Savoy Mansions, where he works regularly from ten to four. This does not mean that he produces "copy" with the regularity of a Trollope. Sometimes he glances over papers or a book, or lies down to smoke and think. Again a succession of incidents or a flow of dialogue means much more rapid progress than character analysis or description. An idea may be set down on the back of an envelope. The plot of a long story may be sketched on a sheet or two of paper. When the first two or three chapters are thought out they will be written, and then the next chapters planned and written out. The method is very different from the elaborate planning out of the complete novel before the author begins to write, but readers have not complained of any lack of connection and continuity. Oddly enough, he used to find the naming of his characters a source of peculiar difficulty. If he tried to think of names, only those of his friends oc-

curred to him, and for a time he consulted the Law List, but finally fell back on the London directory, which furnishes copious suggestions. One of the unknown incidents of Mr. Hawkins' career is the fact that the book which made his success, "The Prisoner of Zenda," was accepted by two American publishers. At the time, about 1894, he had written "A Man of Mark" and "Mr. Witt's Widow," neither of which had "arrived." The English publisher of "Zenda" sent advance sheets to two American publishers, both of whom accepted the book. It so happened that the same printing office received the sheets from both for manufacture. There was a comparing of notes, and it was found that one publisher had received the sheets a mail ahead of the other, and had sent his acceptance a day or two earlier, and therefore had a prior claim. — *J. W., in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Philpotts. — "As to my methods," says Eden Philpotts, "I have little to say of any general interest. One fact, however, may be worth noting. I hold it vital to do all scene painting from nature directly, and all my attempts of that sort are written actually with the scenes before me. I make two or three careful word sketches of a place, of a sky, of a change of weather, of a dawn or a storm; and then I select the best or blend what seems alive in each. The great storm in 'The River' I was privileged to see and record with careful notes while it actually unfolded itself before my eyes.

"My storm in 'Lying Prophets' I did not see, but I studied the region of it carefully and wrote it from the reports in the journals.

"It may be slightly interesting to say that I find environment the keynote of my stories. I do not see my people and then take them to this or that district of Dartmoor, but I see the land with its varied conditions of desert and fallow, rivers and high tors, and then my people rise into consciousness and begin to move on the face of the earth and go their way. — *Boston Journal.*

Tarkington. — Strange as it may seem, it was the efforts of a sister that enabled Booth Tarkington, the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Beaucaire," and other stories, to get a publisher, if we are to believe an intimate friend. She is herself an author of no mean ability — Mrs. Haute Tarkington Jameson.

Tarkington was no exception to the rule of the author with rejected manuscripts. Rejected manuscripts had become a nightmare to him. Finally, as a last attempt, the manuscripts were sent to New York, at the suggestion of his sister. Again came the old result.

"It is no use, sister," were Tarkington's pathetic words.

"Booth," she said, "they never read your manuscript — give it to me."

Within a few hours the devoted and faithful sister was flying eastward from Indianapolis as fast as the train would permit, and in forty-eight hours she stood waiting for a response to the card which she had sent in. She stated her errand and plainly said she did not believe the manuscript had been read. Would the publisher kindly call the Reader? "Certainly." The Reader came. He said he had read both manuscripts, but found them "not out of the ordinary."

Here the clever sister displayed her wit and diplomacy. She recited supposed passages from the works of her brother, and asked the "Reader" if he had read them and not appreciated them. He said he had, but did not see that the passages were remarkable.

Here was the moment for the coup d'état. Turning to the publisher, she said: —

"Just as I thought, these manuscripts have never been read. None of the passages just quoted by me occurs in either story."

The resulting consternation had better be imagined than described.

The manuscripts now received attention, and Tarkington's fame was soon made.

Except for Mrs. Jameson's extreme cleverness her brother might have given up in despair and never been known by the reading public.— *The Pilgrim.*

Tennyson. — The exact time and place of the composition of "Crossing the Bar" are not easily determined. During Mr. Tennyson's sickness his nurse reminded him that among all his poems there was no hymn, and added:

"I wish, sir, that you would write a hymn." The next morning, in a quiet hour, he handed the nurse a scrap of paper on which he had written the precious lines of "Crossing the Bar." Whether he had composed the poem since the request of the nurse, or written it from memory, may be a matter of doubt. In the memoir of the present Lord Tennyson, we have the following testimony: "'Crossing the Bar' was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October, when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the 'Moaning of the Bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot,' as 'that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.'" The poet's son writes further of the "Pilot": "My father was much grieved to learn that any one could misinterpret the 'Pilot,' and imagine that it referred to Arthur Hallam, or to my brother Lionel. He had thought there could be only one possible interpretation. Repeatedly and emphatically, at his dictation, I have had to say this. Moreover, I have had to explain, also at his dictation, that in the line: 'And after that the dark,' the 'dark' merely means 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death.'" This poem was published in 1889, and used as an anthem at the poet's funeral in Westminster Abbey, October 12, 1892. The poem was introduced as a hymn by the Presbyterians of the Free Church of Scotland in 1893, and in America in 1895, in The Hymnal. — *Rev. R. S. Stevenson, in the New York Observer.*

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Magazine Editor at Bay. — When we talk about the degradation of style by the bad contents of the magazines, I have one very emphatic word to say. The men who write, or who think they write, our contemporary literature — I mean the men who have some happiness of style — seldom have any ideas. The men who have ideas cannot express them so that an educated man takes great pleasure in reading them. Of course, this is a sweeping generalization. No man may receive it unto himself, but he is at liberty to apply it to all his neighbors. The truth is, our style must become better. We do most things better than we write. Effective style is changing. The somewhat leisurely style of a generation or two ago pleased the small circle of readers within its reach — a mere little company which by comparison might have been got into one room, a company who had leisure and liked to read that kind of writing. Now the great world is forging forward in all its departments of thought, as in all its industrial development, and style suited to our time is different. The man who would write convincingly or entertainingly of things of our day and our time must write with more directness, with more clearness, with greater nervous force; and the teaching of composition and the practice of style have not kept pace with the development of our intellectual life in the United States. I should, as poor an editor as I am, undertake to make a better magazine than you ever have seen, if I could find writers who could write well enough about contemporaneous subjects; and every other editor who is struggling to do his duty would tell you the same thing.

Next, "Why do they — that is, the magazines — not publish more critical articles?" In the first place, nobody cares for them; in the second place, nobody produces them in an interesting fashion. A magazine deserves to die that is not interesting. Now, the gentlemen and the ladies — young ones, generally — who write critical literature do not make it interesting. Besides, we have never taken to critical literature. There is, perhaps, enough in our language to make a respectable number of volumes in your libraries, but nobody ever asks you for them, and you seldom take them from the shelves.

The next question is, "Is writing adequately paid for?" Great writing never was and never will be. Even good writing never will be. But in this day and generation poor writing is paid for twice and thrice. — *Walter H. Page, in the World's Work.*

Magazine Decadence. — Several well-known magazine editors have entered a public confessional to account for what they frankly ad-

mit to be a decadence of magazine literature. One has been in at the birth of several monthlies and is exceptionally familiar with what may be called magazine pathology. The confessor editor puts the entire blame of magazine decline upon the writers. If the writers, he moans, would only make themselves more interesting! Another magazine editor contrasts the dreary life he leads in perusing stupid offerings with what magazine editing used to be when men like Thackeray and Dickens sent in their manuscripts.

Magazine decadence, judged from the literary and intellectual standards, is due to an obvious cause. A literary and intellectual standard is no longer associated in the minds of either publishers or public with the magazine which seeks to be popular. If one take up the average magazine of early days, that standard is manifest.

It was not a picture book. In its table of contents one found month after month the same cherished names. They were the names of the foremost writers of America. Their contributions were characterized by purity of diction, sanity of viewpoint, delicacy of taste, tranquillity of judgment.

One sought the magazine then for those names month after month. From the magazine pages of those days American literature was gathered and it lives to-day in books that will never be suffered to perish.

It did not occur to magazine editorship then that the true function of a magazine is to be a rival of the illustrated weekly, which had its own place. The beginning of the decadence of American magazine management began with a descent into commercial rivalry with the illustrated weekly. Its jealousy has become chronic and vicious in a later descent into the field of daily journalism in so far as that species of commercial rivalry is practicable.

Journalization is the cause of American magazine decadence. The aim of the typical magazine editor now is not to seek the literary for publication; he wants the sensational. The magazine editorial ambition is no longer to maintain a vehicle for the ripest thought, the most polished style. He seeks novelty in theme, new names, the topic of the instant, the explosive in substance, the meretricious in form.

American literature is laying up no treasures now in the magazines. Their pages have ceased to belong to the permanent and have added themselves to the order of the ephemeral.

Meanwhile also that most precious and least commercial of all literary species, the poem that has inspiration and not merely jingle, has almost totally disappeared from American magazines. — *Chicago Chronicle.*

The Magazine and the Newspaper. — The editor of *Harper's Magazine*, in the September issue, congratulates readers of that periodical on the fact that they have not had to read anything about Mont Pelée or King Edward VII. of late.

Going on to explain his position, the editor declares that the publication of articles of a news nature in a monthly magazine is a mistake, owing to the fact that the daily press has of necessity exhausted interest in the subject long before the magazine can appear. Consequently he goes on to assure the readers of *Harper's* that the magazine will "stick to its last" hereafter, merely aiming to present the best of literary thought and opinion. In a similar vein the editor of *Ainslee's Magazine* announces changes — the most important of which is the forswearing of all news articles and a determination to print nothing but the literary articles that are supposed to belong strictly to the magazine field.

These editorial announcements in the magazines are significant, as they reflect the changes that are being wrought by the daily press in the United States. The editors of *Harper's* and *Ainslee's* are right when they practically declare that the newspaper, with its vastly bettered facilities for illustration, has crowded the magazines out of the news field. And they are only half right when they assume that the monthly magazine has a monopoly of literary features. The short story and the essay have been figuring prominently in the great Sunday newspapers of late. The best writers of fiction contribute detached stories and serials, while essayists of world-

wide renown advance editorial opinions or write on strictly literary themes. The average newspaper short story, serial, or essay, is as good as the average contribution to the monthly magazine, and there is no doubt that before long the ten-cent monthlies, and even the magazines of the higher class, will find that the daily press is a rival in literature. Even in half-tone photography, where they have every advantage, the magazines have been practically standing still in the last few years, while the newspapers have been making rapid strides toward artistic effects.

In view of this constant encroachment of the daily press on the magazine field, it is not strange that the magazine editors are announcing important changes in policy and are showing other symptoms of uneasiness. If the present rate of newspaper improvement keeps up, many of the magazines will be making a desperate struggle for existence in another decade. — *Denver Republican.*

The Colleges and Journalism. — There is a strange and persistent misunderstanding of journalism at most of our colleges. A few of them offer courses that look toward newspaper work, but as a rule they are shocked at a proposal to train men especially for it. For academic life does not consider the profession seriously. Consider the case of Yale University, for example.

It has a fund for a lecture or two on journalism, and the last lecturer that it invited was Frank Munsey, the owner of the magazine that bears his name. Colleges that have professors of veterinary medicine and of dentistry and of mechanical engineering and of agriculture take offense at the suggestion of a professor of journalism.

Yet it is surely true that they might offer such professional post-graduate courses parallel to their courses in law and in medicine, and so conduct them that the men they train should be able to construct with some skill a simple piece of writing. Most men who now go from college into periodical-writing go at a disadvantage, for they think that they can write because they have done academic "themes" and taken courses in literature; and they are impatient of the long apprenticeship that they must serve. Many such a man never learns that writing is an art. They get rough-and-tumble work for a time on daily papers or they "review" books and then frankly accept the fate of hacks, become self-conscious, degenerate into martyrs, complain that there is no chance for "literature" and haunt magazine offices with impracticable propositions — all because (in most cases) they were not taught in the beginning that the writing of contemporary literature is an art and because they undertook it without training.

Our colleges and universities, especially their departments of literature, have some grave sins to answer for, because they do not even frankly tell young men that writing is a difficult trade (to say nothing of the art of it) and because they do not adequately train them for it. They let them go with a radically false notion of the whole subject.

A generation of really well-trained writers on contemporaneous subjects would be the best practical investment that our universities could make for the building up of good speech and of clear thinking in our democracy. — *The World's Work.*

Boys' Books Pay Best. — "The writing of juvenile fiction is about the best investment an author can make," says John Habberton. "The royalties are never big at any one time, but the sales never seem to stop. The successful novel for the 'grown-ups' may have a tremendous sale for a year, if it hits the popular fancy — take 'Trilby,' for instance — but a year, under present conditions, sees its finish. The boys' book, if it is a good one, will continue to sell just as long as there are boys to read it.

"Just the other day I received a statement from a New York publishing house to the effect that during the past six months a juvenile book that I wrote twenty years ago had sold to the extent of 650 copies, which meant a nice little lump sum to me. I have received about the same amount in royalties from the sale of that one book ever since it was first published. J. T. Trowbridge, who is now quite an old man, is still drawing royalties

from Henry T. Coates & Co. for boys' books that he wrote fifty years ago, the copyrights on which have twice been renewed.

"The writing of a book for boys, however, is by no means as easy as it would seem to one who has never tried it. To a man who is not himself a boy at heart, who does not come in constant contact with boys, and love them and their sports, such writing would be out of the question. The book wouldn't ring true, and the boy reader, who is a keen critic, would be quick to realize the faults. Above all other writers, the author of juvenile fiction must keep in touch with his subject. He cannot afford to get stale.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Proper Training for the Novelist.—William Le Queux, an English writer of sensational stories, has published his prescription for the writing of novels. He thinks that first the young novelist should go through the mill of journalism, so that by frequent presence at scenes dramatic and pathetic he may acquire a thorough knowledge of life as it is. Secondly, he should spend years in travel with eyes and ears wide open all the time. Thirdly, he must place himself on a level with his readers and avoid trying to force his opinions down their throats. He is of opinion that a classical education is unnecessary, as the public no longer requires the Latin quotations which used to give a book an air of distinction. To say the least, Mr. Le Queux has a queer idea of the purpose of a training in Latin. His article was submitted in proof to fourteen English novelists. All of them dissented from his opinions, and some of them cited examples to prove him wrong. Thus, Charlotte Brontë was confined to the rectory of a remote parish church in companionship with a disagreeable father and morbid sisters for the greater part of her life. Charles Dickens saw active service as a Parliamentary reporter, but no one attributes his ability to describe dramatic and pathetic scenes to this "journalistic" experience. Charles Kingsley might be taken for a man of wide travel if we were to judge simply his novel "Westward, Ho!" Nevertheless, it is asserted that Kingsley's information was all derived at second hand and that he did not leave his home while making the studies for that novel. These examples might be multiplied.—*Philadelphia Press.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE QUEST OF POLLY LOCKE. By Zoe Anderson Norris. 268 pp. Cloth. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1902.

"The Quest of Polly Locke" is a guide-book in pleasant disguise. Polly leaves Paris, ostensibly because she is tired of it and to seek her ideal man. Alone and unprotected, excepting by her bright American girlhood, she travels through the south of France and Italy, seeing many pleasant places and meeting some pleasant people, which and whom she vivaciously describes. As for the ideal man of whom she pretends to be in quest, he is not exploited in the narrative, but the author's dedication of the volume reads: "This little book is very affectionately dedicated to JACK, who approaches as nearly as could be expected to my ideal man." W. H. H.

THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL. By Zoe Anderson Norris. 220 pp. Cloth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1902.

This edition of "The Color of His Soul" has especial value for collectors, since the book was suppressed soon after publication because of threats to bring a libel suit made by a young man who was indiscreet enough to admit that he recognized as an unflattering portrait of himself the portrayal of the chief character in the story. The young man in the book is a socialist lecturer, in every way unlovely. In the illustration of his character the author incidentally pictures bohemianism and slum life in New York in varied scenes. Her style is vivid, and the book is in many ways unusual.

W. H. H.

NAKED TRUTHS AND VEILED ALLUSIONS. By Minna Thomas Antrim. 112 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 1901.

"Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions" is a collection of epigrams, many of them bright, most of them cynical, and some of them original.

W. H. H.

THE RUSSELLS IN CHICAGO. By Emily Wheaton. 257 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1902.

"The Russells in Chicago" is an interesting combination of satire, guidebook, and romance, written in bright and entertaining style. It tells how a rather severe young Boston woman came to live in Chicago, and how things there looked to her, as she viewed them through her Boston spectacles. The idiosyncrasies of the Chicagoese and their institutions, social, educational, and philanthropic, are pictured in vivid colors, in strong contrast always with the Boston background. Chicago

people are likely to wince rather often as they read the book, and Bostonians will not find themselves flattered in it. The author's wit is keen, and her thrusts seem at times somewhat malicious. The book is undeniably amusing, and perhaps both Boston and Chicago may profit by its contrast of their foibles. It is illustrated with excellent reproductions of Chicago photographs. W. H. H.

NEITHER BOND NOR FREE. By G. Langhorne Pryor. 239 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1902.

"Neither Bond Nor Free" is a well-selected title for a well-written book. The author terms it "A Plea," and uses the story as a vehicle for his arguments for his own people — whom he terms Afro-American, not negro — urging for them the rights denied them not so much by the actual as by the unwritten law. The novel is, in itself, not without interest, and deals with the race just as we find it.

C. M. H.

THE LAWSON HISTORY OF THE AMERICA'S CUP. A record of fifty years. By Winfield M. Thompson and Thomas W. Lawson. 402 pp. Boston. 1902.

"The Lawson History of the America's cup" is a notable example of lavish expenditure in book making. Three thousand copies of the book were printed, for gratuitous distribution, and an expert estimates that the cost of mechanical production must have been at least $35,000. Simply as a specimen of fine workmanship the volume possesses unusual interest. It is bound in finely woven white canvas, with the front cover stamped in gold. The typography, illustrations, and paper are all of the finest, and excellent taste is shown in the effects produced. Most of the text is the work of Mr. Thompson, who relates the history of the America's cup in a dignified and interesting narrative. The closing chapters, which are the work of Mr. Lawson, are less dignified, and they are chiefly devoted to unrestrained disapproval of the New York Yacht Club. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN POETS (Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes). Illustrated. Wyatt Eaton. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

WHERE IRVING WORKED AND WANDERED. Illustrated. Ella Stryker Mapes. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS." Sir Leslie Stephen. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

THE NEW PAGAN LILT. J. P. Mowbray. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. — IV. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

LEAVES FROM WHITMAN'S LATER LIFE. His Literary Executors. Illustrated. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST AND HIS WORK. Illustrated. Arthur Lord. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

THE NEWSPAPER WOMAN OF TO-DAY. Kate Masterson. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

TALES OF THE LITERARY TRADE. Frederic M. Bird. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

THE EIGHTH PAGE. A Newspaper Story. William Alfred Thomson. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

WHY WE HAVE NO MARIE CORELLIS. William S. Walsh. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

LESLIE STEPHEN'S "GEORGE ELIOT." John Forster Kirk. *Era* (13 c.) for October.

MEMORIES OF FAMOUS LITERARY MEN. Reprinted from "Recollections of a Long Life." By Theodore L. Cuyler. *Current Literature* (28. c.) for October.

THE WORLD'S FICTION FOR A YEAR. With portraits. Talcott Williams. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

EDWARD EGGLESTON. With portrait. Rossiter Johnson. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

THE DEMOCRACY OF SHELLEY AND KEATS. Professor John Ward Stimson. *Arena* (28c.) for October.

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD. — II. Illustrated. René Bache. Reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post* in the *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for September - October.

BIBLIOMANIA. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for September - October.

THE COSTLIEST SET OF BOOKS IN THE WORLD. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for September - October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John Morley's life of Gladstone will occupy three volumes. The task of writing it has proved extremely onerous, but Mr. Morley is working very hard and hopes to have the whole ready for press in December. If this can be accomplished, it is probable that Macmillan & Co. will issue the work at the beginning of 1903.

Sir Leslie Stephen has just sent his new book, "More Studies of a Biographer," to press, and it will be published this month. Among the modern authors of whom Sir Leslie writes, are Browning, Ruskin, Froude, Stevenson, Emerson, and Anthony Trollope. He has one essay on Shakspere as a man.

Williams and Norgate (London) announce a volume of memories of Lord Tennyson by Miss A. G. Weld, who was closely related to the poet by marriage and whose knowledge of Tennyson was, therefore, intimate.

At last, after interest in the matter has quite subsided, it is definitely settled that Laurence Housman was the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Edward A. Dithmar, for many years dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, and for some months past its London correspondent, has been summoned from the London office to the editorship of the *Times Saturday Book Review*.

The *Brandur Magazine* is a new periodical published in New York.

A new magazine to be issued in New York, beginning this month, is the *Reader*, which its publishers and editors hope to make the "leading literary journal of America." The *Reader* will contain reviews of all the important books of the day, departments devoted to bibliography, libraries, the drama and literary news, and it will contain several articles each month of general interest to the magazine reader.

The *American Connoisseur*, edited by Sidney Dickinson, is a new magazine of art, the first number of which, to be issued shortly, will be sold for one dollar, with the annual subscription fixed at ten dollars.

The *Valley Magazine*, the new St. Louis monthly, is edited by William Marion Reedy, publisher of the *St. Louis Mirror*.

The *Onlooker* (New York, Mercantile Library building) publishes good short stories and prints them in groups in book form.

Herbert Vivian's *Rambler* is no more, having been merged in the *Sunrise*. The *Sunrise*, by the way, will have a rival in the *Protest*, which is the work of a number of young English literary and artistic optimists who have settled at Crockham hill, in Kent.

The subscription list and good will of the *Southern Evangelist* have been purchased by the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., one of the leading organs of the Southern Presbyterian church.

Beginning with the October number, *Ainslee's Magazine* will be enlarged to 160 pages and will cost fifteen cents a copy. Each number will contain a complete novel by an author of reputation. In addition, the magazine will be made up of short stories, dialogues, verses, and essays.

Robert Barr, the Canadian writer, has bought and will edit the London magazine called the *Idler*, which was highly successful when Mr. Barr was associated with Jerome K. Jerome in conducting it several years ago.

The time for closing the *Ev'ry Month* music prize competition has been extended to February 1, 1903.

The Authors' Club of Minneapolis announces its first annual prize literary competition. The competition is open only to members of The Authors' Club, but persons who are not club members can become such by making application and meeting the requirements for admission. The contest will close March 1, 1903. The club's recording secretary is Mrs. L. S. Mitchell, 419 Medical Block, Minneapolis.

Mr. Kipling is now living near Tunbridge Wells, in an old house dating from the early part of the seventeenth century. It is said that his retreat from Rottingdean was hastened by his sufferings from thoughtlessly inquisitive visitors.

A posthumous paper by Wyatt Eaton in the October *Century* gives that painter's "Recollections of American Poets"—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes—as they appeared to him when he was drawing portraits of them for the *Century*. His own portrait by himself, and a sketch of his career by his widow, preface the article.

Edward Eggleston died at Jones Lock, Lake George, September 3, aged sixty-four.

Philip James Bailey died at Nottingham, Eng., September 6, aged eighty-six.

William Allen Butler died in Yonkers, N. Y., September 9, aged seventy-seven.

Emile Zola died in Paris September 29, aged sixty-two.

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ONE WRITER'S MISTAKES.

I have sold to an editor for five dollars the main idea, the thought that gave value, the very soul, so to speak, of a twenty-five-dollar article. The residue was returned to me, of course, by the terms of our compact; and I, who had fondly hoped that I could fasten the *disjecta membra* to some new body and still sell the fabrication for twenty-five dollars, or even fifty dollars, as I was mad enough to dream that I might fashion from the broken bits some still more taking creation, have seen my delusion each time come to naught.

Such fragments are as worthless as cast-off clothes. Take my advice, pen brothers, make them buy your manikin as he stands, paying fairly for the vesture he wears, aye, down to his very ankle chains and barbarian ear-rings.

Again: I have sent to two magazines at one and the same time a copy each of the same story. It had already been rejected by nearly a dozen editors, and the brilliant idea now occurred to me that by this doubling method I would the sooner reach ultimate destiny. By the perversity of Fate in general and editors in especial, these two particular lords of the sanctum were at once seized by the same fancy for my ugly duckling come suddenly to swan-dom. The same mail brought me acceptances from both.

Divided between the desire to laugh and to cry, I sat down and tried to weigh the matter discreetly: Which should have it? From which withdraw? And what excuse must I render to the poor unfortunate who must miss the happiness of possessing my jewel?

I decided the question of which magazine should use my story by carefully counting the pages of advertising in the latest issue of each. From this I drew my rash conclusion as to which would send me the larger check. As regards my excuse to the other, I must needs confess that it was very lame — lame in both feet. The editor who received it has never spoken to me since. I mean by that that every manuscript with which I have since besieged him has been returned too promptly to leave any doubt as to whether or not it was read in his office. In fact, by every token I know infallibly that I am blacklisted by that magazine. The other one, its fortunate rival, paid me the munificent sum of eight dollars, while a friend of mine about that time received from the magazine of the smaller advertising list a check for twenty dollars for a story I knew to be no better than mine! Luckily, a trouble of that sort is like the

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measles: if you are normally constituted, you can have it only once.

I have occasionally been a runner after new magazines. Various free lances whom I know do mightily prosper by those methods, getting their manuscripts accepted by twos and threes, while the pigeon-holes of the new desks are yet unfilled. And these same writers have sworn to me that the cash was forthcoming from such sales, and their private exchequers appeared inflated in consequence. But when I try the same method of "getting in on the ground floor," the new magazine goes skyward. Perhaps I am lucky enough to have my manuscript merely lost, requiring the expense of re-typing. But more likely it has been published and not paid for, leaving me minus so much in assets, and a few degrees lower in the esteem of more stable editors, who, I verily believe, have it written in their code that contributors should do nothing but perhaps polish and re-polish their articles in between selling to the exclusive set a meagre half a dozen manuscripts per annum.

But the most expensive of my errors have come in the course of my dealings with the so-called religious publications. I have tested, I think, nine-tenths of the foremost of such periodicals on this side of the water, and, out of them all, I have found only the *Independent*, of New York, and D. C. Cook's publications, of Chicago, and perhaps two or three others to act just square like honest irreligious folk. One of my best wishes for myself is that what I write may long prove acceptable to the two I have mentioned, as in the past; and another is that I may in the future have better discretion than to cast my pearls before such porcine creatures as the "standard religious paper" that recently paid me three dollars for an article similar to those for which ordinary secular journals were paying me twenty-five dollars, and that worse one which, having published my 2,300-word story, still refuses me any payment whatsoever, writing me, after many inquiring letters from me, that there was no engagement on its part to pay for the contribution! When I politely remind them that the story was accepted and used by them with the plain legend, "Submitted at regular rates," inscribed above the author's name and address on the title page, they attempt no reply, merely keep silence and go on publishing a fairly good monthly periodical, obtaining most of their matter, I presume, as they got mine.

And such is the life of a literary hack, such its annoyances, such its shadows. But ah! who that has tasted would exchange it for any other? Who with the vision before him would forego that glimpse of the "light that never was on land or sea," or choose otherwise than to remain a dreamer forevermore?

Kenneth Leigh.

ATLANTA, Ga.

DO EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS ENCOURAGE NEW TALENT?

Some interesting letters discussing the relations of writers and editors have appeared lately in the *New York Sun*. The first one was as follows: —

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* With reference to some recent discussion and editorial comment in your columns on an alleged or a rumored pursuit by publishers for "new *talent,*" *my* own opinion, gathered through ex*perience, is that publishers* may possibly be anxiously hunting personally for this talent, but that they must necessarily very often miss it, as long as they depend upon their present system of examining manuscripts. How many of them personally ever see the manuscript of a single article, essay, poem, or romance which appears in their magazines or is issued by their publishing houses? Do you suppose "Mr. Harper" or "Mr. Appleton" or "Mr. Scribner" or "Mr. McClure," taking those names to represent certain well-known publishing

houses, ever see a manuscript unless in exceptional cases?

Ninety-nine per cent. of the manuscripts submitted to these publishers ostensibly are in reality passed upon by their Readers, and the fate of a manuscript by an unknown author in nearly every case rests upon the fancy or whim or individual taste of some Reader. The alleged eager "hunt" of the publishers for "new talent" has not the slightest opportunity to display itself. The Reader may not in cold blood reject any manuscript, but his like or dislike in any specific case may be governed by his personal feelings, or even perhaps by the condition of his digestion. Any one who has had the most trifling experience in the submission of manuscripts to publishers knows that these are the cold facts, and that most of the grandiloquent eulogy of publishers as such for their unselfish pursuit of undiscovered talent is mere tommyrot.

Let me give you one example of the methods of a publisher's Reader. As a writer of short stories which had met with some success in certain lines, I submitted one which I fancied was rather above my usual standard to a prominent magazine. The first page of the manuscript of this story contained some semi-flippant philosophizing over a little girl and her dolls, as offering a certain analogy to the situation involved in the story, though they had nothing whatever to do with it or the plot. It was a "grown-up" love story in which only adults figured. The manuscript was promptly returned to me — within about three days — with a note reading something like this: —

My Dear ——: We return your manuscript without the usual delay, in order not to defer unnecessarily your submitting it in quarters where it will doubtless prove available. You ought to know, my dear boy, that we never print children's stories.

It does n't need any very profound discernment to be able to assert that in this case my manuscript had not been examined beyond the first page.

The rumor has recently been quite thoroughly spread that the publishers are "beside themselves" in their craving for short stories. Perhaps they are, but it would be difficult to prove that the Readers are, unless the stories carry the name of a known author.

NEW YORK. C. L.

Apparently it has not occurred to "C. L." that as his introductory philosophizing had nothing to do with his story or its plot, he should have cut it off before sending out the manuscript. He seems to have been a victim of his own inaptitude. But let us read the comments that his complaint excited: —

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* "C. L." deplores his treatment at the hands of the publisher.

I am not connected with any publishing house, but I can readily appreciate the awful mass of scribbling the manuscript Readers have to wade though, the illiteracy of which they have patiently to give attention. With articles, essays, and poems, mostly poems, coming in by the hundreds daily, how on earth does "C. L." imagine "Mr. Scribner" or "Mr. Harper" can give the manuscript personal attention? What does "C. L." expect?

The Readers, as matters now stand, are worked to death reading stuff that is not worth the paper it is printed on, and stuff that is not prepared as the editor specially requests matter submitted to him shall be prepared. Think of the numerous manuscripts sent in (without stamps for rejections) that are kindly read and returned. Stereotyped thanks? Of course,— but still thanks.

I have sent in considerable matter to the magazines and papers all over the country. Before I knew what was required I made what seem now unpardonable mistakes and I wonder at the courtesy and patience of the people to whom I have sent my work. I have met only considerate treatment the past five years. I have had considerable discouragement in the form of rejections, but I have seen, later on, that there was always good reason for such rejection. I have met success, here and there, and have had liberal treatment, but it has not been until I have persevered and tried to meet the requirements of those to whom I sent my work.

"C. L" expects too much. Apparently he does not realize that much better talent than he or I can ever hope to possess has been turned down in the olden times when most of the sort of stuff now published was not thought of, and really good matter had to pay for space. The editors are all right; the trouble is with the authors and poets. A WRITER.

NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* The communications in the *Sun* of the past few days about the author and the publisher are interesting as shop talk, and being of the shop, I would like to add a few remarks on the subject. "C. L.'s" claim that the publishers who say they are earnestly striving for "new talent" and "new ideas" are talking through their hats is in my opinion worthy of consideration. I judge this to be so from my own experience. I, also, write stories and that sort. Not long ago a magazine editor asked me for an article on a certain subject. I told him it would not be like anybody else would do it and

I wanted him to be sure he knew what he was going to get before he got it. He said he wanted matter that was original and different from the common run. I did the article, not more than 600 words, just as a filler, and when he had read it he threw up his hands. "Why," he said, almost in horror, "this isn't like anything we print. It is very well done, and the points are covered, but it is so unlike anything we use that we can't handle it, really." We discussed the matter for some time, and he said he hated to lose it, for it really was a good thing, and he at last brightened up and said he would get around its unlikeness by putting it over my signature and then his readers would understand the difference. He considered the matter three months, and, at last, sent the article back to me.

Another editor told me that my matter was "too original"; and still another sent a story back to me indorsed: "This is too ingenious for our readers." One of the leading ten-cent magazines, too. What kind of readers do you imagine it has? Or was that a complimentary way the editor had of turning me down?

Another editor informed me that I must prepare my matter in the style of their magazine if I hoped to appear on its pages. What do you think of that? Would there ever have been a Shakespeare or Milton or Addison if they had been edited that way? Is it proposed to destroy the individuality, the style of a writer, simply to conform to the notions of an editor who wants to make his magazine style paramount?

The publishers claim that there is a dearth of good short stories. True enough — in the magazines of the higher grade. If those same publishers will read the short stories outside of the magazines by writers who cannot get into the magazines they will find that they are mistaken. The trouble is that the editor's idea of "good" is not real reading merit; that is, what the general reader will like, but what conforms to the style he has established as the correct thing. I know one editor who was unhappy for weeks over the adverse criticism of a professional critic of a story which he had printed, and at the same time it was the most satisfactory story in that issue to the majority of his readers. He counted their opinion as of no value as compared with the cultivated critic whom he knew personally and whose opinion he held in such favor. And yet the critic never bought a copy of the magazine in his life.

As to what "A Writer" says, it is hardly worth comment. If Readers are "worked to death," as he says, and can't give proper time to the consideration of matter submitted, it is time their employers were increasing the force.

The reading matter in a magazine ought to be the most important item in its construction, and if those employed in its selection are inadequate to their duties, the proprietors of the publication should apply the remedy at once. And why should the Readers wear themselves out reading "stuff not worth the paper it is written on?" If they are competent Readers they ought to know such stuff at a glance and save themselves from reading it. What "A Writer" should do is to quit writing and get a job as a publisher.

BROOKLYN. DOCTOR OF LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* Can I take more of your space to reply to that modern Junius, the "Doctor of Laws" of Brooklyn? The ingenious and meritorious article that has never been equalled or excelled; than which nothing like it was ever heard of before or since, must have been a "stunner." I can imagine it. "Written in twenty minutes without lifting my pen from the paper," was probably the style of the startlingly original article that could not find a publisher. Just like a hot cake, mind you; had to write it on the spot — and the beautiful hot cake was rejected. Why? Indigestible. Looked good. Nice and brown — but soggy.

Seriously, the "Doctor of Laws" is a very superficial reader. Had he read my letter rightly he would have noted that I gave the fact of the Readers being overworked as an excuse and a reason as well as an illustration. If the Readers, as numerous as they are, are overworked, and I meant "C. L" to cogitate seriously, how could Mr. Scribner or Mr. Harper give personal attention to manuscripts? Does the "Doctor of Laws," who cites Shakespeare so glibly, imagine that that gentleman met with instant favor? No man with the proper individuality has ever been curbed by a magazine's requirements. To prove this, there are not two articles alike in style in the average "worth while" magazine. You might say the men have "big names." How did they get them? How did they ever become big? Were they never small, yes, wee sma' writers? Their tales when told would be the same as those of the "Doctor of Laws" and "C. L.," save — and mark the difference — they did not snivel and complain and rush to print about their rejected manuscript. There are many older writers than "Doctor of Laws" and "C. L." (for their tone marks them young, without reference to age) who have thanked their stars in digging through their old piles that certain articles therein were never published.

Why should the Readers waste time on stuff? In the futile endeavor to discover some merit, so that they may encourage the writer by redressing the story, marking out the worthy

part? What becomes of the matter sent out for "redressing"? The man rushes to print and complains.

The writers of to-day are not to be mentioned in the same breath with Shakespeare, Dickens, Milton, Addison, Cowper, Shelley, and the older men worthy of pen and minds. The writers of to-day are fast writers. But that is all. Do not measure your articles by contemporaneous fiction. The tone and style of modern writing is not equal to the old. It is good, brilliant — but it won't last. Can you imagine a man reading the same modern work twice? Is there a book to-day worth reading seven times? And yet, I am proud to say, I have read most of the old books that many times, and found new and better merit in them each succeeding reading.

Write truly. Do not mimic. Drop the "social" and "historical" drivel. Study life. Study man, and write slowly. Think. Don't write just to see your name in print. Write to move hearts — the better things in the reader. Write to hold, not with swashbuckling heroics, but simple heroism, the heroism of everyday life.

I shall write a little yet, "Doctor of Laws." Some day I may take your advice and become a publisher. Then I should like to examine impartially your contribution; that ingenious and startling original masterpiece. Don't let us argue the matter. Do your best. Fight fair. Succeed by merit and don't be blinded by self-appreciation, than which there is no greater characteristic in humans.

A WRITER.

NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* I am reading with great interest the communications on the relation of author and publisher, because I have had a literary experience of more than thirty years and have often found myself among "the rejected." And, having been an editor myself, I know something of both sides.

A few years ago an Oriental scholar wrote a novel on India. It was favorably received by the press. But one reviewer, a man of literary reputation, declared that the whole thing was "culled" from books, and that it was very evident that the author had never visited India. As a matter of fact, the writer had lived in India a quarter of a century and spoke its language like a native.

Very soon afterward a publisher asked this gentleman to write a book on South America, which he had never visited in the whole course of his life. But the literary editor of a daily paper said it was evidently a production of one who had traveled every step of the land which he had so graphically described.

With regard to publishers. Rudyard Kipling offered his manuscripts to publisher after publisher and they were rejected. The author of "Called Back" had a similar experience. The reason of this condition of things is this: The American publisher stands for commerce and not the promotion of literature. His one question is, "Will this book pay?" The London publisher never intends to pay you anything, unless you have a name which can demand a price, and so he steps in where the American publisher fears to tread. As a rule, a book which sells in London will sell in America.

As I have no complaint against THE SUN, you will, perhaps, allow me to give a curious personal experience. A few years ago I wrote a very graphic account of my own recollections of an old English election of the olden time. I sent it to three papers. It was rejected. I then published it in a magazine which I was editing at that time. And the very papers which had rejected it published and plagiarized the whole article, but did not give my name as the author.

As I am not "in literature" at present, and have no rejected manuscripts on my table to give color to my assertion, I am at liberty to state that I believe it is impossible for a man (or woman) to earn his living by contributions to magazines or newspaper literature. If he wants to live by his pen he must become a newspaper reporter, and gradually work himself into favor. And then write books as a recreation.

There is, perhaps, a sphere for a writer of short love stories. I have tried this with some success myself. But I have had a curious experience. Being a scholar, by education, I wrote my love stories with a great deal of local setting. But the editor insisted upon my taking out the descriptive chapters and beginning the story with the love narrative. I protested. But the power of the purse prevailed. Perhaps he was right. For I know a lady, of three-score years and ten, who reads at least six novels a week. I investigated the matter and I find that she only reads the narrative of love making and skips the rest.

If people want to know why all this is so, I reply that sensational journalism has vitiated the public taste. Consequently, Mr. Carnegie's millions for providing the common people with reading must of necessity be spent on the sensational novel. And if men and women seek to earn their living by writing they must cultivate the sensational.

Of course, like the representative of the Bey of Morocco, we shall in due time "return to

civilization." The civilization of repose. But the end is not yet.

ANOTHER DOCTOR OF LAWS.

NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* Possibly some of the literary correspondents who are bewailing the misfortunes of the "rejected" through your columns may be interested in the observations of one who has given twenty years to the work of the editorial room, both as newspaper and magazine maker.

The chief complaint seems to be that editors are prone to reject matter that is better than that which they accept. Personally I do not believe this to be true. Yet it is a fact that they do it every day, for reasons which it is almost impossible to make clear to the layman. Two very potent explanations may, however, be given.

In the first place, the space of a magazine is always limited, and publishers have found it necessary to give a large portion of their available pages to the work of authors already popular and whose names are a good advertisement for their magazines. It is not necessary that the authors should be truly great or famous (fame is a different matter), but they must have obtained a certain hold upon the popular mind that will insure a sale of the magazine that issues their work. A temporary popularity will suffice while it lasts. To the work of these writers much of the space must be given. Putting it plainly, the magazine must advertise itself by the names of its contributors. These people write well, or at any rate, the public believes they do, and their work helps trade. To this class of contributors must be added another, namely, certain men, not writers at all, whose popularity in non-literary lines of life has made it possible to get them a hearing. For example, an article by Andrew Carnegie on trusts would find acceptance where the same article, or a better one, written by myself would be rejected. These classes of writers come first.

In the second place, the art department steps in and demands a large slice of the column space, for, with a few exceptions, magazines are chiefly bought for their pictures rather than for their literature.

This leaves but small opportunity for the general contributed articles, and it then becomes the editor's duty to select from a mass of matter what he thinks may help the magazine. It is here that he either succeeds or fails. If the editor be a man who has lived too much apart from the public and too little in the world of plain humanity, he is prone to accept that which pleases himself, and his following of readers will be limited to a class. If, on the *other* hand, he is too much a fellow of the people and not enough of a thinker, he is apt to give his readers a diet of cheap, valueless, poorly written stuff that tends to a degeneracy of the reading faculty, although it undoubtedly sells.

But in either case I believe the editor means to be fair in dealing with his contributors, and thinks he is selecting the best.

This is peculiarly an age of advertising, and everything that goes into a magazine must advertise it to its readers. If there be a fault, it lies wholly in the public, who will not discriminate, and seldom select their reading matter on their personal opinion of its merits.

Editors are, therefore, hampered by the conditions of the trade, and are not free, as formerly, to pose as educators of the masses. They are rather in the position of followers of the popular whim. If one of them happens to create a demand for a certain style of work, the people immediately run it into the ground to the exclusion of anything else that is newer and better. Note the excessive run of negro dialect truck in the past, and the present tendency to imitations of the "David Harum" style of book, and the everlasting output of so-called historical novels.

The truth about the matter is that the public of to-day is not a reading public. It is simply a skimming and picture-gazing public. It does not buy literature for the purpose of really reading, digesting, and enjoying it wholesomely. As an evidence of this I quote a prominent New York publisher, who told me recently that not a single book of thoughtfully considered essays published in the last ten years had really paid its publisher. Of poetry the tale is even more saddening; yet there must be good poetry somewhere ready for its audience. Editorially I have examined several poems that, if written fifty years ago, would have passed into standard literature. The same thing is true of pure romance, one of the most beautiful forms of literary composition. Nobody would read it now.

My personal opinion, after spending twenty years in the editorial chair, is that there will be no genuine opportunity for the sincere and original literary creator until the public calls for him with equal sincerity and rejects "the other fellow." It is the public, not the editor, which rejects.

FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — *Sir:* Having had an extended experience in commercial literature as author and editor (for twenty-two years in this last), publisher, and Reader of interminable manuscripts upon diverse topics, I may be in a position to make suggestions to writers that will clear the situation in some re-

spects as regards some points that are not now clear to them. For example, the reading of articles sent in, for one thing, and the possibility of living by the pen, for another. Concerning the first proposition, I have no reason to doubt but that Readers as a class are faithful to their trusts; possibly there are shirkers among them, as there are in all callings, but the number of them must be small.

But "reading" manuscripts submitted, in its technical sense, is not what writers generally suppose it to be. No editor or professional Reader for a publisher deliberately sits down to the perusal word for word of page after page in articles received. "The lion is judged by his claw," and a rapid scanning of the introductory pages will reveal whether the matter is of a desirable class. If it seems to be, as far as can be seen, it is laid on one side among the possibilities, but if the hero or heroine "grind their teeth," or "eyes flash with rage" with no provocation for so doing, if the style is as jerky as the motion of a jumping jack, the article receives no further consideration, and is returned to the writer of it with a stereotyped circular of thanks.

As a rule, editors know what they want, and what their particular connection will pay for, but the writers do not, and are more or less incensed when their articles are not available for purely commercial reasons. If a seller of beans goes to those who require such esculents he is not vexed if the buyer declines them. It is no disparagement of the goods for him to do so; the beans are all that they profess to be, but at the moment they are not in demand, so the bean-seller and the bean-buyer go their several ways without animosity. It is not so with the purveyor of general literature; he belongs to the *genus irritabile* from the nature of his calling, and takes it as a personal slight whenever his work comes back to him.

It is admitted that editors are human and prone to err; they may miss the value of certain articles and decline them. to find later that they had made a mistake, but when they do they exercise greater care in future The editor of a prominent journal in the city of New York once returned me an article, saying in his letter that he regretted doing so, but that he was simply unable to publish a tithe of the articles submitted. and frequently found that the matter they did publish was not so good as that which they rejected for want of space.

It is certainly discouraging to writers who have spent tedious days and laborious nights upon an article which was sure to be a masterpiece, in their estimation, to have it returned by journal after journal; but if the writers will try to conceive of the number of others who have also written masterpieces and clamor for a hearing, they will, possibly, feel that they must take their chance in selling matter with all other manufacturers of it.

Concerning names there is a word to be said. They have a wholly commercial value, and that is why they receive recognition first. A name is a trade-mark which signifies that the contents of the package are of the best quality, whether the package contains macaroni or stories. Sometimes the trade-mark goods are bad for one cause or another, and if they are the makers of them get them back, but they are not apt to advertise this fact to the world at large. Writers of stories or essays are not always up to the mark, although they may have had years of success. The editor of the oldest literary magazine in this country said in a recent issue that he had lately been compelled to return three consecutive manuscripts to an author of great popularity; this being the case in one instance, there are doubtless many others, and unknown writers should not feel that they only are among the rejected.

The facts as regards writing for a living are that there are too many attempting it, but this will not deter others from embracing it.

ELIZABETH, N. J. EGBERT P. WATSON.

One thing that readers of this discussion may have observed is that not one of these reprinted letters is written in English that is above criticism. Perhaps if the writers who complain about the inefficiency of manuscript Readers would take more pains with the literary finish of their work, their contributions would not be so frequently rejected.

The whole truth of the matter is that the Readers employed by editors and publishers to cull manuscripts generally know their business, and they are not likely to send back anything that any one "higher up" in the magazine office or the publishing house would be likely to want to see. Many of the manuscripts submitted to them are of such a nature that a mere glance at them shows that they are unavailable. A few others are manifestly so good that there is no question about accepting them. The doubtful manuscripts — of which there are a good many — are seldom sent back unseen by more than a single person. The Reader who first looks at them, if he is in doubt, passes them on for other judgment, and not infrequently "Mr. Harper" or "Mr. Appleton" takes one of them home with him overnight — and returns it with a polite letter to the author in the morning.

BOSTON, Mass. *William H. Hills.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Mary Wager-Fisher quotes in the October *Delineator* some interesting remarks by a professor of English literature who for more than a quarter of a century, she says, has taught classes of young men and women "at one of the foremost American universities, where co-education has existed from its foundation." Being asked how men and women compare as students in his department, he replied: —

"In the first place, you must recognize the difference between literary power and literary appreciation. Women are more susceptible to music than are men, yet no woman has written a great opera. And so in arts, there are far more colorists among men, but more appreciation among women. In literature women have not worked long, but they are already a grea factor — they have superior assimilative power

"When a student asks me what I would advise first and foremost to advance him in literary culture, I say, read the whole of Washington Irving; read sympathetically; hunt up the meaning of words; mark such as are noticed particularly. I name Irving because he uses words so naturally — Saxon instead of Latin words when he can — and has a nice feeling about words. If one will do this, he will have improved more in English at the end of the twentieth volume — he will not need text-books — than if he took the whole English course here, Saxon and all.

"In seminary work the papers of the women are always without exception superior to the men's; the best man's paper never equalled the best woman's paper. In fact, I never had a really able paper from young men, except in three cases. I think literature teaches that wherever there is a spiritual element, women excel. So far as English literature goes, it is scarcely worth while to teach most men. When they come here very few can speak good English. Five hundred words constitute their average vocabulary. A large proportion of the men in the general courses wrestles about for four years with no aim or object beyond barely getting a diploma, at the end, which amounts to nothing. They think more of athletics than of literature, of sprawling in the mud at football, and the mud seems to strike in and affect their souls. Women are far more serious. I should long ago have given up the post of English literature if it had not been for the interest shown by women who have come to my classes."

* * *

It may be true that men excel in literary power and women in literary appreciation, but the fact remains that women are writing a large and important part of the literature of the present day. In the October *Century*, for instance, eighteen of the contributions

are by men and ten by women. Of fifteen new books advertised by Harper & Brothers, five are by women. Of nine new books advertised by Dodd, Mead & Co., three are by women authors. Perhaps it would be safe to say that women are writing one-third of the books and magazine articles published nowadays. Whether the average quality of their work is equal to that of the work of men may be an open question.

* * *

A reader of THE WRITER forwards to the magazine this sentence from the editorial page of the *Christian Advocate*: —

> And what layman, young or old, living or dead, by travel, speech, writing, or personal influence has done so much to enkindle missionary fervor in young men; by the power of personal testimony to refute libels upon missionaries and attacks upon Missions; and to confirm not only his own Methodism, but all evangelical communions in zealous obedience to Him who said, "Go, preach," and "I am with you alway, even unto end of the world," than John R. Mott?

He thinks it is a gem, and probably most thoughtful readers will agree with him.

* * *

Another WRITER reader sends in a clipping of this editorial paragraph from the *Boston Globe*: —

> The bestowing of that diamond-studded lady's gold watch which was presented to the young crown prince at Waltham, will be looked forward to with intense interest by every one of his 300 best girls in Siam.

"Where," he asks, "did the prince find the 'diamond-studded lady' from whom he obtained the gold watch?"

* * *

The *London Times* "learns with terror" that the University of Chicago has established a course in short-story writing. Perhaps it can explain why guidance in fiction-writing is not as proper as guidance in the art of painting.

W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Copied at random, here are some headings of recent long editorials in Western dailies: —

"Duration of Franchises in Ohio." (In a paper two thousand miles from Ohio.)

"Steel Roadways for Autos." (Very few of us own autos.)

"Body-Snatching in Literature." (A gruesome special article; not editorial at all.)

"Bishop Hartzell's Work in South Africa." (Interesting to those who are interested in Bishop Hartzell's work in South Africa.)

"Problems of Finance." (Think of it.)

BOSTON, Mass. E. Y.

There is a little slip in Frances L. Hardy's interesting article on "Sister Novelists" in the July WRITER. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, not her sister, is the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." A. G. G.

BOSTON, Mass.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The owner does not remember of ever having purchased a new shaker.—*Boston Post.*	The owner does not remember ever having bought a new shaker.
The *Post* had the true facts. —*Boston Post.*	The *Post* had the facts.
Rev. Butler is found. — *Denver Post Headline.*	Rev. Mr. Butler is found.
Stepping into the carriage without assistance, the enthusiastic cheering broke out again. — *New York Herald.*	As he stepped into the carriage without assistance, the enthusiastic cheering broke out again.
Look out who you vote for. — *Foster's* (Dover, N. H.) *Daily Democrat.*	Look out whom you vote for.
Only a Decline of 17 Per Cent. — *Boston Herald Editorial Headline.*	A Decline of Only 17 Per Cent.
Lyman Blake, a young man 16 years of age, who claims to live in Orange, Mass. — *Boston Herald.*	Lyman Blake, a young man 16 years old, who says that he lives in Orange, Mass.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Samuel J. Barrows, author of the paper on "Tendencies of American Legislation," in the November *North American Review*, was born in the city of New York, in 1845. In 1867, he became stenographic secretary to William H. Seward, who was then secretary of state, and he remained in the department of state until 1871. After completing courses of study at the Harvard Divinity school and the University of Leipzig, he was called, in 1876, to the pastorate of the First Unitarian church of Dorchester, Mass., which he filled for five years, when he

became editor of the *Christian Register*, a position which he held for sixteen years. He spent the year 1892-93 in Europe, studying archæology in Greece, and visiting European prisons. He is the representative of the United States on the International Prison Commission, having been appointed to that office by President McKinley in 1896. He was a member of the Fifty-fifth Congress, in which he represented the Tenth Massachusetts district, and he served on the committee on Indian Affairs. As a penologist, Mr. Barrows is the author of numerous reports published by the government, and he is corresponding secretary of the Prison Association, of New York. He is the author of a volume entitled, "The Isles and Shrines of Greece," and of various historical monographs.

George Waldo Browne, who contributed to the March WRITER the interesting biographical sketch of Edward Stratemeyer, is himself well known as an author. He has contributed to many juvenile periodicals, and is the author of a number of books for boys, including, "Two American Boys in Hawaii," published by Dana Estes & Company, and "The Woodranger," "The Young Gunbearer," and other woodranger tales, published by L. C. Page & Co. He has also written several works of travel, including "The Paradise of the Pacific," relating to Hawaii, and "The Pearl of the Orient," which describes Luzon and other of the Philippine islands. He is now engaged upon a work in several volumes on the Far East. Mr. Browne has the faculty of writing in a way to interest young people, and his books instruct as well as entertain.

Elizabeth Dike Lewis, author of "The Way Out of the Woods," in *Lippincott's* for November, is the daughter of Charlton T. Lewis, the eminent New York lawyer. Miss Lewis graduated from Smith College in 1895, and has since then spent much of her time abroad, studying the art and languages of the continent. Her infrequent contributions to the magazines have dealt chiefly with various phases of life in social and artistic circles in Paris. "The Way Out of the Woods" was written during the summer's vacation in the Harz Mountains a year ago.

Frederick Reddale, the author of "The Other Man," the complete novel in the November number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, pursues literature as an avocation in the midst of a very busy professional life. He sometimes laughingly says that he was nourished on printers' ink. At a very early age he was employed in the great London house of Spottiswoode, and in the next twenty years he passed through every branch of the art preservative, from "devil" to reader and editor. Born in London, educated there on the Britsbeck Foundation, he came in the early seventies to New York, where he has since lived and worked, writing slowly and producing on an average only one or two stories each year. Some of these, such as "The Shew of the Ages," "Gallem Gold," and "A Castle in Spain," have lately appeared in the *Sun*, *Outing*, and the *New England Magazine*. "A Crucible of Gold" will appear in *Lippincott's* some time in 1903.

Julian Sanford, whose story, "A Strange Case," appeared in the *Arena* for August, is twenty-four years old, and a graduate of Stanford University. He has practiced writing practically from the time he could wield a pen, but circumstances have been such that since leaving college his work has been only occasional. He was born in Illinois, and reared on the Pacific coast, living at different times in Oregon, Washington, and California. During the past year, Mr. Sanford has had published a number of short stories.

Celia E. Shute, whose story, "The Effacement of Susan Ross," appeared in the *Designer* for September, took a second prize of $200 with her first story, in a competition conducted by *McClure's Magazine* in 1894. Since then she has written for *Munsey's Magazine*, *Short Stories*, the *National Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Household*, the *Delineator*, the *Designer*, *Our Animal Friends*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Budget*, the *New York Home Journal*, and other publications. She was born in

Exeter, N. H., and her home has always been there, where for centuries back her ancestors have lived.

Louise Collier Willcox, who wrote the story, "With Fugitive Things," in the July *Century*, is a southern woman, although one-half her life has been spent in England. Her literary training has come to her mainly through personal intercourse and study with her father, the late Dr. Robert Laird Collier, and his friends, among whom were numbered Matthew Arnold, Lord Tennyson, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Baron Tauchnitz, and many others. Mrs. Willcox has contributed to the *Chap Book* and to *East and West* under the name of "Clarence Wellford," and has published a small volume, in collaboration with a friend, on the continuity of Mystic Thought.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Women in Journalism. — Concerning the work of women on newspapers, and the effect of the work on women, Kate Masterson writes in the *Era*: —

Not a few of the women who have gained notable success in the newspaper field within the past decade have graduated into higher literature, such as play writing and story writing, and have thus achieved additional reputation. Others have sunk the undoubted promise of their future into the more pleasant paths of domestic life.

The question of the suitability of the journalistic field for woman is one which may be looked at from many vantage points. Where there are so many who have made successes in this line, who shall say that it is not a desirable one. The same rule applies to this as to every other walk of life requiring good health and nerves, grit, perseverance and steady, earnest industry. It is generally acknowledged that the work of journalism is a difficult one even for men. A woman, over-sensitive, and not of good constitution, and above all without plenty of pluck, might better choose some other arena for her battle with life than a newspaper office.

There are, of course, numerous departments of the work, such as book reviewing, art criticism, fashion writing, and the like, that are admirably conducted by women who are rarely brought in contact with the actual life of the office and its politics, but these positions are the plums that do not fall in every lap, but are apt to come as rewards for harder work in other fields.

The almost constant association with men in the reportorial department of a paper; the discipline of the office, the late and irregular hours, as well as the nature of the work itself, are not calculated to increase the gentleness or reserve of a woman's nature, while on the other hand all these are factors which will educate and broaden the mind and familiarize the woman writer with life in its real and varied aspects.

But there is an undoubted tendency toward the deadly blight of "new womanism" to the girl in this work which it is difficult to escape. There are undoubtedly women who have preserved their womanliness, not only of soul, but of manner, through years of journalistic work; work which has taken them into scenes unpleasant to look upon and more unpleasant to write of. They have learned to accustom themselves to the unconventionality of office work, and the frequent brusqueness of editors, understanding that the present attitude of men employed upon a paper is one of kindness, good fellowship and sympathy for the women workers on the staff.

Edwin A. Abbey Tells of His Start. — Edwin A. Abbey, the famous American artist, who is painting the scene of the Coronation of King Edward VII., tells of his struggles, in an interesting interview in the November issue of *Success*, as follows: —

"In 1871, my father suggested that it was time to decide whether or not I was to earn my livelihood as an artist, and I decided that it should be my life-work. I was fortunate in obtaining employment in the art department of Harper & Brothers in New York city. I was only nineteen years old at the time, and was filled with enthusiasm over my work. I was anxious to learn as much as possible, and Harpers' was an excellent place for me. I was given a great variety of work, and received

every encouragement for earnest effort. Every improvement in my drawings was appreciated. Several boys who worked with me at that time have since become famous in the art world, notably Reinhart and Alexander. Even the boys who swept out the office were gaining an excellent start, for one of them has since become one of the most famous Franco-American painters practicing in Paris.

"My first published drawing represented the demolition of the Vendome Column in Paris by the French Commune, and I shall never forget my pleasure at seeing it in *Harper's Weekly*. It does n't matter how old we get, we're sure to remember our first appearance. I received many congratulations for my effort and continued my work with enthusiasm.

"The young artists in Harpers' offices were given all sorts of subjects to do, pictorial, illustrative, and reportorial, and this variety has been of the utmost value to me. There was one sort of work, however, that I preferred above all others. When only a lad I fell in love with the classic literature of England; Goldsmith was always one of my favorite authors, and whenever I had spare time I devoted it to illustrating some of the stories that I had read. I was especially fond of English history, so you can imagine my delight when it was decided that I was to illustrate the works of Herrick for *Harper's Monthly*, with a view to ultimate publication in book form.

"It was then that I first came to England. I thought it advisable to live for a time in the English country, and I settled for two years in one of the most picturesque districts of Worcestershire. I need not tell you that I enjoyed that visit, and, when I returned to America, in 1880, it was only to remain eight months and to arrange my affairs so that I could return here. Although I had lost none of my regard for the land of my birth, I felt that if I was to draw pictures from English history, England was the place for me to live, so here I have been ever since, save for occasional journeys to America and the Continent."

The Telephone Newspaper.— In the November *Pearson's* is described an invention *which may* revolutionize the present method of newspaper publication. The article says:—

One of Bellamy's boldest conceptions was his idea of a speaking, singing, lecturing, and concert-giving "newspaper." He dreamt of the time when people would no longer go to the printed newspapers for their day's news, but to the telephone receivers. It will come as a surprise to most to learn that this fancy has been actually realized in Budapest, Hungary, a lively city of some 700,000 inhabitants, where a telephonic daily has been in active operation for some time.

Every day, from eight in the morning to eleven at night, the "Telefon-Hirmondo" is busy sending the news of the world, hot from the wires, into its subscribers' homes. In the editorial rooms six "stentors," or speakers, with strong, clear voices, speak the "copy" into the transmitters.

At definite hours, concerts, or the performances of the Royal Opera or of the Municipal Operetta Theatre, are to be heard through the ear-tubes. Eminent preachers, speakers, or actors tell their stories to enormous audiences scattered over the city. A list of strangers' arrivals, the correct astronomical time, and a list of amusements, are among the many features of this marvellous institution.

The exact time for each of the news-items is strictly regulated, and is announced to the subscribers every morning. Thus, each subscriber need listen only to the news that particularly interests him, and can always be sure of hearing it at the predicted minute. In case, however, of particularly important news coming to hand, it is immediately announced and special alarm signals are rung.

One of the most praiseworthy features of the "Telephone Newspaper" is its extraordinary cheapness. Each subscriber pays but two cents a day for its many advantages, and there are no fees for having a receiver fitted to a house. No one need continue subscribing to the speaking newspaper for longer than four months. On these favorable terms each station is provided with the receiving appliance, having two ear tubes, so that two people can listen at the same time. The apparatus can be fixed wherever the subscriber pleases—at a bed or

sofa, at a writing-desk, or in a special room.

At present the telephone newspaper is confined to Budapest, but for some time past preparations have been going on for extending it to the whole country. The manager of a great French daily paper intends to introduce the invention into Paris, having been struck by its possibilities when the apparatus was exhibited at the Paris Exposition. In Vienna the introduction of this unique invention will soon be effected, all the plans being in readiness.

The Athletic Hero of Fiction.— In fiction there may be said to be three classes of athletic heroes — the impossible, the improbable, and the true. Among the first we must place Dumas' bombastic musketeer, Porthos, with his gargantuan appetite and his twenty stone and more of solid muscle.

Certain, too, of the feats accomplished by Sir Walter Scott's heroes could have been achieved only by the children of a romancist's brain, as, for example, the weight-putting performance of the Douglás in "The Lady of the Lake," who, having for a while watched the local champions "hurl the massive bar," tears "an earth-fast stone from its deep bed" and puts it sixteen feet beyond the farthest mark.

In the same poem Sir Walter likewise gives an account of a record standing jump accomplished by Roderick Dhu, who, while the prow of the boat in which he stood was still eighteen feet from shore, negotiated the distance with consummate ease, thus beating by some feet the records of such modern-day champions as Darby and Baker.

It is a relief to turn from these absolutely impossible feats to such as may be euphemistically termed improbable. Among these we are inclined to class the hammer throwing — described in "The Fair Maid of Perth" — of Harry Gow, who, disdaining the heavy hammer with which Norman of the Hammer had made a mighty throw, hurled a ponderous implement, half as heavy again, and which took two apprentices to bring from the smithy, a yard beyond the champion's cast.

This feat and his subsequent deeds fully entitle the Scotch hero to a place beside such mighty men as the John Ridd of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and the John Huxtable of the same author's "Clara Vaughn," the former of whom, in a fight with Carver Doone grips the giant outlaw's arm and tears therefrom the biceps muscle; while the latter, in a plowing match, takes the place of the team of horses and yet contrives to win with comparative ease.

Among the improbables, too, must be classed the running of Rev. Frank Maberly in Henry Kingsley's "Geoffry Hamlyn." Although out of condition, this muscular Christian backs himself, on the spur of the moment, to cover, there and then, though in clerical garb, four miles along the road in twenty minutes. At the conclusion of the run he is so fresh that he vaults a garden gate and pulls out his watch to ascertain his time, which he finds to his chagrin to be twenty-one minutes. Not bad, though, for an untrained man, especially as the last mile was much up-hill!

Thackeray, however, when describing in "The Virginians" the jumping match between Lord March and Harry Warrington, was careful to commit no athletic solecism, for he makes the Virginian, with a leap of twenty feet, three inches, beat his rival by two feet, nine inches — a good performance indeed for those days, but quite possible, as likewise is the claim put forward by the winner on behalf of George Washington's ability to beat him by a foot.

Conan Doyle's athletes, too, are such as we might encounter any day. Even the most astounding of their feats are borne out by actual fact, and one has only to consult history to find that the 630 paces which the arrow of Hordle John covered were within the shooting capacity of the mightiest of the mighty archers who drew the bow against the French at Crecy and Poictiers.

It was certainly on the side of moderation that the late Sir Walter Besant and his collaborator, the late James Rice, erred when giving an example of the muscular capability of Dick Mortiboy, the hero of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," described as a man of immense strength. As a ruse to save his father's bank, Dick carries in some sacks apparently filled with sovereigns. Apparently only, "for," says the writer, "I can carry 4,000 sovereigns, and Dick Mortiboy, who was almost a giant in strength,

could manage, at the outside, 7,000; Hercules himself might walk off with 10,000 on his back." Now, roughly speaking, 7,000 sovereigns weigh somewhere about 112 pounds—a load which even the weakest of men could surely carry a few yards.—*Chicago Tribune.*

On the Mortgaging of Brains.—Perhaps the most critical period in the career of a brilliantly successful writer comes when he begins to be overloaded with contracts for future work. The *New York Times Saturday Review* says: "Not a few successful writers of the day—their brains already mortgaged to publishers for several years ahead—will read with envy of the courage of James Russell Lowell as revealed in the recent biography by Mr. Scudder. To his first editor he says, 'I should not like to bind myself to write every week, though I have no doubt that I shall be able to,' and twenty-five years later he declines an offer of $4,000 a year to write four pages monthly. It was a great price to pay for freedom, but Lowell decided that he could not afford not to pay it. It will be remembered that R. L. Stevenson once allowed himself to sign a similar contract, but that he groaned so heavily under the bond that he never yielded to such a temptation again. His creative moods did not visit him according to the calendar; he had no regular 'at home' days for inspiration. He aptly expressed his quarrel with the journalist's method by stigmatizing it as 'will worship.' 'The will,' he said, 'is only to be brought into the field for study, and again for revision. The essential part of work is not an act, it is a state.' The world needs both the journalist and the literary artist, but it is not necessary that both shall be incorporated in one person or be subject to the same discipline."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER. By Frederick R. Burton. 383 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Street & Smith. 1902.

The author of "The Song and the Singer" is not only a talented musician and composer, but a trained newspaper man and the author of many books. His latest story, a musical romance, is his best work so far, in some measure because of his peculiar fitness to write an interesting story of this kind. The leading characters are a fascinating prima donna, a country-bred musical genius who goes to New York to seek his fortune, and a brilliant New York reporter. They are all vividly drawn, and impress the mind of the reader like living personages. The atmosphere of the book is that of the musical world seen from the point of view of those in the busy whirl of newspaper life, and the combination of these two elements makes the story most engaging. Poor Billy Jameson, the brilliant but erratic reporter, is a living type, and one of the strongest chapters in the book is that which tells with vivid psychological detail the story of his downfall, through neglect of an assignment because of love of drink. The plot of the story is ingenious, and its incidents are full of interest. The attractiveness of the book is enhanced by some well-drawn full-page pictures. W. H. H.

STILLMAN GOTT: FARMER AND FISHERMAN. By Edwin Day Sibley. 361 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: John S. Brooks & Co. 1902.

"Stillman Gott" is both an interesting story and an exceptionally good character study. The scene of the story is laid on the coast of Maine, not far from Mt. Desert. The characters are of the people one finds there, and they are pictured to the life. Stillman Gott, the central figure of the book, wins and holds the interest and the affection of the reader, and the progress of the young man who is the hero of the romance is followed with pleasure from the time when he leaves the town of Bartlett to find a position on a Boston newspaper. The author's style is bright and epigrammatic, and his strong sense of humor shows throughout the book. It is a bright, natural story about interesting people, and it is sure to have wide circulation, for any one who reads it will recommend it to his friends. W. H. H.

WITH FORCE AND ARMS. By Howard R. Garris. 343 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

Mr. Garris's book is a worthy addition to the long list of novels of adventure, and might challenge comparison with many of the recent successful books of this class. It is a story of Salem witchcraft, love, and Indian fighting. If sometimes the author's imagination seems to have overstepped the bounds of probability, the reader has no fault to find, so well is he being entertained. A. G. G.

THE GOSSIPING GUIDE TO DARTMOUTH AND TO HANOVER. By Mary R. P. Hatch. 56 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Hanover, N. H.: E. P. Storrs. 1902.

Mrs. Hatch has rendered a service to all who are interested in Dartmouth College, by making this attractive little book. It gives a brief sketch of the history of the college, and a description of it as it is to-day. Its value is en-

hanced by thirty-five pictures and a map. As a souvenir or as a guide-book, it is equally desirable. W. H. H.

RALPH GRANGER'S FORTUNE. By William Perry Brown. 305 pp. Cloth, Illustrated, $1.00. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co. 1902.

It is hard to imagine any boy laying down "Ralph Granger's Fortune" unfinished—or any grown person, for the matter of that. Although a book for boys, it has much in it to interest and inform even the adult mind. The story concerns itself with a family feud. Ralph Granger, a boy born and bred in the mountains of the Blue Ridge, is turned out of doors by his irate grandfather because he refuses to keep alive the family feud by shooting a man. He meets with adventures, and finally, through the assistance of a supposed friend, he ships as a cabin boy on a trading schooner, which turns out to be a slaver. He is cruelly treated by the unprincipled captain, and passes through many perilous and exciting experiences in the regions of the tropics, but his courage and pluck finally meet with a fitting reward Mr. Perry is to be congratulated upon producing so interesting, instructive, and well-written a book for boys. A. G. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE MAN IN THE STREET STORIES. From the *New York Times*, with an introduction by Chauncey M. Depew. 310 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1902.

HISTORY OF SINBAD THE SAILOR. From the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Printed in the easy reporting style of phonography, in accordance with the "Manual of Phonography," by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. 45 pp. Stiff paper. 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1902.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A POSSIBLE GLIMPSE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. William Everett. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE CARE OF THE EYES. A. B. Norton. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE BOOK IN THE TENEMENT. Elizabeth McCracken. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

JOHN MILTON. Illustrated. John Fiske. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for November.

THE TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER. *Pearson's* (13 c.) for November.

THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST AND HIS WORK.—II. Illustrated. Arthur Lord. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

THE CHILD'S TASTE IN FICTION. Florence Hull Winterburn. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

LOWELL'S INFLUENCE IN ENGLAND. Herbert W. Horwill. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

FRANCIS ROBINSON — MAN OF AFFAIRS AND LETTERS. With portrait. Annie Russell Marble. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

EMILE ZOLA. Illustrated. Walter Littlefield. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HENRY JAMES. J. P. Mowbray. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.—V. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

VIEWS OF REVIEWERS ON REVIEWING. George Sands Goodwin *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Edmund Gosse. *Critic* (28 c.) for November.

EDGAR POE'S LAST NIGHT IN RICHMOND. John F. Carter, M. D. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

AN AUDIENCE WITH HENRY A. ABBEY. H. S. Morrison. *Success* (13 c.) for November.

WHAT SHOULD GIRLS READ? William Dean Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for November.

THREE NOVELISTS OF SINCERITY AND CHARM. With full-page portraits of Ellen Glasgow, Owen Wister, and F. Hopkinson Smith. *World's Work* (28 c.) for November.

THE SECOND BIRTHDAY OF THE *World's Work*. With portrait of Henry Norman. *World's Work* (28 c.) for November.

EMILE ZOLA. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

HOW I WROTE "PAGLIACCI" R. Leoncavallo. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

EMILE ZOLA. With portrait. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

THE RISE OF THE NATURE WRITERS. With portraits of John Burroughs, John James Audubon, Frank M. Chapman, Mabel Osgood Wright, John Muir, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and James Lane Allen. Francis W. Halsey. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT. A character sketch. With portrait. H. T. Newcomb. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

RUDYARD KIPLING AS AN ILLUSTRATOR. With five illustrations by Rudyard Kipling. The *Reader* (28 c.) for November.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE JEWS TOWARD JEWISH FICTION. Bernard G. Richards. The *Reader* (28 c.) for November.

THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE. I.—The People Against Richard Harding Davis. The *Reader* (28 c.) for November.

MEN OF LETTERS. Personal recollections and appreciations. With portraits. George W. Smalley. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

GEORGE DOUGLAS. C. Whibley. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

THE DISCIPLINE OF MEMORY. Grace Blanchard. *Mind* (23 c.) for November.

MORAL HESITATIONS OF THE NOVELIST. Edith Baker Brown. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

MONTAIGNE. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

A KNIGHTLY PEN. George Meredith's novel. Harriet Waters Preston. Atlantic (38 c.) for October.

THE KNICKERBOCKER ERA OF AMERICAN LETTERS. George Edward Woodberry. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

SOME LETTERS OF BRET HARTE. Mary S. Boyd. *Harper's Magazine* (38c.) for October.

JANE AND MARY FINDLATER. Nora Archibald Smith. *New England Magazine* (28c.) for October.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY AS A CIVILIZING FORCE. Jessie M. Good. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for October.

DESCRIPTIVE WRITING. Benjamin A. Heydrick. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for October.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND HIS POETRY. Richard Le Gallienne. *Success* (13 c.) for October

A NEW BOOK ON MATTHEW ARNOLD. Prof. W. B. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

BRET HARTE. Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

WOODROW WILSON. With portrait. Sandford Andrews. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for October.

CYRUS H. K CURTIS (proprietor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*). Witn portrait. Edward Bok. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for October.

THE LITERARY BEGINNER. Franklin B. Wiley. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING. Elizabeth A. Withey. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

THE LATER WORK OF W. B. YEATS. Fiona MacLeod. *North American Review* (53 c.) for October.

ANCIENT ROME IN FICTION. Reprinted from the *London Times* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE. Edward Dowden. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

GEORGE ELIOT. Herbert Paul. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

BIBLIOMANIA. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

THE SHORT STORY. Reprinted from the *London Times* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

CHARLES DICKENS. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

WOODROW WILSON. With frontispiece portrait. Jesse Lynch Williams. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

TITLED AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Austin DOBSON. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

There are 1,425 characters in the works of Charles Dickens.

Comfort (Augusta, Me.) offers to pay for good new anecdotes a cent a word up to 100 words and half a cent a word beyond the 100-word limit. It also offers to pay a dollar each for interesting photographs.

The *Brandur Magazine* (New York) is dead.

The *Magazine of American History* (New York), recently revived, has stopped publication again.

The November *Century*, beginning the new volume, is printed with type of a new face—a distinct improvement.

Since *Ainslee's Magazine* became altogether a magazine of fiction, it has made a marked gain in popularity. The edition of the October number was exhausted September 17, two days after its appearance.

The article, "The Telephone Newspaper," in *Pearson's* for November, describes the realization of one of Bellamy's boldest conceptions—a "newspaper" given to the public through the medium of the telephone—the "copy" being spoken into a transmitter at the editorial office, and each subscriber furnished with a telephone at his residence.

The *International Studio* (New York) for October contains a second installment of "American Press Illustrators" by Will Jenkins. The work of the following artists is discussed at length: Charles Sarka, W. P. Bodwell, L. A. Shafer, Henri Julien, P. J. Meylan, Dan Smith, John T. McCutcheon, A. G. Racey, R. M. Brinkerhoff, and many others.

The series of stories of authors' loves in the *Delineator* ends with the paper on Dante in the November number.

Edmund Gosse, in his extended review in the November *Critic* of the career and accomplishments of the late Philip James Bailey, "places" Bailey as the author of "Festus" and of little else worthy of consideration.

The second edition of the United States Catalog—a list of all American books now in print—is being prepared by its publisher, H. W. Wilson, of Minneapolis.

To the Old South Leaflets have been added No. 127, "The Ordinance of 1784 and Jefferson's Services for the Northwest Territory," and No. 128, "The Cession of Louisiana."

Dr. Thomas Embley Osmun ("Alfred Ayres") died in New York October 26, aged seventy-five.

Frank Norris died in San Francisco October 25, aged thirty-two.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton died in New York City October 26, aged eighty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL.

Whether the art of writing fiction can be taught is a question that of late years has been much debated. Every one agrees that there are born romancers, who do not need instruction but seem to know instinctively how to tell interesting stories in the most fascinating way. Others there are who have some literary faculty, but who without training cannot do successful work — who have skill in plot construction, or a happy knack at drawing character, or some unusual charm of literary expression, but who lack one or the other of these qualifications essential for success in fiction writing. The question is whether instruction can supply the lack, and make of a promising but unsuccessful pupil a successful novelist.

The author of "How to Write a Novel" * believes that the art of writing fiction can be taught to an appreciable extent. "I address myself," he says, "to the man or woman of talent — those people who have writing ability, but who need instruction in the manipulation of characters, the formation of plots, and a host of other points with which I shall deal hereafter. As to what is teachable, and not teachable, in writing novels, perhaps I may be permitted to use a close analogy. Style, per se, is absolutely un teachable, simply because it is the man himself; you cannot teach personality. . . . But although style is incommunicable, the writing of easy, graceful English can be taught in any class-room — that is to say, the structure of sentences and paragraphs, the logical sequence of thought, and the secret of forceful expression are capable of exact scientific treatment. I shall show," he goes on to say, "that the two requisites of novel-writing are (1) a good story to tell, and (2) ability to tell it effectively. No teaching can produce good stories to tell, but teaching can increase the power of the telling, and change it from crude and ineffective methods to those which reach the apex of developed art. Of course there are dangers to be avoided, and the chief of them is that mechanical correctness, 'so praiseworthy and so intolerable,' as Lowell says in his essay on Lessing. But this need not be an insurmountable difficulty. A truly educated man never labors to speak correctly; being educated, grammatical language follows as a necessary consequence. The same is true of the artist: when he has learned the secrets of literature, he puts away all thoughts of rule and law — nay, in time, his very ideas assume artistic form."

Having thus indicated the limitations of his curriculum, our Professor of the Art of Novel-writing proceeds to tell where good stories may be found. Repeating his declaration that no teaching can impart a story, he adds: "If you cannot invent one for yourself, by observation of life and sympathetic insight into human nature, you may depend upon it that you are not called to be a writer of novels." Then he

* How to Write a Novel. A Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction. 211 pp. Cloth, 3s. 6d. London: Grant Richards. 1901.

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defines what he means by observation. "Does it mean 'seeing things'? A great deal more than that. It is very easy to 'see things' and yet not observe at all. If you want ideas for stories, or characters with which to form a longer narrative, you must use not only your eyes but your mind. What is wanted is observation with inference; or, to be more correct, with imagination. Make sure that you know the traits of character that are typically human; those which are the same in a Boer, a Hindu, or a Chinaman. Your first duty is to know human nature per se. How is that knowledge to be obtained? Well, begin with yourself; there is ample scope in that direction. And when you are tired of looking within — look without. Enter a tram-car and listen to the people talking. Who talks the loudest? What kind of woman is it who always gives the conductor most trouble? The man who sits at the far end of the car in a shabby coat, and who is regarding his boots with a fixed, anxious stare — what is his history? Then a baby begins to yell and its mother cannot soothe it. One old man smiles benignly on the struggling infant, but the old man next to him 'looks daggers.' And why?

"Watch the way in which people walk; notice their forms of salutation when they meet; and study the expressions on their faces. . . . Wherever humanity congregates, there should the student be. Not that he should restrict his observations to men and women in groups or masses — he must cover all the ground by including individuals who are to be specially considered. . . . The would-be novel writer should be a diligent student of the newspaper. In no other sphere will he discover such a plenitude of raw material. . . . Keep your eyes and ears open: observe and inquire, read and reflect; look at life and the things of life from your own point of view; and just as a financier manipulates events for the sake of money, so ought you to turn all your experiences into the mould of fiction. If, after this, you don't succeed, it is evident you have made a mistake. Be courageous enough to acknowledge the fact, and leave the writing of novels to others."

Having got the outlines of his story, the author should decide what sort of novel he will write. There are many kinds. First, there is the Realistic novel, in which authors "attempt to picture life as it is; they sink their own personalities, and endeavor to write a literal account of the 'personalities' of other people. In this type of fiction plot, action, and interplay of characters are not important: the main purpose is a sort of literary biograph; life in action, without comment or underlying philosophy, and minus the pre-eminent factor of art.

"Then there is the novel of Manners. The customs of life, the social peculiarities of certain groups of men and women, the humors and moral qualities of life — these are the chief features in the novel of manners. As a form of fiction it is earlier than the realistic novel, but both are alike in having little or no concern with plot and character development.

"Next comes the novel of Incident. Here the stress is placed upon particular events — what led up to them and the consequences that followed — hence the structure of the narrative and the powers of movement and suspense are important factors in achieving success.

"A Romance is in a very important sense a novel of incident, but the 'incident' is specialized in character, and usually deals with the passionate and fundamental powers of man — hate, jealousy, revenge, and scenes of violence. Or it may be incident which has to do with life in other worlds as imagined by the writer, and occasionally takes on the style of the supernatural.

"Lastly there is the Dramatic novel, in which the chief feature is the influence of event on character, and of characters on each other.

"Now, to which class is your projected novel to belong? In fiction you must walk by sight and not by faith. Never sit down to write believing that although you can't see the finish of your story, it will come out all right 'in the end.' It won't. You should know at the outset to which type of fiction you are to devote your energies; how, otherwise, can you observe the laws of art which govern its ideal being?"

The next question is the formation of the plot. "Now a plot is not made; it is a structural growth. It evolves itself step by step.

. . . The beginner must beware of following actual events too closely. There is a danger of accepting actuality instead of literary possibility as the measure of value. Follow the wise rule laid down by Aristotle: 'Prefer an impossibility which seems probable, to a probability which seems impossible.' Remember always that truth is stranger than fiction Let facts, newspaper items, things seen and heard, suggest as much as you please, but never follow literally the literal event."

Having determined your plot, you must study your characters. "I should advise you to draw up a list of them, and opposite each one write a few notes describing the parts they will have to play. One word on nomenclature. There is a mystic suitability — at any rate in novels — between a name and a character. To call your marvellous heroine 'Annie' is to hoist a signal of distress, unless you have a unique power of characterization; and to speak of your hero as 'William' is to handicap his movements from the start. I am not pleading for fancy names, but just for that distinctiveness in choice which the artistic sense decides is fitting.

"Having obtained your characters, and a general outline of the events their actions will compass, what comes next? A carefully written-out statement of the story from the beginning to the end: that is the next step. This story should contain just as much as you would give in outlining the plot to a friend in the course of conversation. . . . The exercise of writing out a plain, unvarnished statement of what you are going to do is one that will enable you to see whether your story has balance or not, and it will most certainly test its power to interest; for if in its bald form there is real story in it, you may well believe that when properly written it will possess the true fascination of fiction.

"There is no better training in plot-study than the reading of such a book as Professor Moulton's 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist,' in which the author, with rare critical skill, exhibits the construction of plots that are an object of never-ceasing wonder. I will dare to reiterate what I have said before. Take your stand at the *end of the story* and work it out backward. . . . Work out the details from the end, and not from the beginning. No character and no action should find a place if it contributes nothing toward the dénouement.

"It must not be supposed that a plot always comes first in the constructing of a novel. Very often the characters suggest themselves long before the story is even vaguely outlined. Nor is there any reason why such a story should be any worse because it did not originate in the usual way. In fact, the probabilities are that it will be all the better, on account of its stress upon character, and the reaction of various characters on each other. To many men, doubtless, there is far more fascination in conceiving a group of characters in which there are two or three supreme figures, and then setting to work to discover a narrative which will give them the freest action, than in toiling over the bare idea, the subsequent plot, followed by a series of actors and actresses who work out the dénouement. Should you belong to this number, do not hesitate to act accordingly.

"The next thing to do is to obtain a thorough knowledge of the places where your characters will display themselves. If the scenes are laid in a district which you know by heart, you are not likely to go astray; but more often than not the scenes are largely imaginative, especially in reference to smaller items, such as roads, rivers, trees, and woods. The best plan is to follow the example of Thomas Hardy, and draw a map — both geographical and topographical — of the country and the towns in which your hero and heroine, and subordinate characters, will appear for the interest of the reader. . . . That measure of realism which makes the ideal both possible and interesting will come all the more easily because the map aids you in following the movements of your characters. . . . I do not say publish your map, but draw one and use it."

Then comes the study of character. Suppose the chief character of your story is a woman — a Jewess. "Well what do you know about women? Anything? Do you know how their minds work? how they talk? what they wear? and the thousand and one

trivialities that go to make up character portrayal? If you do not know these things, it is a poor look-out for the success of your novel, and you might as well start another story at once. It may be a disputed question as to whether women understand women better than men: The point is, do *you* understand them? Perhaps you know enough for the purposes of a secondary character, but this Jewess is to be supreme; you must know enough to meet the highest demands.

"Where to obtain this knowledge? Ah! Where! Only by studying human lives, human manners, human weaknesses — everything human. The life of the world must become your text-book; as for temperaments, you should know them by heart; social influences, in their effect on action and out-look, ought to be within easy comprehension; and even then, you will still cry 'Mystery!'"

How to portray your characters? "The first thing is to realize your characters — i. e. make them real persons to yourself, and then you will be more likely to persuade the reader that they are real people. Unless this is done, your hero and heroine will be described as puppets or abstractions. I am not saying the task is easy — in fact, it is one of the most difficult that the novelist has to face. . . . The essential thing is that we should know our characters intimately, so intimately that, although they exist in imagination alone, they are as real to us as the members of our own family. . . . This power of realization depends on two things: observation with insight and sympathy with imagination. Observe what goes on around you, but get behind the scenes; study selfishness and 'otherness,' and the inter-play of motives, the conflict of interest which causes this tangle of human affairs — in other words, obtain an insight into them by asking the 'why' and 'wherefore.' Above all, learn to see with other people's eyes, and to feel with other people's hearts." Sink your personal prejudices. "A novelist, as such, should have no religion, no politics, no social creed; whatever he believes as a private individual should not interfere with the outgoing of sympathy in constructing the characters he intends to set forth." *Do not try to photograph* living characters. "Actual people are your starting point, never your models."

Study the methods of characterization employed by the best writers. "By characterization is meant the power to make your ideal persons appear real. It is one thing to make them real to yourself and quite another thing to make them real to other people. Characterization needs a union of imaginative and artistic gifts. The best characterization never says what a person is, it shows what he or she is by what they say or do. . . . Often a single significant detail will throw more light on a single character than pages of comment. An example in perfection is the phrase in which Thackeray tells how Becky Crawley, amid all her guilt and terror, when her husband had Lord Steyne by the throat, felt a sudden thrill of admiration for Rawdon's splendid strength. It is like a flash of lightning which shows the deeps of the selfish, sensual woman's nature. It is no wonder that Thackeray threw down his pen, as he confessed that he did, and cried: 'That is a stroke of genius.'

"The lesson is plain. Don't say what your hero and heroine are: make them tell their own characters by words and deeds."

Don't try to individualize your characters simply by emphasizing physical and mental oddities. "To invest your hero with a squint, or an irritating habit of blowing his nose continually; or to make your heroine guilty of using a few funny phrases every time she speaks, is certainly to distinguish them from the other characters in the book who cannot boast of such excellences, but it must not be called characterization. It is a bastard attempt to economize the labor that is necessary to discover individuality of soul and to bring it out in skilful dialogues and carefully-chosen situations. . . . Characterization is the finest feature of the novelist's art. The crying need is a knowledge of human nature. Acquire a mastership of this subtle quality, and then you may hope for genuine results."

The skilful narration of a story is not a matter of hap-hazard. David Pryde, in "Studies in Composition," says: "Keeping the beginning and the end in view, we set out from the right starting-place, and go straight toward the

destination; we introduce no event that does not spring from the first cause and tend to the great effect; we make each detail a link joined to the one going before and the one coming after; we make, in fact, all the details into one entire chain, which we can take up as a whole, carry about with us, and retain as long as we please." The author must keep constantly in mind these elements of successful story-telling: Plot, movement, unity, proportion, purpose, climax. "Unity means unity of effect, and is first a matter of literary architecture—afterward a matter of impression." Movement is of supreme importance. "How many times have you put a novel away with the remark: It drags awfully! The narrative that drags is not worthy of the name. A story should be progressive, not digressive and episodical. Hence, the importance of movement and suspense. Keep your narrative in motion, and do not let it sleep for a while unless it is of deliberate intention."

Do not clog the progress of your narrative by purposeless and disproportionate description. Disraeli says that description is "always a bore, both to the describer and the describee." Stevenson says: "No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes one suspect we hear too much of it in literature." "The first thing to be determined in descriptive art is the point of view. . . . The fundamental principle of all art is selection, and nowhere is it seen to better advantage than in description. A battle, a landscape, or a mental agony can be described artistically only in so far as the writer chooses the most characteristic features for presentation. . . . In ordering such details as may be chosen to represent an event, idea, or person, it is the rule to proceed from the near to the remote, and from the obvious to the obscure. Homer thus describes a shield as smooth, beautiful, brazen, and well-hammered—that is, he gives the particulars in the order in which they would naturally be observed. Homer's method is also one of epithet: "Swift-footed Achilles," "white-armed Hera," "bright-eyed Athene." It is to be observed that he selects a single salient characteristic—*the one that* best distinguishes his character. "Now it is but a step from this giving of epithets to what is called description by suggestion. When Hawthorne speaks of the black, moody brow of Septimus Felton, it is really suggestion by the use of epithet. Dickens took the trouble to enumerate the characteristics of Mrs. Gamp one by one; but he succeeded in presenting Mrs. Fezziwig by simply saying: 'In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.' This latter method differs from the former in almost every possible way. The enumeration of details becomes wearisome unless very cleverly handled, whereas the suggestive method unifies the writer's impressions, thereby saving the reader's mental exertions and heightening his pleasures. He tells us how things and persons impress him and prefers to indicate rather than describe." . . . Lowell says of Chaucer: "Sometimes he describes amply by the merest hint, as where the Friar, before sitting himself down, drives away the cat. We know without need of more words that he has chosen the snuggest corner." . . . Robert Louis Stevenson possessed the power of description to a high degree. 'An ivory-faced and silvered-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed with hypocrisy, but her manners were excellent.' To advise a young writer to imitate Stevenson would be absurd, but perhaps I may be permitted to say: Study Stevenson's method, from the blind man in 'Treasure Island' to Kirstie in 'The Weir of Hermiston.'

"Ruskin is never tired of saying: 'Draw what you see.' In the 'Fighting Téméraire,' Turner paints the old warship as if it had no rigging. It was there in its proper place, but the artist could not see it, and he refused to put it in his picture if, at the distance, it was not visible. 'When you see birds fly, you do not see any 'feathers' says Mr. W. M. Hunt. 'You are not to draw reality, but reality as it appears to you.'

"Perhaps the secret of all accurate description is a trained eye. Do you know how a cab-driver mounts the box, or the shape of a coal-heaver's mouth when he cries 'Coal!'? Do you know how a wood looks in early spring as distinct from its precise appearance in summer,

or how a man uses his eyes when concealing feelings of jealousy? or a woman when hiding feelings of love? Observation with insight, and Imagination with sympathy; these are the great necessities in every department of novel-writing."

An important feature of literary technique is the use of local color. What does "local color" mean? "The appearance of the country, the dress and language of the people, all that distinguishes the particular locality from others near and remote — is local color. . . . Local color renders two services to literature: it makes very often a pleasing or a striking picture in itself; and it is used by the author to bring out special features in his story. . . . Whenever local color is of picturesque quality, there is a temptation to substitute 'word-painting' for the story. The desire for novelty is at the bottom of a good deal of modern extravagance in this direction, but the truth still remains that local color has an important function to discharge — namely to increase the artistic value of good narrative by suggesting the environment of the dramatis personae. . . . Dialect is local color individualized. . . . The reason why dialect stories were so popular some time ago is two-fold. First, dialect imparts a flavor to a narrative, especially when it is in contrast to educated utterances on the part of other characters. But the chief reason is that dialect people have more character than other people — as a rule. . . . The rule as to dealing with dialect is quite simple. Never use the letters of the alphabet to reproduce the sound of such language in a literal manner. Suggest dialect, that is all. Have nothing to do with glossaries. People hate dictionaries, however brief, when they read fiction.

"In making your characters talk, it should be your aim not to reproduce their conversation, but to indicate it. Here, as elsewhere, the first principle of all art is selection, and from the many words which you have heard your characters use, you must choose those that are typical, in view of the purpose you have in hand. I once had a letter from a youthful novelist, in which he said: 'It's splendid to write a story. I make my characters say what I like — swear, if necessary — and all that.' Now you can't make your characters say what you like; you are obliged to make them say what is in keeping with their known dispositions, and with the circumstances in which they are placed at the time of speaking. If you know your characters intimately, you will not put wise words into the mouth of a clown, unless you have suitably provided for such a surprise; neither will you write long speeches for the sullen villain who is to be the human devil of the narrative. Remember, therefore, that the key to propriety and effectiveness in writing is the knowledge of those ideal people whom you are going to use in your pages.

"'Windiness' and irrelevancy are the twin evils of conversations in fiction. Trollope says: 'It is so easy to make two persons talk on any casual subject with which the writer presumes himself to be conversant! Literature, philosophy, politics or sport may be handled in a loosely discursive style, and the writer, while indulging himself, is apt to think he is pleasing the reader. I think he can make no greater mistake. The dialogue is generally the most agreeable part of a novel; but it is only so as long as it tends in some way to the telling of the main story. It need not be confined to this, but it should always have a tendency in that direction. The unconscious critical acumen of a reader is both just and severe. When a long dialogue on extraneous matter reaches his mind, he at once feels that he is being cheated into taking something that he did not bargain to accept when he took up the novel. He does not at the moment require politics or philosophy, but he wants a story.'

"Never allow the reader to be in doubt as to who is speaking. When he has to turn back to discover the speaker's identity, you may be sure there is something wrong with your construction. You need not quote the speaker's name in order to make it plain that he is speaking: all that is needed is a little attention to the 'said James' and 'replied Susan' of your dialogues. When once these two have commenced to talk, they can go on in catechism form for a considerable period. But if

a third party chimes in, a more careful disposition of names is called for."

"Beginners very often have a good deal of trouble with their 'saids,' 'replieds,' and 'answereds.' Here, again, a little skilful manoeuvring will obviate the difficulty. . . . There is no lack of suitable verbs for dialogue purposes — remarked, retorted, inquired, demanded, murmured, grumbled, growled, sneered, explained, and a host more.* Without a ready command of such a vocabulary you cannot hope to give variety to your character conversations, and what is of graver importance, you will not be able to bring out the essential qualities of such remarks as you introduce. For instance, to put a sarcastic utterance into a man's mouth, and then to write down that he 'replied' with those words is not half so effective as to say he 'sneered' them." In writing dialogue "remember that you want nothing, not even a fine epigram, which fails to contribute to the main purpose."

To be successful as a novelist, a writer must have a large fund of information, and particularly he must know all the things that intelligent people generally know. "A literary artist can never afford to despise details. He may have genius enough to write a first-rate novel and sell it rapidly in spite of real blemishes, but if a work of art is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. No writer is any the better for slovenly inaccuracy. . . . It is simply marvelous with what ease a mistake will creep into your narrative. Even Mr. Zangwill once made a hansom cab door to open with a handle from the inside, and the mistake appeared in six editions, escaping the reviewers, and was quietly altered by the author in the seventh. . . . To avoid such errors, master all the necessary minutiæ of traveling, if your hero and heroine are going abroad; of city life, if you take them to the theatre for amusement — in fact, of every environment in which imagination may place them. Then, when all your work is done, read what has been written with the microscopic eyes of a Flaubert. . . . Perhaps your novel will take the reader into aristocratic circles. Pray do not make the attempt if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of such circles. Ignorance will surely betray you, and in describing a dinner, or an 'At Home,' you will raise derisive laughter by suggesting the details of a most impossible meal, or spoil your heroine by making her guilty of atrocious etiquette. The remedy is close at hand: *Know your subject.* . . . Watch your topography and geography. Have you never read novels where the characters are made to walk miles of country in as many minutes? . . . The sun and the moon require careful manipulation. At the beginning of a novel, the room of an invalid is said to have a window looking directly toward the east; but at the end of the book, when the invalid dies, the author, wishing to make him depart this life in a flood of glory, suffuses this eastern-windowed room with 'the red glare of the setting sun.'"

The novelist, in short, "must be a man of knowledge; he must know the English language from base to summit; and whatever references he makes to science, art, history, theology, or any other subject, he should have what is expected of writers in these specific departments — accuracy."

Short-story writing is excellent preparation for the broad work of the novelist. "The foundation principles of the art of fiction cannot be learned more effectively, even for the purpose of writing novels, than in practising short stories. All the points brought forward in the preceding pages relating to plot, dialogue, proportion, climax, and so forth, are elements of the latter as well as of the former. . . . The art of knowing what to leave out is important to a novelist; it is more important to the short-story writer; hence, if it be studied on the smaller canvas, it will be of excellent service when attempting the larger."

Altogether "How to Write a Novel" is an interesting and suggestive book. Appended to it are Poe's Essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," and lists of books and magazine articles relating to literary work, particularly fiction writing. *Arthur Fosdick.*

BOSTON, MASS.

* An extended list of synonyms for said was given in THE WRITER for February, 1891.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Little things sometimes bother the writer without his realizing it, and interfere with the production of his best work. This does not refer to crying babies and other conspicuous annoyances. Trifles so small as to be hardly noticeable sometimes affect the writer seriously, when he may be unconscious of their influence. The discovery that he is out of manuscript paper, made when he sits down to record a plot he has thoughtfully worked out, or a poetic idea with which he has been suddenly inspired, is not soothing to the feelings or helpful in the achievement of literary success. Insufficient light upon the desk, a chair with the seat an inch or so below the proper level, a fountain pen partly clogged so that there are lapses in the flow of ink, a typewriter a little out of order — such troubles are trifles to be sure, but *varium et mutabile* always is an author's mood, and a small annoyance may put him completely out of humor for his work.

* * *

The manifest moral is that it will pay the writer to see that, as far as he can make them so, the conditions shall be favorable when he takes up his work. A little foresight will prevent any lack of manuscript paper in time of need, and the fountain pen may easily be kept both clean and filled. If Tommy has screwed the revolving desk chair down below the proper level, a few twirls will raise it again before his father sits down to write, and the typewriter, of course, if it goes wrong should be repaired. All that is necessary is to give due attention to such matters. It pays to pay attention to details in any business, and it pays the writer especially to take care that all the conditions are favorable, so far as he can make them so, when he sits down to work. His product will generally be enough better, if he does so, to reward him for his trouble.

* * *

It seems to be firmly fixed in the minds of proofreaders that the article in the name of The Hague must be printed with a capital. Perhaps it should when it is printed by itself, as a translation of the Dutch's "Gravenhage," — the count's hedge, — although modern proofreaders do not insist on the form, "The Golden Gate." When the name is used as an adjective, however, as in the phrase "Under the Hague treaty," why should "the" be capitalized, as it invariably is? The article in that case belongs to "treaty," and there is no more reason for capitalizing it than there would be for capitalizing "the" in such phrases as "the Herald office," "the Journal building," where

the generally accepted rule is to use the lower case.

* * *

Those in search of plots may often find valuable suggestions in stories of real life printed in the newspapers. Here, for instance, is a vivid account of a shipwreck experience, which not only suggests a thrilling story, but gives details of local color that would be invaluable to the writer: —

"I was making a little call on the chief engineer," said Mr. Behel, "and was standing on the grating in the engine room when she fetched up. The engines were running at half speed. Suddenly the bells rang, and the telltale indicated full speed astern. Mr. Bateman reversed the engines, but in an instant the ship brought up hard, slid forward, and then stopped again. At the same instant the propeller broke off, and the engines raced around with lightning speed, shaking the inside of the structure in a way which was as frightful as the seas outside.

"Down below we could hear the crunching sound as the rocks came through and tore away the hull, and then a rush of water, while the stokers and oilers came clambering up the iron ladders, shouting in their excitement.

"Mr. Bateman, realizing that the propeller was gone, and knowing that the steam, being driven back on the boilers might cause an explosion, jumped to the safety valve and opened that wide. The horrible rush of steam was then added to the other noises of disorder. The next minute the water rose to the engine room floor and poured in through the sides as the breakers struck and burst through the side of the dining room. Then the fires went out and darkness settled down."

Of course in using such material the story writer should make his own plot, and not simply rewrite the newspaper story in the guise of fiction.

* * *

There is a suggestion for another story in the newspaper account of the arrest of a criminal who was trapped in an ingenious way. The man in question was a young attorney who had written an objectionable letter to a married woman and was suspected by her husband, who accused him of the act. Leading the husband into an inner office, locking the door, and displaying a loaded revolver, the attorney admitted his crime and taunted his victim. How to trap him was a question, as he denied the charge in public, but laughed at the man in private. After the expenditure of much thought, a miniature telephone was contrived, with an almost invisible transmitter, in the top of a silk hat worn by the aggrieved husband, with an insulated fine gold wire, connecting with a receiver in the possession of a postal inspector. Another visit was paid to the attorney's office and again behind his closed doors he acknowledged repeatedly that he had sent the letter. But this time the inspector at the other end of the telephone heard every word. When confronted with the evidence the man broke down and confessed.

* * *

The poet needs to be extremely careful in his choice of words. For instance, the versifier who wrote: —

"The sun is risen and sheds
Effulgent light on land and sea"

should have remembered that "sheds" at first reading might be mistaken for a noun.

* * *

Here are some choice bits of English from "The Crisis": —

Being a woman, whose ways are unaccountable, the older man took no notice of her. But being a young woman, and a pretty one, Stephen was angry.

A well-worn path, on each side of which the high grass bent with its load of seed, which entered the wood.

His honor the mayor had taken hold once more of the Prince's elbow, who divided his talk with Colonel Carvel.

You, nor the mayor nor the rest of the grave and elderly gentlemen were not blinded by the light of a royal Presence.

To be sure, "The Crisis" has been successful, in spite of many instances of careless workmanship, but would n't Mr. Churchill find it profitable to be more careful? W. H. H.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Eggleston. — In the early days of this magazine, an editor called at Dr. Edward Eggleston's office on a certain Friday and said to him: "Dr. Eggleston, I will stop in here on Monday next and get a story from you for our Thanksgiving number." "But," replied the doctor, "I have never written stories for grown-up people; only for children." The editor said that, nevertheless, he would like to have the story on Monday morning. And, in fact, it was ready for him at that time; its name was "Huldah, the Help." It had an immediate popularity, and it is pleasant to remember that Dr. Eggleston always held that the incident started him as a writer of fiction for others than children. The editor's conviction

that the doctor would succeed in this new line was not based upon his success as a writer for children, but on his critical writings, which were both vivacious and genial,—they had human qualities.—*November Century.*

Henty.— Mr. Henty's tales were nearly all historical, and the most conscientious care was obviously bestowed on their production. Indeed, no writer of pure history exercised greater diligence in mastering his facts. His advice to young writers is worth quoting. "Write a story," he said, "and get some person in whose judgment you have confidence to give you his opinion frankly whether there is any promise in it. If he says no, give the thing up altogether. If he says yes, and you really feel that you have a talent for telling stories, and find that your stories are liked by your schoolfellows, then write, and write, and write. Burn all you write, for until you are two or three-and-twenty you will certainly not write anything worth reading. But the habit of writing will improve your style and give you facility, and if there is really anything in you, you ought by that time to be able to turn out good stuff.— *London Mail.*

Hope.— Anthony Hope, it appears, makes no mystery of his methods of literary work, for he has supplied *Harper's Weekly* with the following information on that subject: "Let us suppose that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at 9:45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10:03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10:15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10:45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11:15. I wish the—these—people had n't asked me to write for their—paper!

11:45. Hello! Will that do?

12. Hang it, that's no use!

12:30. I suppose if I happened to have a *head instead of a turnip,* I could write that *story.*

12:40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh! where the——? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch. Good! I believe it's going.

1:30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2:15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh! yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3:00. One, two, three—three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3:15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3:40. Oh! I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3:50. I must pad it, you know. She must n't take him yet, that's all.

4:00. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4:15. Oh! confound it!

4:45. New, let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight, now!

5:00. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5:03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5:11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5:15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5:20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5:25. Pretty smart ending!

5:30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em. that's all!

5:35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

There it is—How a Story is Written. By One who has done it."

BOOK REVIEWS.

ESTABLISHING A NEWSPAPER. By O. F. Byxbee. 113 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: The Inland Printer Company. 1901.

"Establishing a Newspaper" is a practical handbook, written evidently by one who has had much experience in newspaper management, and filled with useful suggestions covering every phase of starting and developing a newspaper property. It gives useful advice about choosing a field; the planning of the proposed paper; buying material; the arrangement of the business office, the editorial room, and the composing room; bookkeeping and office management; direction of the staff of reporters and correspondents; getting and keeping subscribers; procuring advertising and dealing with advertisers; the collection of accounts, and the other features of newspaper publish-

ing. All this advice is specific, not general, and it is all sensible. The book will be useful not only to those who are planning to start newspapers, but to those who are now engaged in newspaper publishing, since it contains many practical ideas for the development of existing papers. No one interested in the business can afford not to buy a copy.

W. H. H.

A GIRL WHO WROTE. By Alan Dale. 375 pp. Cloth, illustrated, $1.50. New York: Quail & Warner. 1902.

"A Girl Who Wrote" is a story of yellow journalism. Its heroine, Sallie Sydenham, the author describes at various times as "a sensational little girl," "a warm one," and "a regular scorcher," and these descriptions fit. The story as a whole shows the worst side of New York journalism, and the picture is not a fascinating one. There is not an agreeable character in the book; even Charlie Covington, the society young man hovering on the outskirts of journalism, and Jack Childers, the managing editor, are weak, and not one of any of the men and women in the story has any true nobility or strength of character. The book is written in a smart, flippant style, and those who like sensational writing may be attracted by it, but it is not a typical story of newspaper life in the broad sense of the phrase. The author has been actively engaged in New York journalism for many years. If he has seen in it nothing better than that which he pictures in this book, he is sincerely to be pitied.

W. H. H.

A JOURNEY WITH THE SUN AROUND THE WORLD. By Rev. William McMahon. 676 pp. Cloth, illustrated. Cleveland: The Catholic Universe Publishing Co. 1900.

Father McMahon's account of his journey around the world is written in a pleasant, unaffected, conversational style, and because of the attractive personality it shows throughout, is more entertaining than the ordinary book of travel. It is illustrated with many interesting half-tone pictures.

W. H. H.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS. By John Muir. 370 pp. Cloth, illustrated, $1.75. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

John Muir's descriptions of natural scenery delight the nature lover, and no one is better fitted than he to write of American national parks and forest reservations. A famous naturalist, he not only pictures their scenic beauty, but treats of their animals and birds, their trees and shrubs and flowers, their lakes and springs and streams. His expressed object is "to show forth the beauty, grandeur, and all-embracing usefulness of our wild mountain forest reservations and parks, with a view to inciting the people to come and enjoy them, and get into their hearts, that so at length their preservation and right use may be made sure." It is desirable that every writer should read this book, first because it is an admirable example of good descriptive writing of the highest class, and second because it is sure to excite an enthusiastic interest in our national parks and reservations, such as those who have an opportunity to guide public sentiment particularly ought to feel.

W. H. H.

THE TRUE NAPOLEON. By Charles Josselyn. 437 pp. Cloth, illustrated, $3.50. New York: R. H. Russell. 1902.

A beautiful volume, finely printed on good paper, well illustrated with photogravure pictures, and attractively bound, with a double cloth cover, the enclosing wrapper adorned with a fine picture of Napoleon, Mr. Josselyn's book attracts the eye at once, and the reader will find that its subject matter is worthy of attention. It makes no pretence of originality, but the author has grouped in it interesting facts about Napoleon, gathered from all authentic sources and so arranged as to illustrate his character, especially the pleasant, noble side. Successive chapters treat of Napoleon the boy and man; the soldier; emperor and statesman; exile and philosopher; man of the world; and the book ends with a chronology of Napoleon's life. The reader will find it both entertaining and instructive, and it gives information about Napoleon and his times that could be obtained otherwise only by reading many volumes.

W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EDWARD EGGLESTON. Meredith Nicholson. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT. H. D. Sedgewick, Jr. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THE ELDER DUMAS. George B. Ives. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

THE STUDY OF LOCAL COLOR. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. With portrait. W. T. Hewett. *Century* (28 c.) for December.

A RECENT INTERVIEW WITH TOLSTOY. With portrait. Th Bentzon. Translated by Carolyn Shipman. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE NOVELIST. Frank Norris. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

SOME RECENT LITERARY BIOGRAPHY. (Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Thoreau.) W. H. Johnson. *Critic* (28 c.) for December.

FRANK NORRIS. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman* (28c.) for December.

THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOI. Abraham Cahan. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

THE POE CULT. Eugene L. Didier. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWNE. A. Melrose. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

THE TWO GREAT VICTORIAN POETS. I.—Tennyson. G. K. Chesterton. II.—Browning. Edward Dowden. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: LORD BEACONSFIELD. George S. Hellman. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

PHILADELPHIA IN FICTION. Churchill Williams. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

FRANK NORRIS. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A PLAY. Marguerite Merington. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

EMILE ZOLA. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

THE POET AS A TEACHER. A conversation. Edwin Markham. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

IF YOU CAN'T GO TO COLLEGE. I.—English Literature Jefferson B. Fletcher. *Success* (13 c.) for December.

HOW TO GET THE BEST OUT OF LOOKS. Richard Le Gallienne. *Success* (13 c.) for December.

DÜRER. Illustrated with reproductions in tint of Dürer's engravings and paintings. John La Farge. *McClure's* (13c.) for December.

THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST AND HIS WORK.—III. Illustrated. Arthur Lord. *Strand Magazine* (13 c) for December.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING. Zitella Cocke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. With portrait. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for December.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. With portraits. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

MAURICE MARTERLINCK. Reprinted from the *Church Quarterly Review* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

SOME PHASES IN FICTION. Walter Sichel. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

EMILE ZOLA. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 8.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. A century in retrospect. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c. each) for November 22 and 29.

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 29.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has become associate editor of the *New Thought Magazine* (Chicago.)

Robert Barr has reassumed the editorship of the *Idler* (London), which he and Mr. Jerome founded.

Leisure Hours (Philadelphia), which is published by the Golsan Publishing Co., has been enlarged and much improved. Folger Barker is now the editor.

A new weekly magazine called *People* is published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. Zinn Gould is the editor.

The *Journal of Comparative Literature* will be published as a quarterly by McClure, Phillips, & Co., New York, beginning in January. It will be edited by Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia; J. B. Fletcher, assistant professor of comparative literature at Harvard, and J. E. Spingarn, tutor in comparative literature at Columbia. It will be devoted to the general field of international literature, in the present and the past, and the contributions will be printed, as a rule, in the language in which they may be written.

The *Designer* (New York) offers each month a prize of five dollars for the best brief contribution to its "What Women are Doing" department, sent in accompanied by a coupon cut from a copy of the magazine. In the same way it offers a prize of two dollars monthly for the best brief paragraph for its "Helps Along the Way" department. Other paragraphs used in either department will be paid for at the rate of a dollar apiece.

The December *Delineator* is a special number, to commemmorate the thirtieth anniversary of the magazine. It comprises 230 pages with thirty-four full-page illustrations, of which twenty are in color. To print it ninety-one presses, running fourteen hours a day were required, and 728 tons of paper and six tons of ink were used.

The United States Federal Court of Appeals, Chicago, has decided that the publication of a copyright story without the use of the copyright headline by the person to whom the story has been leased does not give the right to any other person to publish the matter for his own use. The court holds that it is immaterial whether the appellant in publishing the article did not know that it was copyrighted. Ignorance of the fact affords no protection.

G. A. Henty died in London, November 16, aged sixty-nine.

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